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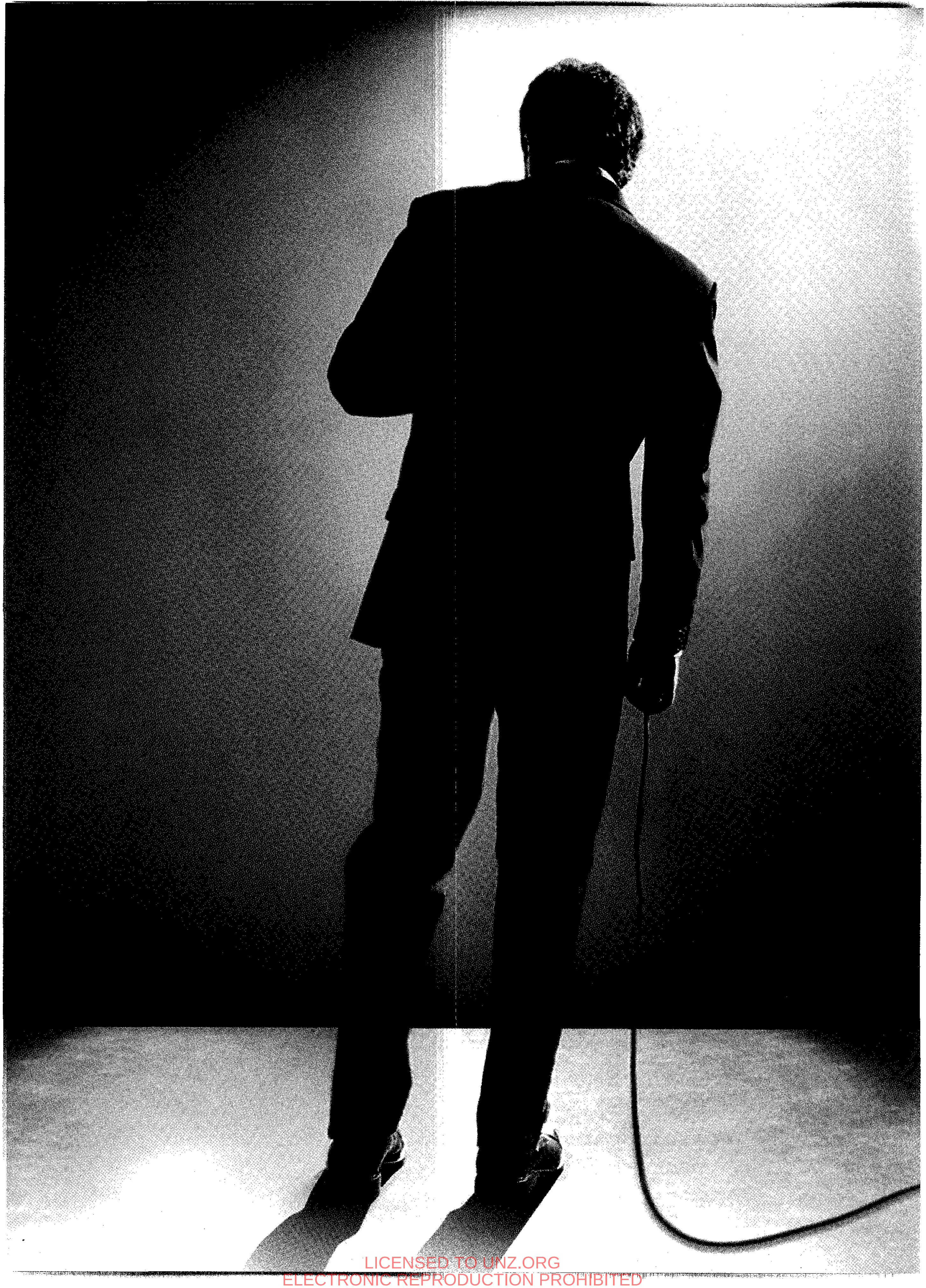

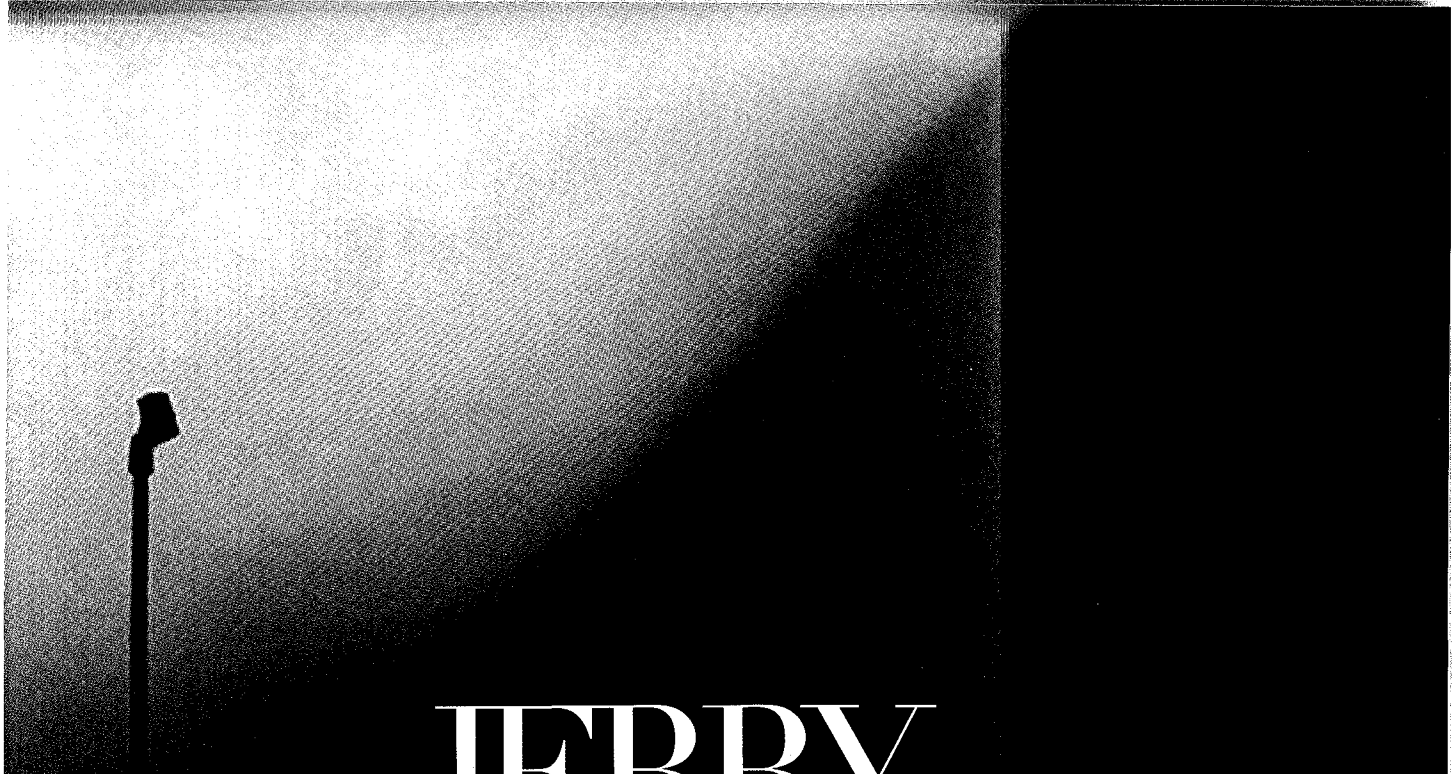

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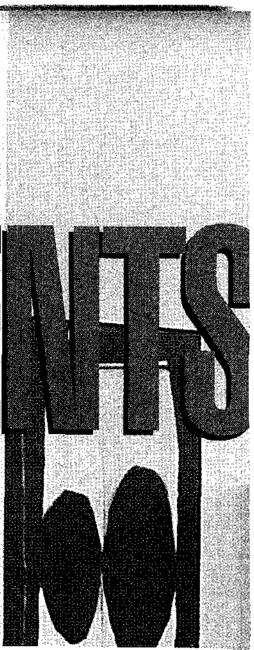

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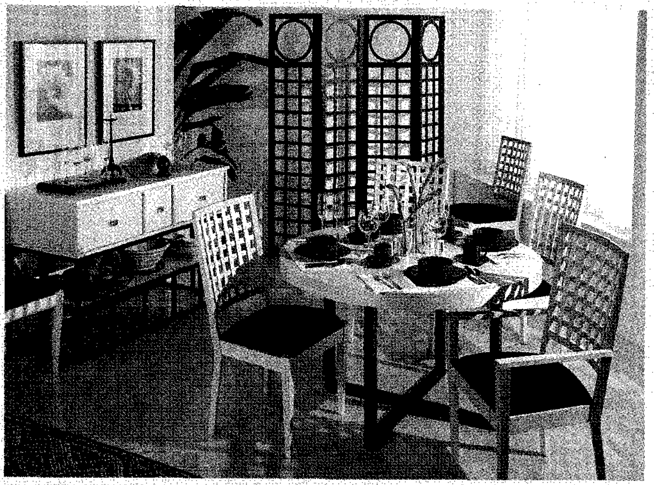

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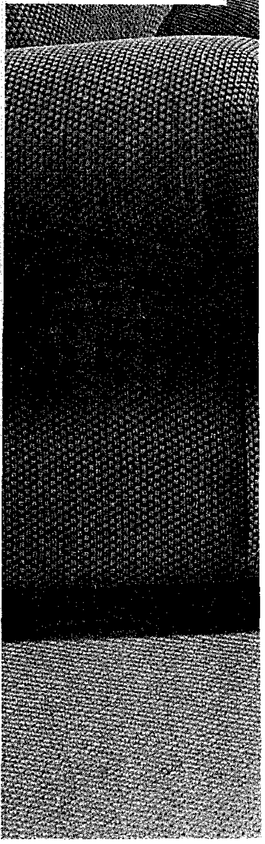

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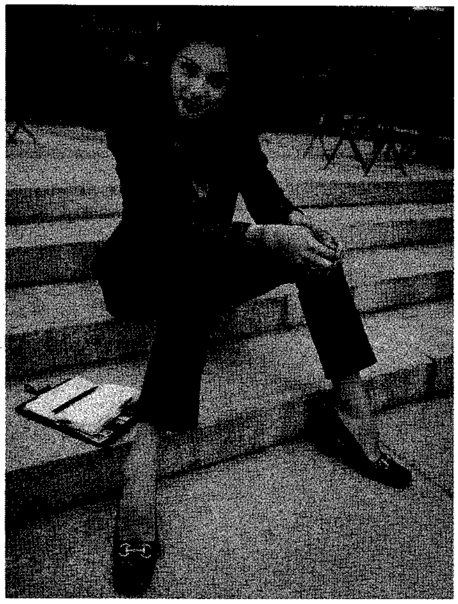

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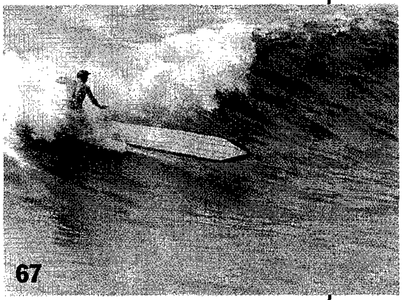

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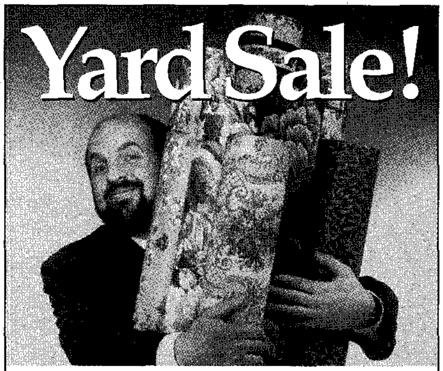

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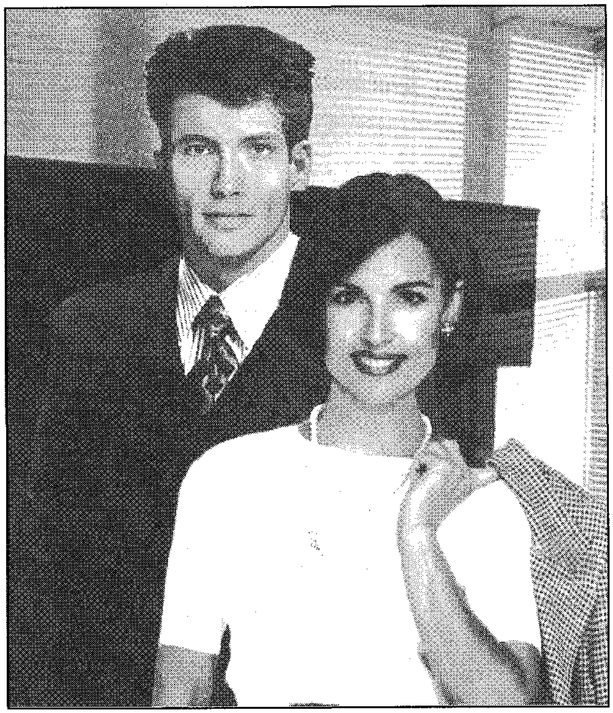

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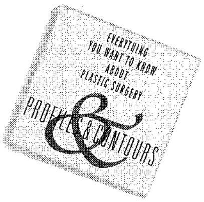

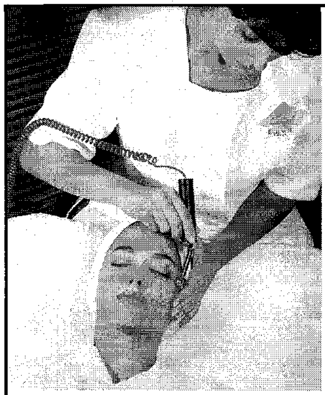

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LETTERS AUGUST 10, 1998

Rama Remembered

Former followers reassess Frederick Lenz's cult of personality; readers offer a much-needed lesson in New York City geography.

I WAS A STUDENT OF FREDERICK LENZ for fourteen years ["Zen Master Rama's Long Goodbye," by Eric Konigsberg, July 20]. I met him when I was 21, and I continued on with him because I thought he could teach me things I wanted to learn about the hidden, mystical side of life. But I left his study in 1994 because I realized that I would never learn these secrets from him, that in fact he knew far less about such things than I imagined.

Lenz was a walking contradiction. For someone who theoretically lived his life to help others, he spent a great deal of his time looking out for his own interests. Ultimately, I think, it was his own unhappiness and insecurity (as illustrated in the article) that were reflected in his widely disparate actions toward others.

Steve Kaplan
LOS ANGELES

I AM NOT ATTEMPTING TO FILL THE VOID created by Rama's death, simply because it would be impossible for myself or any of his students to do so. He was enlightened; we are not. I will be offering classes in introductory self-discovery, so that others will have the opportunity to learn about him. I have not contacted any of Rama's students. I would not try to interfere in my fellow students' relationship with our teacher. This is especially true right now, since it is a time of profound grief for many of us, and we all need to be given the space to deal with that grief in our own way.

David Ash
RIVERSIDE, CONN.

FRED LENZ AND I WERE AT THE UNIVERSITY of Connecticut together and both traveled to New York to study meditation and Eastern philosophy with Sri Chinmoy. Since we were all initially preoccupied with the psychic and occult aspects of Indian spirituality, I did not find his grandiose claims of "third eye" experiences and "past life" regressions all that troublesome. (Remember, hippies were always trying to out-far-out one another.) Soon, however, it became obvious that he was seriously delusional—even had, as your article points out, a messiah complex. His greatest crime was against legitimate spiritual practice the world over. Each time Fred or someone like him exploits the gains in the science of self-discovery that have been made over these past few thousand years, the world becomes more skeptical.

Jeff Baker
MANHATTAN

I WAS SHOCKED TO READ A FALSE AND defamatory comment [from a state-

Although there's something to be said for getting ahead, the new Navigator has more to do with getting away. And taking life's luxuries with you.

LINCOLN

ment by Frederick Lenz and one of his spokespeople] about my supposed habit of not wearing undergarments. That is a lie. I resent the implication that I am a floozy and therefore invited Lenz's advances and abuse. Quite to the contrary, I was clearly one of his victims.

I met Rama when I was 18 years old. I followed him in earnest only to be greatly disillusioned. Shortly after my 23rd birthday, I took flight from him and his deceptive world. Now, eight years later, I am almost completely recovered. After much education and counseling, I have become aware that the drugs and sex that Lenz imposed on me were typical of the treatment many of his female followers received.

Barbara Sherman
MANHATTAN

I FIRST MET FREDERICK LENZ IN THE DRIVEway of my home in July 1996, when one of his computer-trained staff (an attractive young lady in her mid-twenties from the U.K.) rented an apartment in my home. I will grant that he had a certain charismatic appeal in terms of looks. Beyond that, he seemed stunned that I did not know who he was and proceeded to describe himself as a guru, son of the former mayor of Stamford, author of *Surfing the Himalayas,* and more. He seemed like an overgrown child, desperate to impress, without realizing that his arrogance and self-aggrandizement were having the opposite effect. I kept thinking that he had the perfect face to put on a $3 bill.

Name Withheld
NORWALK, CONN.

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THE LATE, LAMENTED *MIGHT* MAGAZINE documented several of Lenz's lies in its January/February 1997 issue. Among them: Lenz's promotional material described him as "a boy from a poor Irish immigrant family," although most accounts give him an affluent upbringing. Lenz claimed to have gone to Nepal in the late sixties; as your article documents, he was in Haight-Ashbury, jail, and the University of Connecticut during this time. Lenz claimed to have used one of the first Burton snowboards while in Nepal; the first Burton board came out in 1977. One wonders what else Lenz lied about.

Jeremy M. Parker
MANHATTAN

COULD THE COMPUTER-ILLITERATE FREDERick Lenz with the the gullible followers, glove puppets, and cheesy rock videos, who craved "mainstream adulation," be the same Frederick Lenz you included in your "100 Smartest New Yorkers" list a few years back?

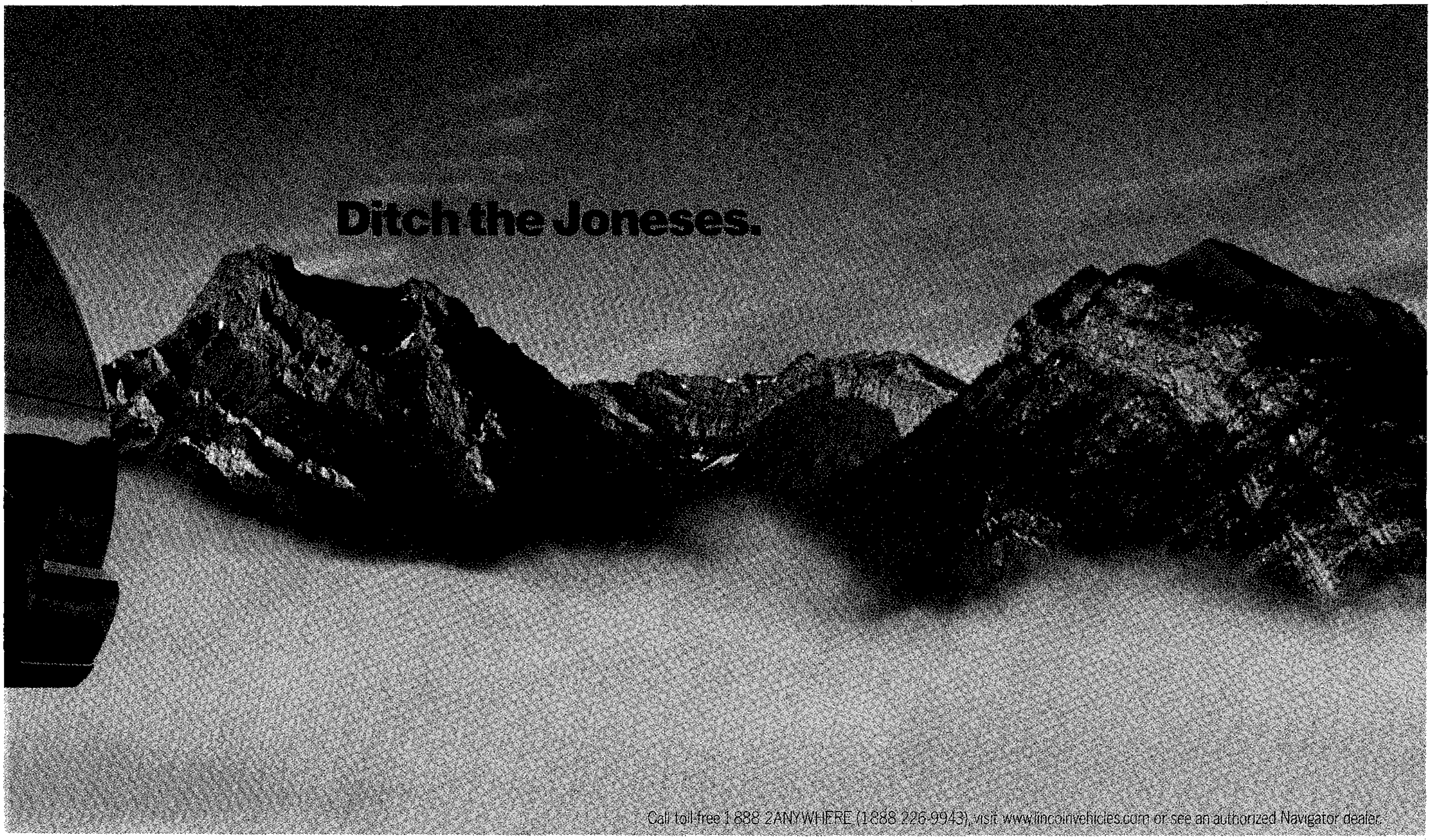
Joseph Gallivan
BROOKLYN

Flip Side

IN THE JULY 13 ISSUE, PAGE 82 FEATURES A lovely glimpse of what your experts claim to be the East River. Look a little closer, and you will see an image flipped to simulate a view of the Empire State Building facing south. Why print a picture of the West Side and claim it's the East? Give your readers (who live there) a little credit.

Mitch Friedman
DALLAS, TEX.

The editors reply: New York sincerely regrets the error, pointed out by several sharp-eyed readers.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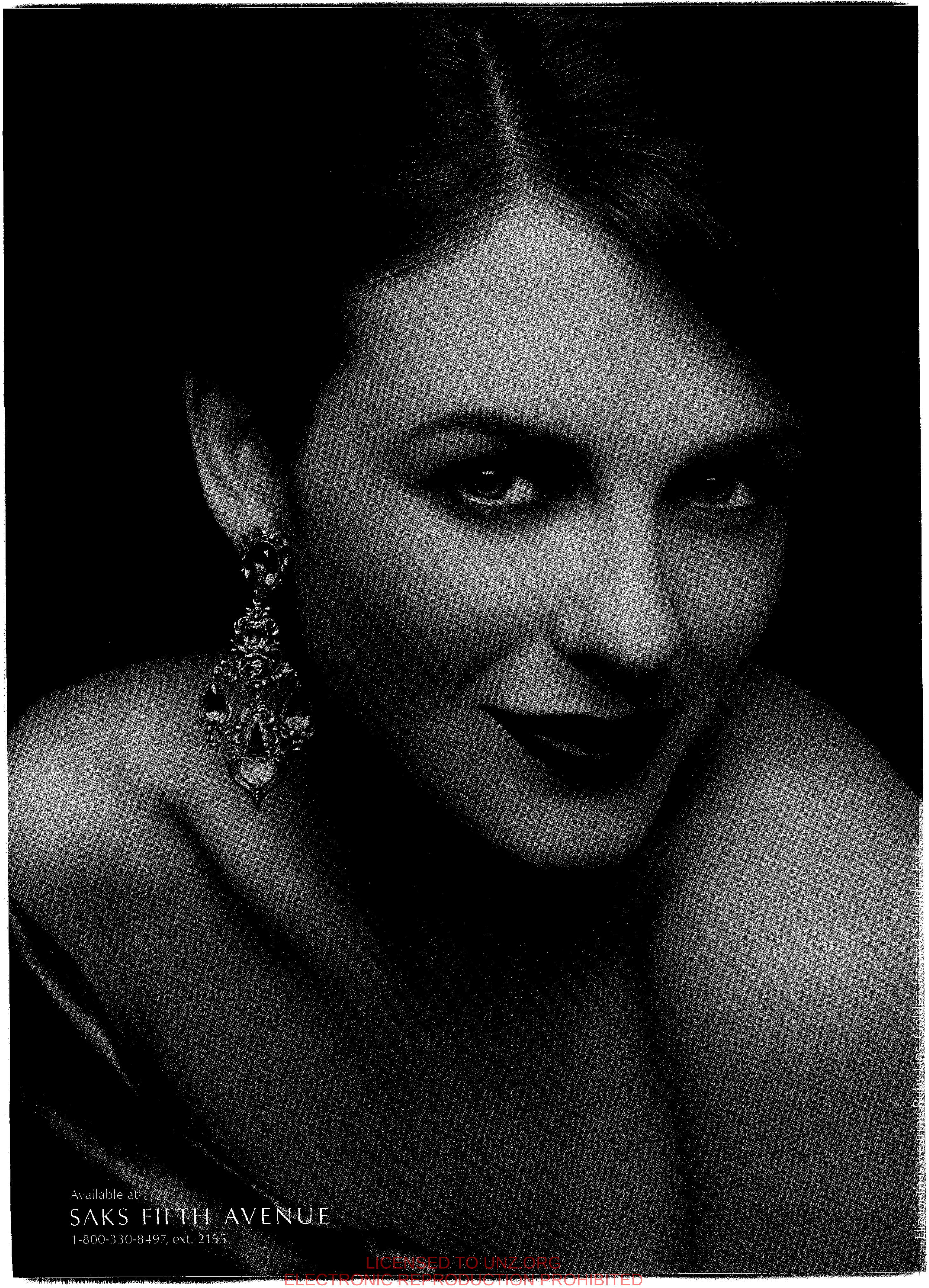
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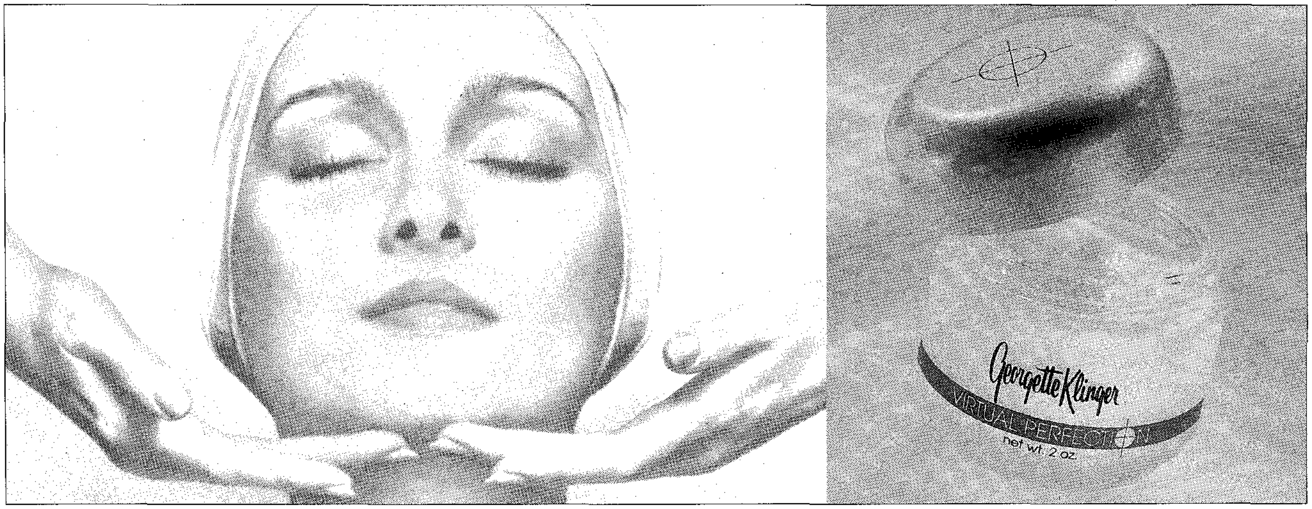

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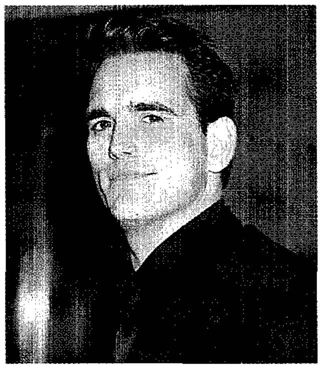
BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

LALLY'S WEDDING BLUES AND WHITES

Let's just say that **Lally Weymouth** left no fax unsent in her attempt to create a picture-perfect wedding for her daughter, **Katharine Weymouth.** The invitations specified that the 470 or so guests should wear "summer formal." But that provoked so many questioning phone calls that the mother of the bride had her office send out faxes, instructing the men that they were to wear blue blazers or white jackets. Weymouth, the New York *Post* columnist and daughter of **Katharine Graham,** allowed the bridesmaids to pick their own gowns, as long as they were sleeveless and black. Several guests reported that the bridesmaids in their uncoordinated black dresses were the only discordant note at the wedding. Lally and her ex-husband, Miami architect **Yann Weymouth,** both escorted their daughter, 32, a lawyer for the family's Washington *Post,* down the aisle as she married **Richard Scully**, 35, an attorney at Baker & McKenzie. Among the hundreds of guests were such Hampton irregulars as **Warren Buffett, Alan Greenspan** and **Andrea Mitchell,** and **Oscar** and **Annette de la Renta.** Senate hopeful **Charles Schumer** took to the dance floor, nearly bumping shoulders with the man he hopes to unseat, **Al D'Amato.**



Matt Dillon: Comeback kid

MATT DILLON: CRAZY LIKE A FOX

Matt Dillon had a tough time landing his role in *There's Something About Mary,* but he sure isn't having such troubles now. According to Hollywood insiders, the producers of *Mary* were hard-pressed to persuade the honchos at Fox to give Dillon the comic part, which earned him raves from critics. Says a source, "Fox didn't want Matt in the movie; now they want him in every movie." Dillon's manager, **Vic Ramos,** concedes that "it wasn't obvious casting," explaining that "Matt saw possibilities that the people at Fox wouldn't automatically think of. He had to prove that he could do it, and he did." Apart from the Fox offers, says the insider, **Penny Marshall** has tapped Dillon for her next project. Says Ramos, "That's just in discussion; it's not a definite."

PENN & TELLER SHARPEN THE KNIVES

Who in his right mind would volunteer to be a guest on a **Penn & Teller** show? Actor **Thomas Gibson** (right) has agreed to be the next victim on the macabre magic team's television weekly variety show, *Penn & Teller's Sin City Spectacular,* which will air in August on fX. Gibson will make the appearance in return for the comic duo's appearance on Gibson's show, *Dharma and Greg,* in April. In the episode of the ABC hit show, Teller was given the role of a man convinced he was a cat. To thank the actor for taking on the less-than-Shakespearean role, Gibson has agreed to appear in a Penn & Teller segment called "Fruit Toss": Gibson will be onstage acting as emcee while Penn throws fruit in the air and Teller tries to spear the flying objects with knives he hurls in their direction. The normally tight-lipped Teller insists, "I like Thomas immensely. I promise any *Dharma and Greg* fans that none of his blood will be shed." According to a producer at the Penn & Teller show, Gibson is, if anything, blasé about the antics: "He wanted to be decapitated, but we didn't have that bit ready."

A FREUDIAN FRIEND; A CBS RUMOR'S END

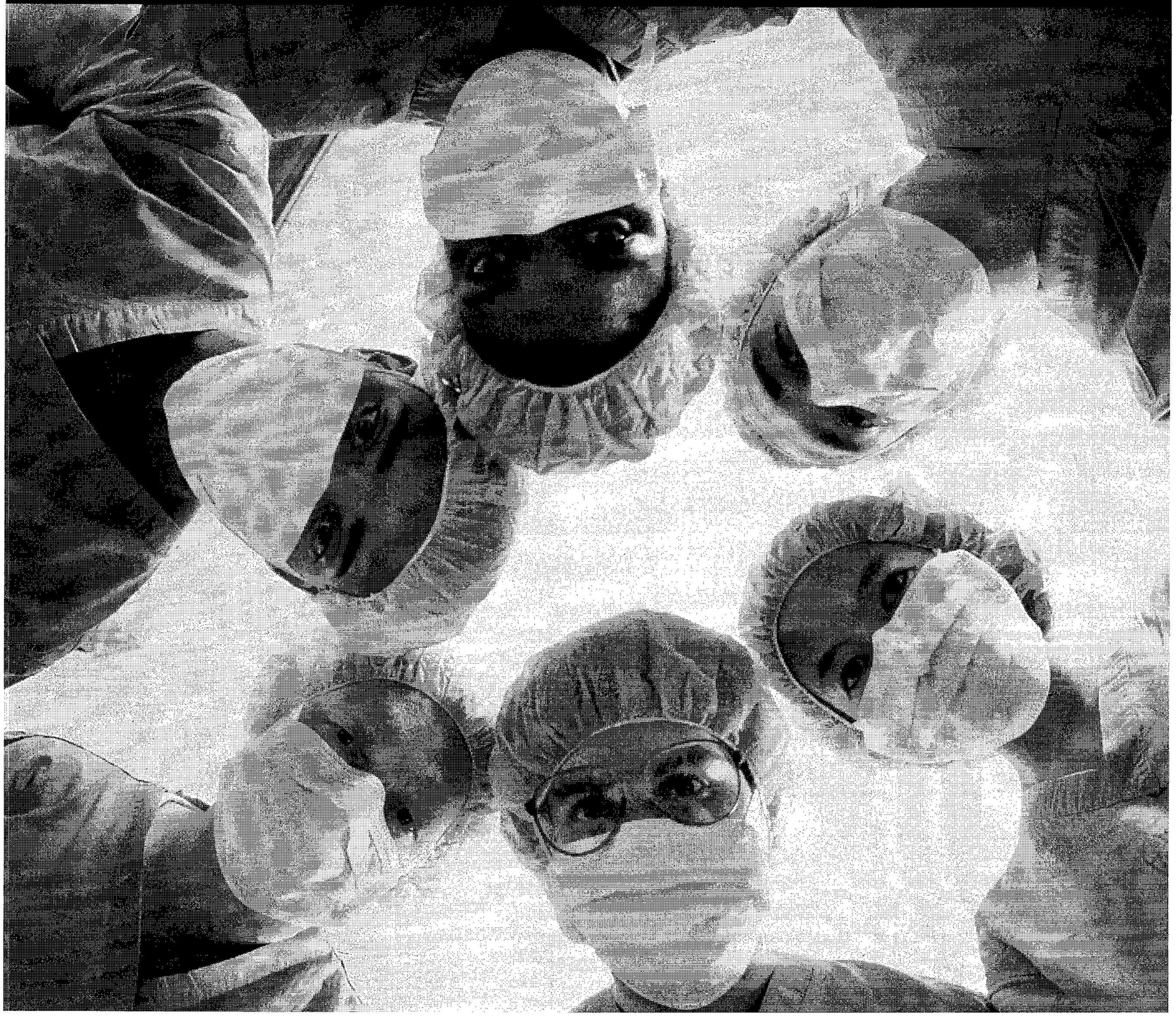
FAMILY AFFAIRS: **Rupert** and **Anna** aren't the only **Murdochs** facing a divorce. Their daughter, 29-year-old **Elisabeth Murdoch,** recently separated from her husband of five years, her former business partner and Vassar classmate **Elkin Pianim.** Currently living in London, where she is the general manager of British Sky Broadcasting, Elisabeth made a memorable appearance at News Corporation's Sun Valley retreat this year, shooting clay pigeons every afternoon. According to a friend, she brought along Sigmund Freud's great-grandson, the British P.R. pro **Matthew Freud,** 34. A source in Freud's office explains that Sky Broadcasting is one of the company's accounts, insisting that Freud and the media heiress are "just close friends."

THEY HEARD IT ON THE STREET: Talk about letting the secret out of the boardroom. A group of CBS honchos spent a few hours on July 24 quietly scouting out real estate around Broadway and 8th Street, where they are considering building a new state-of-the-art studio. Currently CBS News, Sports, and a slew of soap operas are taped in a Tenth Avenue building that isn't wired for high-definition TV. Rumors that the network is looking for a new studio site have been circulating for months—and were given credence that Friday afternoon. Staffers in the news division, faced with the breaking story of the shooting in the Capitol, had to reach an executive who was in the Village, thereby discovering his secret mission. CBS's spokesman says that they're "looking at a wide variety of options, including staying where we are."

Additional reporting: India Landrigan.

Photographs: top, Henry McGee/Globe Photos; bottom, Lawrence Schwartzwald/Gamma Liaison.

In a recent independent survey, more doctors preferred NYU doctors than any other.



When asked by New York Magazine who would you send a member of your own family to see, more doctors, nurses and specialists named NYU doctors than any other. And that makes us feel pretty good.

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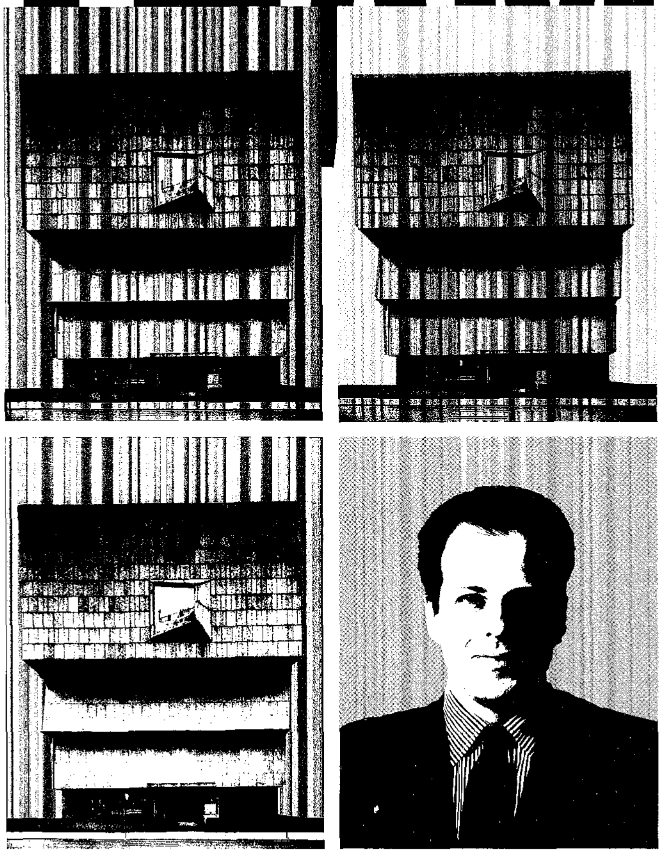
GOTHAM

To Whit

The art world puzzles over the Whitney's new chief.



The Whitney Museum and its new director, Maxwell Anderson.

WHEN THE WHITNEY MUSEUM announced last week that Maxwell Anderson would be its new director, New York's art cognoscenti tried to decode the new data. It wasn't easy. "Am I the only one who said, *Who?*" wondered A. M. Homes, the art critic and novelist.

She wasn't. "I've never heard of him," said Klaus Kertess, the curator of the museum's 1995 Biennial. Neither had Nan Goldin, who had a retrospective at the Whitney two years ago. Karen Finley, still fragile from the museum's cancellation of a show featuring her work, could only say, "I don't want to go there."

"I don't know who you're talking about," said gallery owner Paula Cooper when asked about Anderson. "Did he die or what?"

It seems that the 42-year-old New York native, who has spent the last three years as director of the Art Gallery of Ontario, isn't yet a household name around town. And that might not be an accident.

"He has no enemies that I know of, and he has no friends," said Holly Solomon, the SoHo gallery owner. "In other words, he's got the freedom and the power to make his mark without any rancor or prejudgment."

Such freedom is of special concern at an institution like the Whitney, which was the object of a great deal of rancor under the tenure of Anderson's predecessor, David Ross. Some critics rejected its curatorial agenda—which emphasized identity politics and newer media. "The museum under Ross has been a disaster area," said Robert Hughes. "I've been very discouraged by its nitwitted opportunistic trendiness."

Though controversial shows like the Biennial and 1994's "Black Male" generated headlines for the museum, the board's dissatisfaction with Ross was a subject of almost constant art-world gossip. "He made a lot of promises about acquisitions, shows, programs," said one former trustee, "and he didn't keep any of them."

Anderson's background only fueled chatter that he was brought in to change the muse-

(continued on page 16)

SCRAPBOOK

A Moveable Snack

◐ Standing before a half-dozen TV cameras set up outside Rockefeller Center's Guild Theatre last week, Consumer Affairs Commissioner Jules Polonetsky dropped a bombshell: After painstakingly surveying the cost of tickets and snacks at the city's movie theaters, Polonetsky determined that much too much is charged for candy and soda. What's more, far better deals on popcorn can be had at theaters in Washington Heights and downtown Brooklyn than at ones on the Upper East Side and Times Square!

◐ Now, to our way of thinking, the findings would've been far more scandalous if they'd shown the opposite—that higher prices were being charged in poorer neighborhoods—but Polonetsky was convinced he'd performed a great public service.

◐ "New Yorkers could save hundreds of dollars per year using our survey," he said. Although they might just as well ignore the survey and practice the Polonetsky family custom; "My parents love bringing their own snacks," the commissioner said. MICHAEL STEELE

CAMEO

My, How You've Grown

WEARING A DORKY I.D.-PHOTO GRIN, AND treating the POTUS like some high-school letterman she'd gone sweet on, the Monica we first met was a little girl in a grown-ups' game. America gazed upon this foolish damsel, sized up her opponents, and thought, *See ya*. They probably did not think, *See ya in midtown*. What a surprise, then, to find the lass in our midst last week—the picture of pulchritude, and suddenly pulling all the strings. Lucianne Goldberg cattily said Monica had chosen Bergdorf's over prison, but perhaps she chose New York over D.C. (where Linda Tripp destabilized democracy with the promise "I am you"). You're through with that company town, Monica; in this city we really know how to party. But you'll need to get some new clothes. That dress you're wearing has a stain.

Photographs: top, courtesy of the Whitney Museum; bottom, J. Scott Applewhite.

Whitney *continued from page 15*

um's direction. "What does 'scholarly' mean?" asked Kertess, referring to Anderson's widely cited qualification. "Does it mean 'safer'? Is it a euphemism?"

"Anderson's as different from Ross as could be," gallery owner Barbara Gladstone agreed. "Anderson's solidity must be what the trustees decided would suit the museum."

Joel Ehrenkranz, the president of the museum's board, said there's nothing to all the speculation: "We'll be just as active in contemporary art, but we hope to contextualize it better." Furthermore, he insisted, "[Anderson] knows the contemporary art scene. He brought the Keith Haring show to Toronto."

To the gossips of SoHo, Chelsea, and East 57th Street, the Keith Haring show hardly ranks as cutting-edge, but Anderson is credited with running the Ontario museum well, and with showing a keen understanding of information technology. And to some of the Whitney's observers, management skills are the ones most in need. "It doesn't matter that he doesn't have a huge reputation in contemporary art," said Jack Bankowsky, editor of *Artforum*. "The important thing is somebody who can step back from the operation and look at it objectively."

Many have noted that both Glenn Lowry, the director of the Museum of Modern Art, and Anderson came to major New York institutions from the Art Gallery of Ontario. But they have something else in common: They were friends during their graduate studies at Harvard, where another colleague in the Art History department was Nancy Nichols of Heidrick & Struggles, the executive-search firm that brought both curators to their New York posts. "It's an elaborate plot," Anderson admitted. Regarding all the gossip that he's already inspired, he said, "There will be a healthy skepticism. The museum is about American art, and as this was a country born out of an identity crisis, which it still suffers from, it's fitting to have a museum that reflects that crisis." LEE SMITH

SPORTS

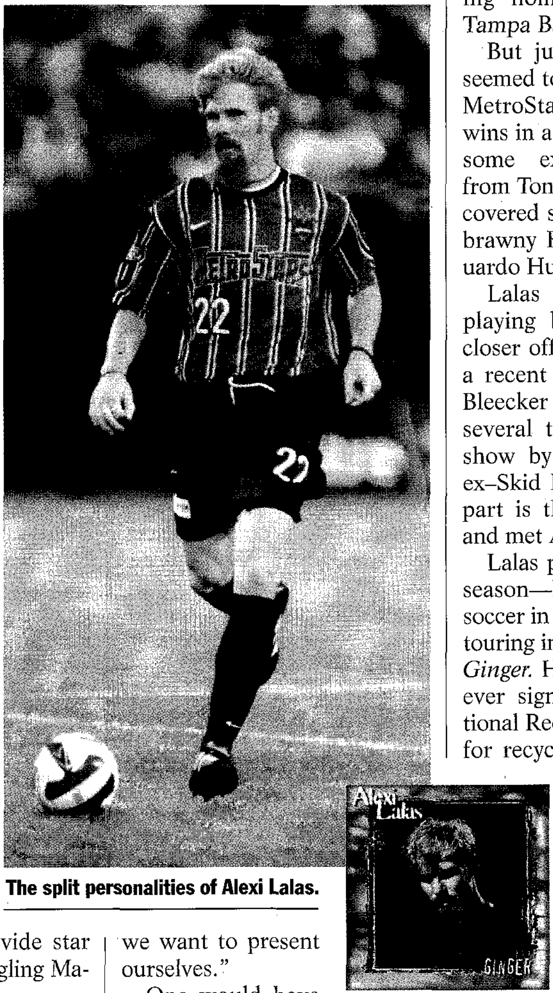
Lalaspalooza

A soccer idol dreams of becoming a rock star.

ALEXI LALAS BOUNDS out of his apartment in Hoboken wearing black sunglasses and a RATT T-shirt, a cell phone jammed in his back pocket. Passersby regard him with puzzled curiosity, as though they can tell he's a celebrity—they're just not sure why. A teenage pizza-delivery boy pedals past on a bike, then brakes abruptly and shouts over his shoulder, "Yo, Lalas, man, what happened at the World Cup? Why did you guys lose?" Lalas smiles but has no chance to respond; his phone is ringing—it's the *Charlie Rose* show, wanting to know where to pick him up for tonight's taping. A minute later, the phone rings again; the MetroStars P.R. director wants to schedule another TV appearance, but Lalas explains he'll be in Memphis, mixing his rock album.

With shaggy red hair, a long goatee, and an assortment of rings and earrings, Lalas emerged as the reigning icon of American soccer when he starred on the U.S. team in the 1994 World Cup. Two years later, he heroically returned from a stint in the Italian League to provide star power to the then-fledgling Major League Soccer.

And this figured to be the year it all came together for the 28-year-old Lalas—he'd have another shot at the World Cup and a chance to play for MLS's New York team, the MetroStars. Heading into its third season, the league badly needed a more competitive, not to mention telegenic, club in the nation's biggest sports market and arranged to have Lalas move over from the New England team. "It's smart for us to have Lalas in New York, where he's accessible to the national media," says MLS commissioner Douglas Logan. "The way he comes across on TV, the way he talks about the game, it's how we want to present ourselves."



The split personalities of Alexi Lalas.

One would have been mistaken, however, to expect Lalas's on-the-field impact to match his off-the-field exposure. One player can only make so much difference to a soccer team, after all, particularly if that player is a defender like Lalas, who lacks flashy ball skills and thrives in a conservative formation (which the U.S. team played in 1994).

The MetroStars got off to another slow start this season and, in fact, only began playing well when Lalas (and star midfielder Tab Ramos) left the team to compete in the World Cup. The experience in France turned out to be a disaster. Lalas found himself on the bench for the first time in his pro career and made headlines by bad-mouthing the coach. Then he returned to the MetroStars and promptly cost them a game against the Colorado Rapids by misplaying a ball in front of the goal. That was followed by an embarrassing home loss to last-place Tampa Bay.

But just as another season seemed to be slipping away, the MetroStars ticked off three wins in a row, thanks largely to some excellent goalkeeping from Tony Meola and the rediscovered scoring prowess of the brawny Ecuadoran striker Eduardo Hurtado.

Lalas believes the team's playing better as it becomes closer off the field, mentioning a recent excursion to Life on Bleecker Street, where he and several teammates watched a show by Sebastian Bach, the ex–Skid Row singer. "The best part is that I went backstage and met Ace Frehley," he says.

Lalas plans to spend the off-season—his first break from soccer in more than five years—touring in support of his album, *Ginger*. He's the first new artist ever signed by CMC International Records, the label known for recycling eighties acts like Styx, Night Ranger, and Pat Benatar, and he wants to make sure he isn't perceived as a gimmick. "I've been playing guitar for longer than I've been kicking a soccer ball," says Lalas, who believes his teammates will support his musical career. "I've got them listening to metal in the locker room; that's an important step. Metal can really bring a team together." HUGO LINDGREN

Photograph by Steve Smith.

SITE LINES

COMING FULL CIRCLE

The Coliseum site gets the building it almost had in 1989.

THE POLITICIANS WERE in a joyful mood last week when they gathered to announce that the MTA and the mayor had, at long last, agreed to sell the New York Coliseum site on Columbus Circle to a development group headed by the Related Companies. At a press conference, MTA and city officials—and even the mayor himself—paid homage to the mayor's breakthrough. "This is another example of this administration getting things done that no one was able to do," boasted Deputy Mayor Randy Levine.

Given all the crowing, it is curious that the building the Related Companies intends to construct—a pair of towers on a five-story base that curves to follow the contours of the circle—is more or less the same building that developer Mortimer Zuckerman finally got permission to build in 1989, just before the real-estate market cratered.

"The site is the same," reasons David Childs, a senior design partner at Skidmore, Owings & Merrill and the architect of Columbus Centre. "Our feelings about the city are the same."

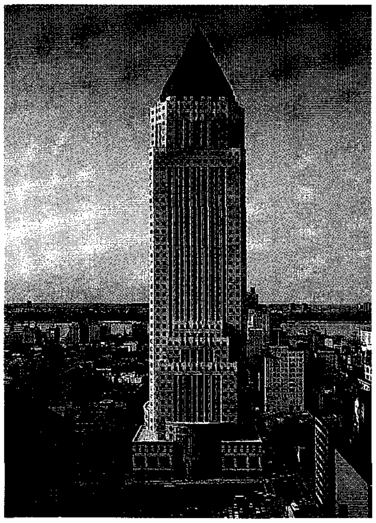
The SOM design was originally conceived as the antidote to architect Moshe Safdie's much-hated trapezoidal tower. Safdie's concept was bombastic, self-consciously futuristic, and rude. Civic leaders demonstrated that it would cast a mile-long shadow across Central Park and successfully sued to halt construction.

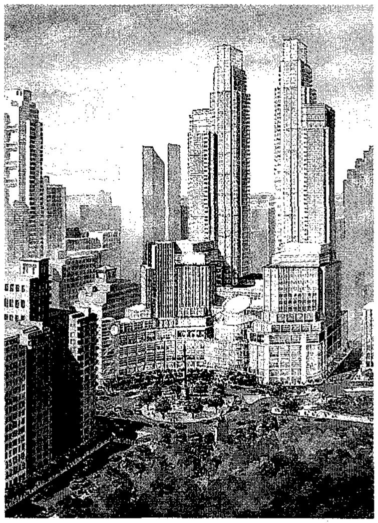
Enter Childs, the architect of compromise. In its glory days, the fifties and early sixties, SOM was responsible for modernist icons like Lever House and Chase Manhattan Plaza. In Childs's era—he was a partner before he became chairman in 1991—the firm's aesthetic had become, at best, fuzzy, defined by obeisance to whatever the current trend was. Worldwide Plaza, an odd, vaguely Deco skyscraper built in the flatlands of Hell's Kitchen, is a typical example.

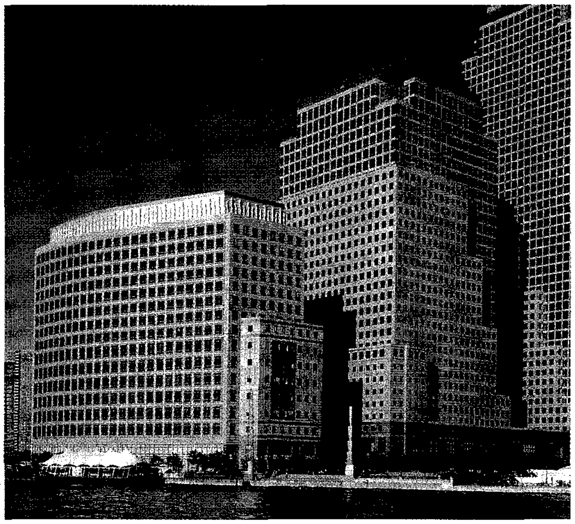
Like many firms, SOM has since left its postmodern affectations behind and come out of the real-estate bust with a less cluttered vision. Childs's first post-bust building in New York, the Mercantile Exchange in Battery Park City, is a fifteen-story granite building that meets the Hudson with a cool, handsome, curved façade decorated by a metal grid and silvery mullions. Now Columbus Centre has reemerged after a decade on the shelf, stripped of excess ornament. The building is sleeker, lighter and more lovely in this year's clothing.

Childs's Columbus Circle towers from 1989 were shorter than Safdie's, and much more slender. Wisely, he had shifted the complex's bulk downward, to the lower floors. Sensitive even today about the shadow issue, Childs contends that his towers will diffuse light, creating "shade"—a good thing—rather than "shadow"—a bad thing. Semantics aside, the real reason Childs's design has been given the nod not once but twice is that it is reassuringly familiar. It was inspired by the twin-towered apartment buildings of Central Park West—the Majestic, the San Remo, the Century—which he has also borrowed from to create the template for Donald Trump's Riverside South.

The story of the Coliseum site has been reported both as a Machiavellian contest between the mayor's office and the MTA and as a Darwinian struggle between developers. But it is the architect, Childs, who may be the savviest player of them all. The Related Companies is buying the site, reportedly, for $345 million, not the highest bid. Maybe they won out because they snagged Time Warner and its television studios as a major tenant. On the other hand, Related might have prevailed because not only does Childs supply comfort architecture, but he had the wisdom to make the much-ballyhooed jazz theater—the one the mayor decided the city could not live without and derailed the entire selection process over last year—the focal point of the complex. In Childs's 1989 version of Columbus Centre, there was a neoclassical dome over the front door. In the version of the building that was submitted to the MTA in 1996, the dome was replaced by a glass-enclosed sphere, which would have housed a restaurant. Now the same prominent location, dead-center on Columbus Circle, is occupied by a massive glass rotunda that sits on the street looking like a cross between the Guggenheim Museum and the Mount Palomar observatory. This is the grand entryway to the jazz theater. Childs had the good sense to design the mayor a monument. KARRIE JACOBS







In the late eighties, David Childs of SOM designed Worldwide Plaza (left), a postmodern tribute to Depression-era skyscrapers. At roughly the same time, he drafted the forerunner of the complex just chosen for construction on Columbus Circle. The winning design for the Coliseum site (center) is that eighties concept re-outfitted in nineties attire. Childs's sleek, neo-modernist Mercantile Exchange building (right) also shows off SOM's newest look.

Photographs: left, Jeff Goldberg/Esto; right, Eduard Hueber.

LAW

What Price Lust?

A little tenderness needn't spoil a perfectly good divorce.

AS SO OFTEN HAPPENS, Stephen and Gail Haymes's 33-year marriage took a few twists and turns on its way down the drain. First the love faded, then the sex stopped, then they separated. For one brief moment they took up with each other again, but it didn't last.

It's a familiar tale. But one aspect of their recent divorce is so extraordinary that it will enter New York legal history. And believe it or not, it isn't even the size of the award that Mrs. Haymes is expected to receive—$50 million.

Their case is groundbreaking because New York State courts granted her claim of "constructive abandonment" (her husband's failure to perform what's euphemistically referred to as "marital obligations"), even though the couple resumed sexual relations during their brief reconciliation. That's one for the record books: Until a New York State Appellate Court handed down its decision on July 23, any such brief rekindling would have invalidated her claim.

The relevance of *Haymes* v. *Haymes* will be clear to anyone who's been through a bad breakup: Long-term relationships rarely end with a clean split. "Absent this approach," the decision noted, "parties might well be reluctant to attempt a reconciliation if the very attempt, should it prove unsuccessful, might deprive them of otherwise valid grounds for divorce."

Lawyers warn that the ruling in this case—the facts of which were much clearer than they are in most divorces—may not be universally applicable. "These people have been separated for ten years, and that had to weigh heavily on the judges' minds," says divorce attorney Raoul Felder. "No one could take the case as a beacon to guide their ship."

Attorney Eleanor Alter says it might have an effect, however: She worries that this new accommodation might delay reform of New York State's outdated laws—among the few that still pose serious obstacles to no-fault divorce.

"If the courts stretch to get people under the statute, they alleviate the push on the legislature to make divorce laws better," she says. "New York is quite retrogressive in requiring grounds at all."

Already the case has registered in one arena: Donald David, Mrs. Haymes's lawyer at Fischbein Badillo Wagner Harding, has received several inquiries from people whose circumstances resemble those of his client. "I don't know if it's usually this extreme," he says, "but it happens all the time. People have a drink and sleep with the person they are most comfortable with."

ALEXANDRA LANGE

The relevance of *Haymes* v. *Haymes* will be clear to anyone who's been through a messy breakup.

THE SCENE

Pie in the Sky

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

Text by Vanessa Grigoriadis

"THE AMERICAN DREAM IS fashion and money and excitement," said model Kimora Lee, shouting over deafening backstage chatter at Tommy Hilfiger's men's fashion show. "How do you get it? Luck, baby." That message was clear as Cristal for the "real guys"—snowboarders or film students or fashion interns—plucked out of the ether and dropped onto the show's catwalk. "My life is totally fulfilled. I'm in this rock-and-roll band, I'm cool, and I'm around cool people," said a guy calling himself Michael H., as "Get Off My Cloud" boomed. From high atop his own cloud, Pras (of the Fugees) had an unobstructed view of his own fabulousness: "I'm going to be a ghetto superstar, the hugest rock star ever," he vowed. Will Kneip, a junior at Trinity College, had ambitions, too. Just not as big: "All I want is a big TV and a recliner."

China Chow, Billy Zane, Alan Cumming, Tommy Hilfiger, and Rebecca Romijn at Lot 61 for Menswear Week festivities.

Jeremy Irons and Deborah Gibson attending Showtime's premiere of Adrian Lyne's *Lolita* at Alice Tully Hall.

Bloomingdale's Kal Ruttenstein at Kenneth Cole's 7th on Sixth menswear show at the Celeste Bartos Forum.

Evelyn Lauder and Lou Reed attending Tommy Hilfiger's menswear show at the Dia Center for the Arts.

Ed Rollins and Georgette Mosbacher at a private party at Marty Richards's home in Southampton.

Stephen Trask, Michael Cerveris, and Pete Townshend backstage after a performance of *Hedwig and the Angry Inch* at the Jane Street Theater.

GOTHAMSTYLE

Jesse Helms Alert

Uniting his divergent passions for noise bands and glam dos, Nelson—that's his whole name—has started doing "performance-art haircuts." Working onstage, and using amplified shears, he cuts audience members' hair for free while projecting the Diamanda Galas–like sounds into the crowd. "I got the best haircut ever from him, this fantastic seventies-young-boy, *Eight Is Enough* kind of look," says music publicist–cum–dominatrix Erin Norris. Nelson, who performs at 16, the Spencer Brownstone Gallery, and the Gramercy Park Hotel, says finding the right venue is key. "I used to get shocked a lot," he explains, "until I realized that I needed to be in places where there wasn't beer all over the floor."

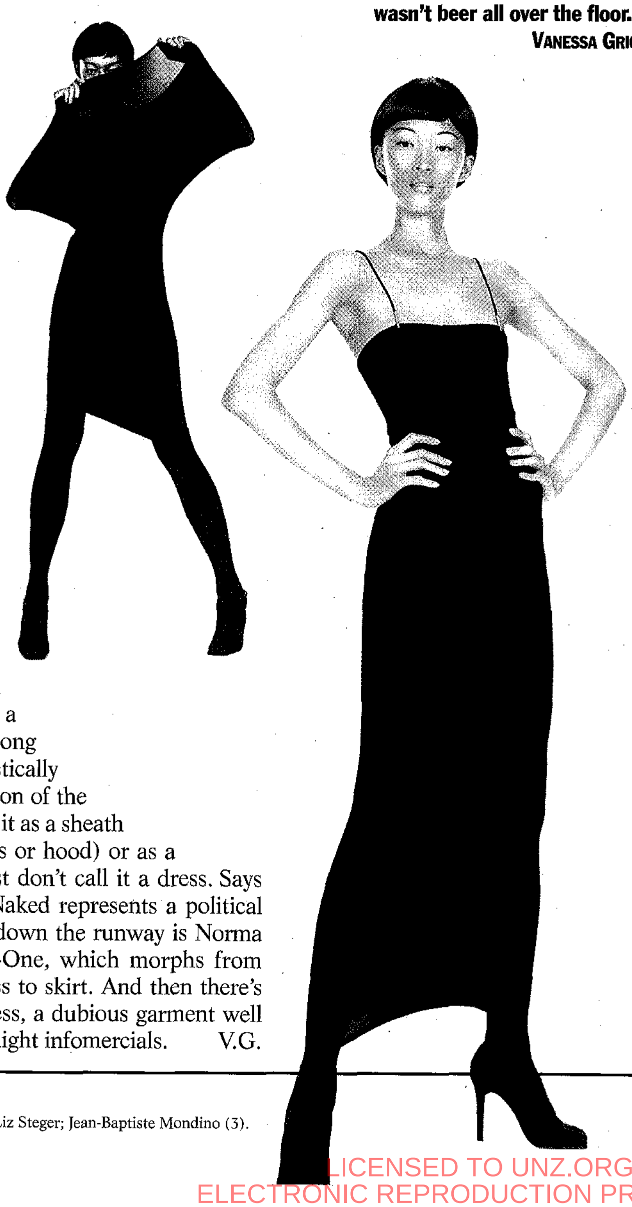
VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

BODY TYPE

Everything I Needed To Know About Makeup I Learned in Kindergarten

After several years of complicated makeup technology, the latest inspiration for new cosmetics is the glue stick, forgotten friend of arts-and-crafts hobbyists. Thick lipsticklike tubes of color are suddenly everywhere, to be used on the eyes, lips, or cheeks. Among the new products are Prescriptives' Voodoo Cheek Lacquer (blush), Clinique's Smudgesicles (eye shadow), I Natural's Illuminators (all-purpose shimmer), and Erno Laszlo's Perfecting Foundation. "Within the past year, we've seen interest in this type of product increase tenfold," says Sharon Garment, who follows the industry for Mana Products. And not only do they all go on more smoothly than powders, these brushless items are a lot easier to juggle at the beach, or to fit in your tiny Judith Lieber egg.

INDIA LANDRIGAN



Philippe and the Multipurpose Dreamthing

Having left his unmistakable mark on the design of everything from lemon juicers to boutique-hotel lobbies, Philippe Starck has at last turned his attention to clothing. "StarckNaked"—black footed leggings attached to a stretchy five-foot-long tube—is his characteristically inventive reinterpretation of the little black dress. Wear it as a sheath (with or without straps or hood) or as a skirt of any length; just don't call it a dress. Says the architect, "StarckNaked represents a political choice." Also passing down the runway is Norma Kamali's jersey All-in-One, which morphs from cowl-neck to tube dress to skirt. And then there's always the Infinite Dress, a dubious garment well known to fans of late-night infomercials. V.G.

Tee Time

Between plans for Jack Nicklaus's eighteen-hole course in Ferry Point and the artfully landscaped putting green that sprang up in Rockefeller Center (as part of the garden-and-flower show), urban putters have loads of new options. For those who love golf but hate company, however, there's only one place to go. Among its other amenities, 45 Wall Street—which Rockrose Development just converted to apartments—includes the city's first residential golf center. The basement space is roomier than one might expect, thanks to the 25-foot ceilings, and has a putting green, a driving range, and practice targets for chipping. The course is for residents, but if you meet one, act friendly: They're allowed to bring guests.

SARAH BERNARD

Photographs: clockwise from right, Liz Steger; Jean-Baptiste Mondino (3).

THE NATIONAL INTEREST MICHAEL TOMASKY

Squawking Points

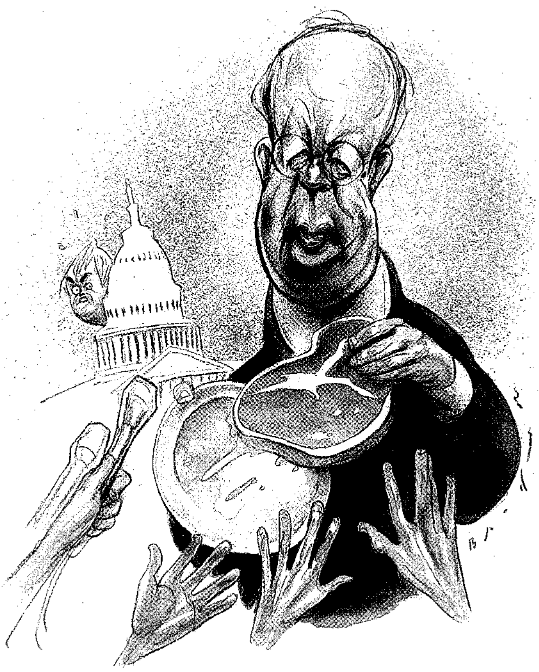
News of Monica's and Bill's grand-jury testimony prompted familiar doomsaying from pundits fiercely oblivious to the fact that nobody, save perhaps Ken Starr, cares.

AGAIN, IT STARTS: FORWARD comes Monica Lewinsky, de-Ginsburged and riding the wings of some real pros, to cut her deal with Ken Starr, and in files the pundit parade. This is the end; it's curtains; the man can't face the American people—repeated over and over on cable channels with viewerships smaller than the circulations of most magazines. One night last week, I flipped around and saw, at the same time, Pat Buchanan, Bay Buchanan, Chris Matthews—once a likable galoot whose face has been frozen these last months in some mixture of fury and constipation—and someone named Mark Levin of the conservative Landmark Legal Foundation (this Levin performed the miracle of appearing on two channels at once). Their verdict, of course, was unanimous.

It was the same verdict announced with such thundering melodrama by David Gergen on *Nightline:* “This is becoming his Vietnam.” His *what*?! Forget the deaths of 2 million Vietnamese, as we know all real Americans are supposed to do. Does Gergen really mean to say that Bill Clinton's physical urges and presumed deceits are on a par with the deaths of 56,000 Americans? And does the New York *Times,* while admitting that Gergen's comparison was “apocalyptic,” actually mean to endorse this analogy on its editorial page? Aside from being tasteless, it's sloppy history on its face. The Establishment never seriously entertained the idea of impeaching Richard Nixon over the Vietnam War. For that you need extramarital sex and civil-trial perjury. You know—things that happen a thousand times a day across this great land.

It would behoove everyone, as we await Clinton's August 17 testimony, to recall the self-regarding absurdities of late-January punditspeak. Here was Sam Donaldson on ABC on January 25: “If he's not telling the truth, I think his presidency is numbered in days. This isn't going to drag out. We're not going to be here three months from now talking about this.” Donaldson foresaw a resignation “perhaps this week,” and George Will declared Clinton's presidency “as dead, deader really, than Woodrow Wilson's was after he had a stroke.”

In the months since this story broke, a consensus developed that the real jewel here was the “talking points.” The memo, if its provenance was Bruce Lindsey or Vernon Jordan, would be the touchstone of an obstruction-of-justice case; without it, the affair and the white lies to cover it couldn't justify impeachment. William Safire, February 12: “The evidence that strikes dread in the White House is a three-page document called the ‘talking points.’ . . .” Will, on June 21, called the talking points “the heart of the matter.” The *Times,* on July 27, called them “central to Mr. Starr's effort to determine whether obstruction of justice occurred.” In sum: No connection between the talking points and the White House, no case.



Now it's been reported that Lewinsky has said she wrote the talking points herself. In a world of consistent, rational thought, Will and Howell Raines (*Times* editorial-page editor) and Safire might now be saying, “If there's no serious obstruction charge, Starr should cool it,” right? Yes, but in a world of consistent, rational thought, none of this madness would have happened at all. And so, instead of examining their past comments, the tar-and-feather crowd has simply lowered the bar of culpability.

“We just want to see this go away,” poll-aware Republicans and pundits feel obliged to say before they dump out sludge piles of sentences designed precisely not to make it go away. Of course they don't want it to go away. For Republicans, it's great sport, in the short run anyway, and for pundits, it's ratings and celebrity and future book deals and a feeling that our lowly held profession is engaged in vital stuff. They've locked their jaws on this, and they can't let go.

Take Safire. Since January 21, he has devoted 33 columns to Clinton scandals, 25 to every other topic under the sun. It's worth noting that so far, he's been wrong about nearly everything: about Travelgate and Filegate and Who-Stole-the-Pencils-From-the-Supply-Roomgate and all the others. Previously, he'd even toyed with the loco idea that Vince Foster was murdered, writing on July 24, 1995, that Foster's body was found “in a park where he may have shot himself.” Maureen Dowd, since January 21, has written 28 columns about various scandaliana and 27 on other matters, not counting Sunday, which came after my deadline (other pressing topics to which Dowd has devoted her little corner of the single most important page of newsprint in English-language journalism: Warren Beatty, Leonardo DiCaprio, Barbra Streisand, Tina Brown, media self-absorption [!], Ally McBeal, and Maureen Dowd—twice).

Then there's Dowd's soul mate, Michael Kelly. He has actually written more on other topics, by fourteen to twelve. The fourteen have broadly set

Illustration by Steve Brodner.

forth his reactionary worldview (in May, Kelly wrote that Western man's pact with Satan began not with gangsta rap or even the Beatles but with . . . Frank Sinatra!), and the twelve have conveyed the author's boundless glee at the thought that six years and $40 million have finally turned up something that no normal prosecutor would ever waste public money on.

There are others. *Meet the Press* host Tim Russert enjoyed a golden reputation up through January 21. Since then, he has given Matt Drudge a platform and been ground into the dirt by Steve Brill. On July 15, Russert went on the *Today* show telling 4 million viewers that "people close to Ken Starr" were saying Secret Service agents had "facilitated for" Clinton. If you have a glancing familiarity with the now-discredited Troopergate story, you know that "facilitated for" means "pimped for." Russert clearly implied that his sources were inside the investigation. They weren't, and by midday—on MSNBC, with a fraction of the *Today* audience—he had watered it down.

BILL CLINTON REMAINS POPULAR, WROTE Karen Tumulty in *Time*, through his survival skills, dumb luck, and chiefly "the wall of silence erected by his personal lawyer, David Kendall." Exactly, knee-slappingly wrong. Clinton is holding on because the vast majority of the public, unlike Ken Starr, has no trouble distinguishing between a blow job and, say, a break-in at an opposing party's presidential-campaign headquarters (even if the *Times*, perhaps trying to stir the ghosts of Watergate, has reduced itself to speculating on whether Clinton "directed a conspiracy" here). He'll have to answer a few questions more thoroughly. Some developments, involving the famous reappearing dress or the telephone messages, may jolt the public emotionally. And Starr could have evidence we don't know about. But if what we see now is all there is, then it's hard to imagine Starr and House Republicans, fearing a backlash in November, swinging public opinion behind impeachment and trial. As University of Chicago law professor Cass Sunstein puts it: "There are high crimes and misdemeanors, and then there are other things."

The howling, of course, will continue. Monica's testimony and the president's will produce the usual paroxysms of drivel. The *gotcha!* standard, shifted already with respect to the talking points, will be shifted again, as often as needs doing, to keep the story going. None of this should matter, but in the Age of Drivel, it's practically all that does. ■

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AFTER TWO WEEKS OF WHIPlash-inducing volatility in the stock market, during which every day's closing bell brought a sigh of relief that at least that day's chaos had ended, you can be forgiven for wondering if anything but late-summer delirium is behind the market's gyrations. Certainly if you spend too much time watching the financial-news channels, you'll quickly be drowned in talk of "technical indicators" and "trader sentiment," and it doesn't help that the mainstream press has been oddly silent in the midst of all the turmoil (the Dow's cumulative 400-point drop a couple of weeks ago, for instance, barely registered in the dailies). All this notwithstanding, there are some fundamentals about this market that you can hang on to—basic truths that can help you get a handle on the bull market, if not the bull.

1. The bull market of the nineties *was* the real thing. Contrary to what the perma-bears have said, the ride of the bull has not been one big speculative bubble. Stock prices have risen for most of this decade for the best of reasons: a remarkably benign macroeconomic environment—low inflation, low interest rates, and rapid growth—and skyrocketing profits for U.S. businesses. In the first quarter of last year, for instance, the 900 companies on *BusinessWeek*'s Corporate Scoreboard saw their net income rise an impressive, unprecedented 21 percent.

There are plenty of reasons for this historic high—better inventory control and increased investment in technological infrastructure, for starters, not to mention downsizing, the weakening of unions, and the dramatic increase in the use of temp workers. It's not simply that corporate profits have been growing along with the economy, in other words. Instead, corporate profits have been growing much faster than the economy—and the stock market has responded accordingly.

2. The Goldilocks economy is the real thing, too. Historically, when inflation appears to be under control, investors are willing to place a higher value on every dollar of future earnings a company will produce. This makes perfect sense, since the value of a company at any particular moment is the value of the stream of cash it will produce in the future. But you can only know the value of that stream of cash if you have some sense of what a dollar will be worth ten years from now, which means you need to be willing to presume that inflation is going to remain stable. Inflation has been under control for almost this entire decade, and Alan Greenspan is God—so of course corporate price-to-earnings (P/E) ratios went way up.

3. We haven't seen this before, but on the other hand, we have. To be sure, there are a lot of things about the business climate of the nineties that are brand-new. Most notably, the fall of the Soviet Union and the opening up (at least partway) of China have created a new global marketplace for U.S. corporations to plunder, while the historically unprecedented growth of the Asian tigers (until their markets crashed and burned, of course) and the resurrection of many Latin American economies have created additional export markets and new cheap-labor markets.

On the other hand, the combination of low inflation and excellent corporate performance is not new, and was certainly characteristic of both the early-to-mid-sixties and the twenties.

4. Let's face it: Sometimes stocks do get ahead of themselves. By almost any measure, this is now one of the three or four most expensive stock markets in history, up there with 1929, 1962, and 1987 (all of which were, of course, followed by crashes). The S&P 500 trades at 28 times current earnings and 22 times estimated earnings for the next twelve months (estimates which at this point seem unreasonably high). That's far above the typical P/E ratio (16 to 18) in times of low inflation and reflects the fact that the S&P is up 22 percent over the past five years—way beyond its historical average.

5. Which would be okay, except that stock prices have kept going up while everything else has just been treading water—or sinking. A year ago, the S&P 500 was trading at 23.4 times earnings. Which means that over the past twelve months, investors have decided that a dollar of earnings for an S&P company is worth 19 percent more than it was a year ago. But a year ago this August, the tidal wave that was about to swamp Asia was barely a gleam in currency traders' eyes, while corporate performance over the *previous* year had been stellar. So it's baffling that the market is more optimistic about the future *now*.

That's especially true when you consider that, as Greenspan said a couple of weeks ago, the full effects of what's happened in Asia have yet to hit our economy (and things don't seem to be getting any better over there). The Asian crisis has, of

Illustration by Matthew Martin.

course, had a paradoxical impact on the U.S. stock market, hurting corporate earnings but also luring foreign investors to the relative safe haven of the stock market and also helping keep inflation low. In the long run, though, the damage to earnings is what counts.

6. Earnings drive the market—and earnings are slowing. In the first quarter of 1997, those 900 companies on *BusinessWeek*'s scorecard saw their profits jump 21 percent. In the first quarter of 1998, those same 900 companies saw their profits jump just 4 percent. And as of last week, with half the companies in the S&P 500 reporting earnings for the second quarter of 1998, profits were up just 3.7 percent.

> *This is, of course, a market of stocks and not a stock market, which means that* even today there are companies that are underpriced, *that are worth more than the market believes them to be worth.*

Where for most of this decade, stock prices rose in some reasonable relationship to earnings growth, the past year in general and the summer rally in particular have untethered stock prices from any foundation in reality. Take PC manufacturer Gateway. It just reported earnings that were 7.5 percent higher than a year ago. But in that same year, its stock price has doubled (and it was already pricey 52 weeks ago). If a company's stock increases in value by 100 percent while its profits are increasing by 7.5 percent, something has gone wrong. When the relationship between a company's stock price and its intrinsic value seems so tenuous, deciding when to buy or sell it becomes especially tricky.

7. And it isn't over yet. Although Wall Street analysts have been forecasting a very bullish end to the year, if what we've seen in recent months is any indication, those forecasts will very soon be adjusted downward. Analysts have already started to revise their optimistic third-quarter predictions, and a host of companies said in the past two weeks that they expect "challenging" conditions in the months ahead. On the most mundane level, earnings and sales move in tandem over

(continued on page 82)

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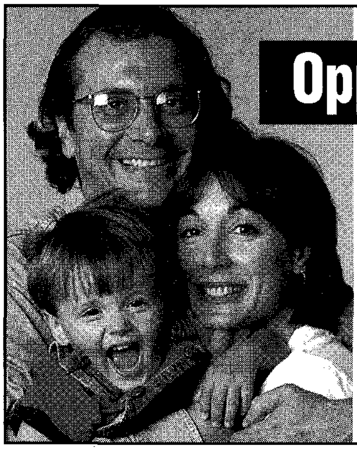

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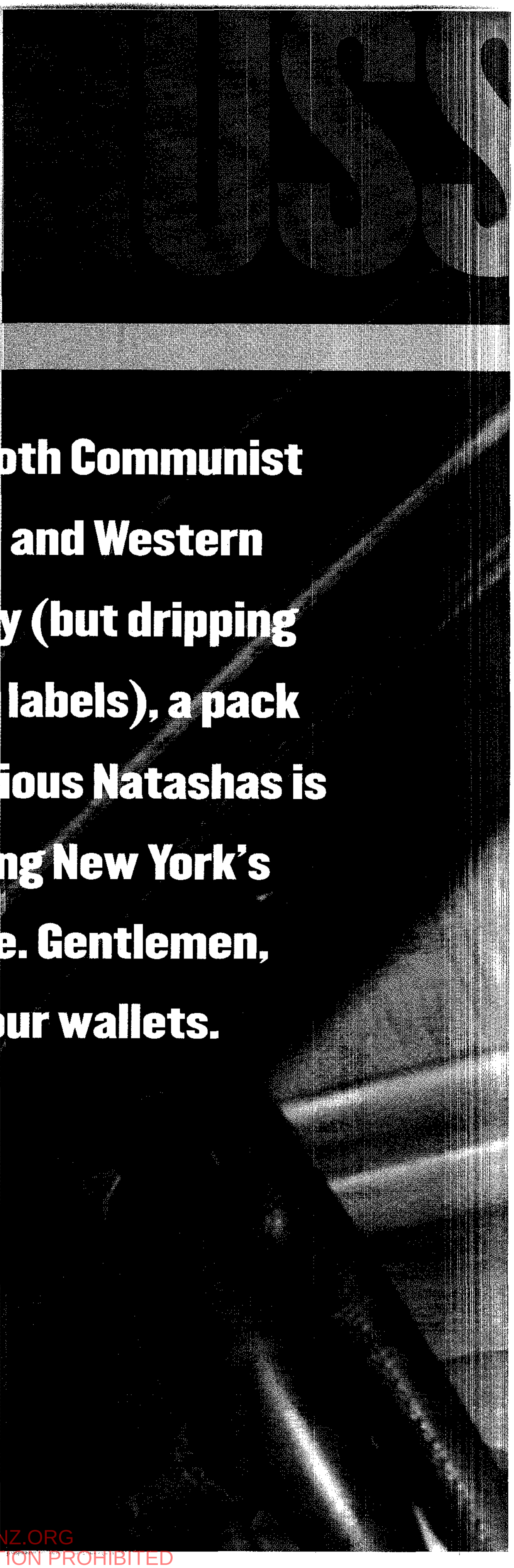

Free of both Communist shackles and Western hypocrisy (but dripping designer labels), a pack of avaricious Natashas is infiltrating New York's social life. Gentlemen, watch your wallets.

BY MICHAEL GROSS

If you'd walked by the Frank E. Campbell Funeral Home on Madison Avenue that day early in March, you might have wondered whether someone was holding a fashion show. One after the next, beautiful young women filed in, sheathed in Versace, clutching Hermès bags, eyes hidden behind Dior dark glasses. ● The deceased, Alexander "Sasha" Khazin, was the son of the head of production at Lenfilm, a Soviet movie studio. He'd worked here as a luxury-car salesman, a wannabe movie producer, and an entrepreneur whose last project before his untimely death at 51 was building a fertilizer plant in Turkmenistan. These enterprises bought him the trappings of American success: an apartment on Park Avenue and a place in the Hamptons, where he entertained lavishly—and romanced as many beautiful young women as would have him. ● Though he'd just gotten engaged, Khazin's funeral offered a *tableau vivant* of his playboy life. Most of the young women were émigrés from the former Soviet Union. "Everyone was there, because we all knew him," says one of their number, Russian-about-town Inna de Silva. That was also true in the biblical sense: Khazin had slept with many of them. ● After the funeral, they went off together to the East 64th Street co-op apartment of Inës Misan, a Latvian-born beauty who'd recently gained fame of a sort when her lover, John Lattanzio, the head of a

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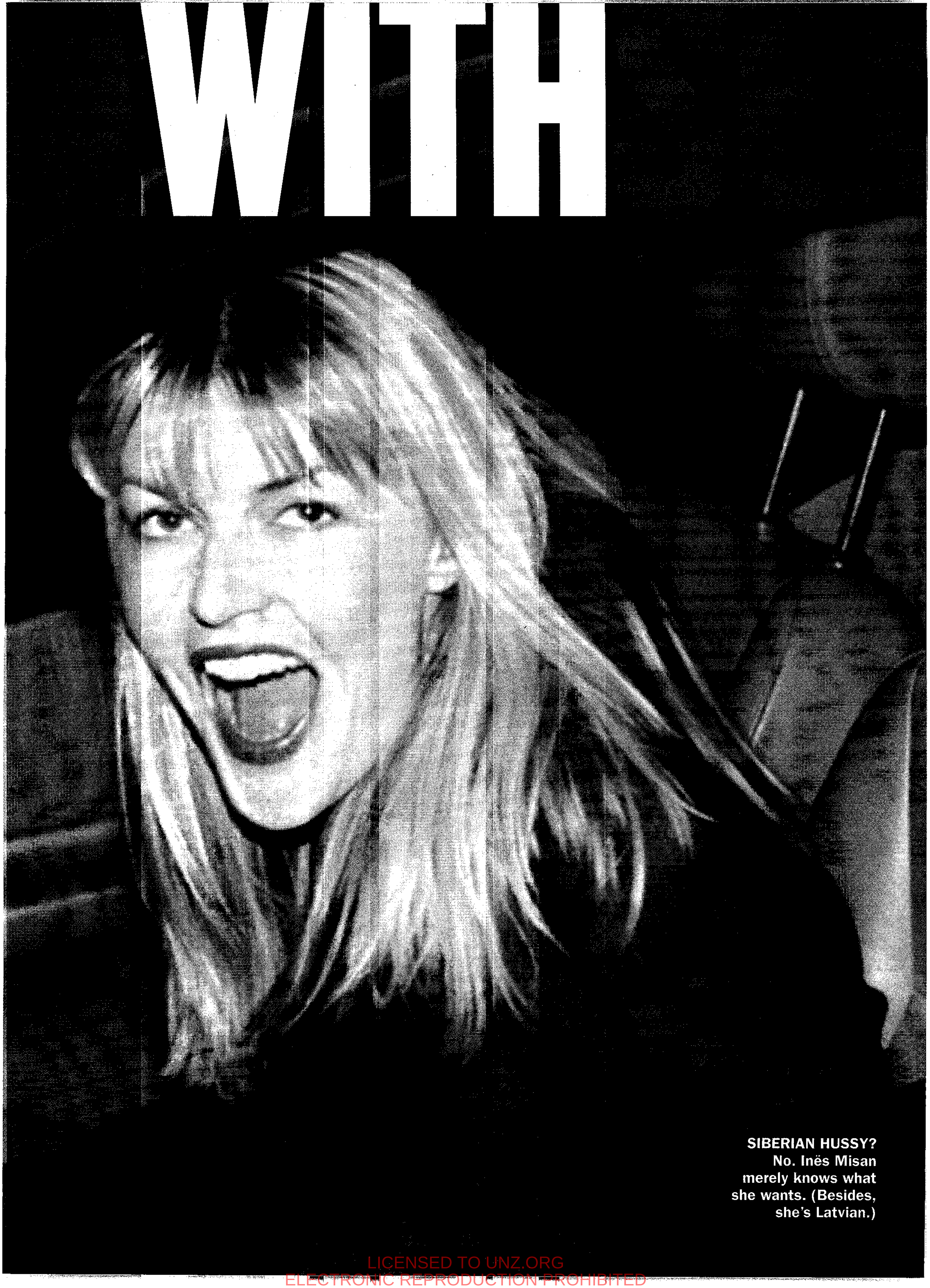
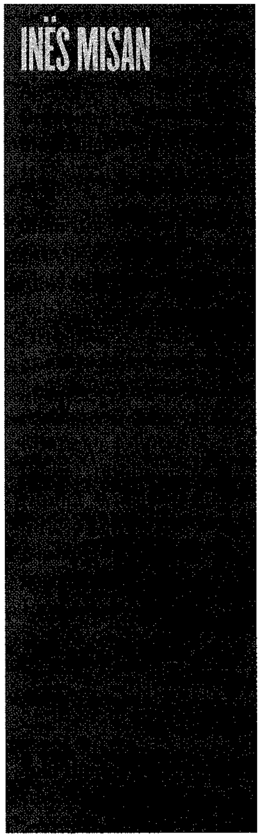


SIBERIAN HUSSY? No. Inës Misan merely knows what she wants. (Besides, she's Latvian.)

Wall Street hedge fund, sued her for the return of a $289,000 engagement ring and she announced her displeasure on the front page of the New York *Post.* Joining her at the informal wake in her red-tented feline lair (decorated with Versace pillows, gilt armchairs upholstered in leopard fabric, and a bed on a balcony stage up a winding stair) were, among others, De Silva; Evgenia Gvordetskaya, another ex-model and half of the defunct Russian-born design team Ev & El; and her best friend, Inga Banasewycz. "Everybody was drinking and having fun," Gvordetskaya recalls. But after a while, the talk turned to business.

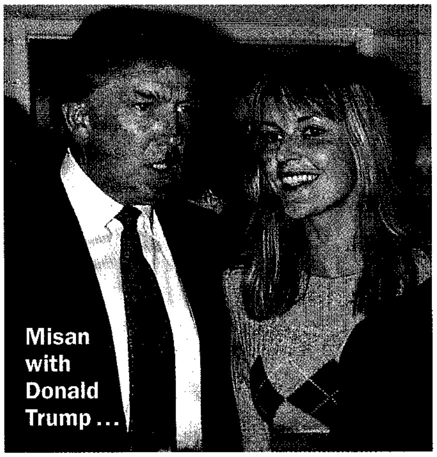


Shortly before Khazin's funeral, just weeks after Misan's breach with Lattanzio, Banasewycz had broken up with *her* megabucks beau, Orhan Sadik-Khan of Old Greenwich, Connecticut, a married sixtysomething who was a managing director of PaineWebber and head of its Russia Fund. Now, Inga moaned to her sympathetic friends, she was running out of money. She could no longer afford the apartment he'd rented for her in the Galleria on East 57th Street—let alone the status baubles that are a Russian girl's best friend. And to add insult to injury, Sadik-Khan hadn't even waited for the sheets to cool before hooking up with another Russian—a girl they all knew!

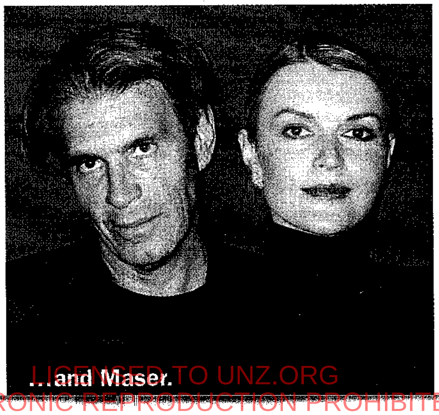
It was then that Inës Misan made a modest proposal that caused the ever-so-Russian gloom to lift. If John Lattanzio could sue her, Misan said, why couldn't Banasewycz sue Sadik-Khan? And just as Misan had gone to the newspapers to force Lattanzio's hand, couldn't Inga do the same to Orhan?

Banasewycz brightened. "I can sue, too!" she announced. "Go to the newspaper! Put him in shame!"

And so it was only a matter of days before news of *Banasewycz* v. *Sadik-Khan,* a $3.5 million lawsuit that read like a porn novel, put the stunning ex-Soviets back in the tabloid glare.


Misan with Donald Trump …

…Alborzian …


…and Maser.

IN CERTAIN QUARTERS OF MANHATTAN THESE days, it's not unusual to encounter characters that seem to have come right out of a James Bond film: beautiful young Russian girls with revealing outfits and hidden agendas. They're the latest status accessory in New York's power game, the mistresses of the Masters of the Universe. The fact that they're dangerous—wild, unpredictable, on the lookout for a bigger and better deal—only seems to increase their appeal. So certain women on the East Side are not seeing their husbands as much as they used to. "How old is your Russian?" one just-abandoned uptown wife asked another not long ago.

What's happening here began ten years ago, quite a bit farther east. The unraveling of the Soviet Union created a host of new countries. And these places—Russia, the Baltics, Ukraine—were not exactly lands of opportunity, especially once the local cement plant closed. "After 80 years of Communism, morals were eradicated," says an Eastern Bloc–born American who trades in the former USSR. "Then the state disappeared and a vacuum was created." Into this vacuum came an influx of foreign men with nice suits and thick wallets, looking to do business and not averse to a little paid romance on the side. So becoming one of the *dostupniye devochki*—accessible young ladies—didn't seem so bad. A 1990 poll of Russian high-school girls, reported in the Soviet press, found that 60 percent aspired to work as *valuta* prostitutes—foreign-currency hookers.

Jim Haynes, a Paris-based writer who's long had an interest in the Eastern Bloc and its women, has an explanation for this. "In the old days, there was not much one could do in Russia except make love, and that is what everyone did, often," he says. "Making love is a pleasure the state could not control, so Russians were—are—free to do it whenever they like."

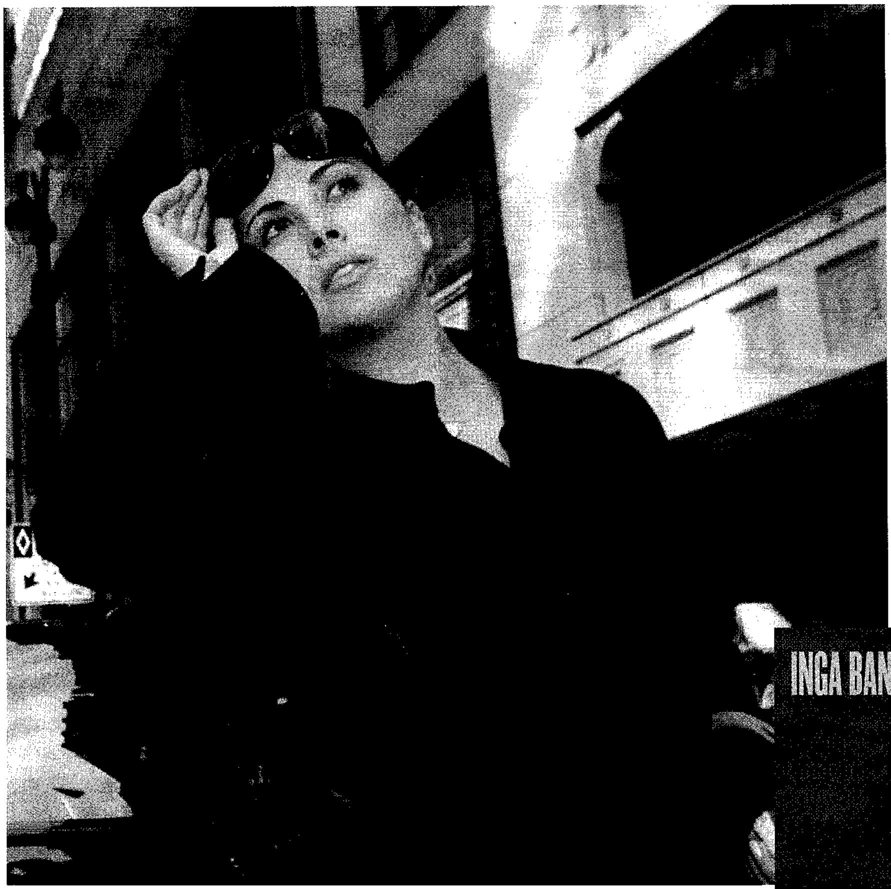
In northern Turkey in recent years, Russian prostitutes have been so prevalent they have even been given a nickname: *Natashas.* The Russian girls now so visible in New York started from the same sleepy towns and with essentially the same impulse, but they don't do anything so crude as turn tricks. They're Ultra-Natashas: Clever as well as beautiful, they pursue their goals with mercenary precision.

"These girls aren't one-night hookers; they're sink-the-teeth-in hookers," says a television producer who knows them. "They're playing chess. They're looking No. 1 for freedom, No. 2 for lots of money by a quickie marriage or, failing that, a lawsuit. They're very adept with credit cards, and they know you don't get those the first night."

"They're very passionate, very beautiful, but very tough," says a bachelor known from Bilboquet to Balthazar. "They want the big life, the money, and they give sex to get it. For a guy with a lot of money, it's great. The girls don't mind if you're older, if you're fat."

Says another East Side swain, laughing: "They are the most coldhearted girls I've ever met."

THE GOLD-DIGGER PIPELINE BEGINS IN SMALL towns in the former Soviet heartland, whence girls migrate to Moscow or St. Petersburg, "places you can use as a trampoline," says a Russian-born model scout. Once there, they seek out men who can help them bounce up, economically or, better yet, out of the East altogether. In



INGA BANASEWYCZ

many cases, these men "would not be as effective in the United States at attracting that caliber of woman," says Richard Dean, who opened the first American law office in Moscow. "Girls started to qualify foreigners," the scout continues. "What's he good for? Is he a boyfriend? A potential husband?"

The path from Moscow to New York cut through the modeling business. In May 1988, the first Miss Moscow contest was held. A year later came the first Miss USSR, Yulia Sukhanova, a rangy 17-year-old Moscow schoolgirl with gray-blue eyes, blonde hair, and a beauty mark over one eyebrow.

Though she didn't know it, her modeling career was facilitated by Richard Fuisz (pronounced *fuse*), a former actor, psychiatrist, pediatrician, congressional candidate, whistle-blower, and entrepreneur who declines to comment on a published report that he has intelligence ties. Fuisz, who owned a company that did joint ventures in Moscow, was approached by the then–Soviet ambassador to Washington, Yuri V. Dubinin, to set up a modeling agency to prepare the first waves of Soviet beauties for American commerce (which often meant substantial dental work) and protect them from "adverse influences" and bad publicity like magazine "spreads about their teeth," Fuisz says.

Sukhanova was the first of ten girls he would oversee. But first, he had to free her from the Soviet Union. He did it with the help of Mikhail Khodorkovsky, now one of Russia's oil billionaires but then the head of the Komsomol, or Young Communist League, and beginning his business career in a computer venture with Fuisz. "Each time Yulia tried to leave, the Moscow City Council canceled her visa," Fuisz reports. The hard-liners were opposed. "With Khodorkovsky's help, I escorted her to the airport and onto a plane to get her out." Soon, she was meeting Miss America, Nancy Reagan, and Sting, shooting the cover of *Details*, and filming a yogurt commercial. That's when international model agents like John Casablancas started sniffing around Moscow like pigs after truffles.

As the Soviet Union crumbled, Yulia Sukhanova's Americanization was proceeding apace. She left her first agent, Fuisz, and ended up in litigation with him over commissions. Her second agency, Click, soon became a sort of salon for Eastern Bloc model wannabes. Not only was the first Miss USSR there, but it was also the only agency in New York with a Russian-speaking booker. Inna (pronounced *Eena*) de Silva would become the linchpin of the Ultra-Natasha circle.

She was born Inna Sokolovsky in Odessa, on the Black Sea, where her family lived with three others in a communal apartment. Her mother was a department-store buyer and her father an appliance repairman, "but in Russia, everybody had to rely a bit on their wits," she says in a gravelly whiskey voice over a late lunch and brandy at "44." "You couldn't survive unless you were doing something on the side. We have larcenous minds. We distrust authority. We like getting over on people. And we settle things among ourselves—sort of like Sicilians." She laughs darkly.

De Silva learned about sex early. "Drinking and sex were the most important things," she says. The Sokolovskys moved to America when Inna was 12, first settling in a Coney Island project, then moving up-island to Massapequa. In the eighties, after a failed marriage, Inna hit Miami's South Beach, where she married a Brazilian surfer—the eponymous De Silva—and sold wholesale travel packages to fashion photographers. In 1990, Frances Grill, founder of Click Models, gave her a job as a booker.

The young Russians who now began heading for New York could talk to De Silva—in their native tongue. "Inna would tell them that the agency was interested, and they would just arrive," Sukhanova recalls. "Imagine a girl from Moscow or a little town—she is in New York at the airport, and she's like, 'Oh, I have no ticket back.' So Inna had to bring them here and try to give them jobs. And I guess when they didn't work, I don't know . . ."

De Silva would arrange visas and get the Russians tested by photographers.

"THE GIRLS THAT MIGHT NOT BE GREAT FOR *VOGUE* WERE GREAT FOR SOMETHING ELSE. THEY LOOK GOOD IN SOMEONE'S ARMS."

Photograph by Tamara Beckwith/New York *Post*/Corbis.

WAS THE NANNY A NATASHA?

MANIC-DEPRESSIVE AND INTROVERTED, JEFF Spicer was nobody's idea of a catch. He didn't make friends easily, perhaps because he was deeply afraid of losing them. Though he came from a solid San Diego family, he was adopted. Though he had a trust fund, it was the settlement from a car crash that killed his sister. He'd had two girlfriends, but both had left him.

Jeff was 27 and worked for Brooke & Co., a Wall Street broker, when he met two pretty young baby-sitters from Brooklyn, Enya Jakubowski, a Polish girl, and her Russian friend Tanya Nuitskaya. Jeff asked Tanya out. Things happened fast after that. Soon, the beeper-equipped blonde was staying in his apartment just off Union Square, turning his world upside down. They'd even started talking marriage, he said. He was so happy, he'd gone off his prescriptions. But friends couldn't help noticing that he'd replaced them with drink and drugs.

Early one morning six weeks after meeting Tanya, Jeff took the R train to Rector Street and called his parents from a phone on the platform. "I'm sorry," he sobbed before hanging up. Then he went to Brooke's twenty-second-floor offices, where he opened a window and jumped. He landed in Trinity Church's graveyard, where a gravestone severed his head and an arm. On the street, someone who'd seen him fall started shaking the gate, yelling for help.

Three years later, Jeff Spicer's story is like a *matroshka*—one of those Russian nesting dolls that opens to reveal more dolls. Just before his death, Jeff told friends that Tanya had snuck into America, and that he had consulted an immigration lawyer on her behalf. He also said he'd developed a roll of film he'd found in his camera. On it was a picture of Tanya removing a dress he'd bought her. He hadn't taken the picture.

HIS SUSPICIONS ROSE. SHE WAS TOO FLUENT. TOO SOPHISTICATED. HE PEEKED IN HER KNAPSACK. THERE WAS A GUN INSIDE.

Just after he jumped, Tanya called Jeff's office and told John Locke, the Brooke partner who answered his phone, that she was worried about him. But she was strangely casual when he told her Jeff was dead. Then she asked if she could see his office. Locke said no; the police were still there. That seemed to concern her.

A few days later, she just showed up. Her hands were filthy. Locke let her wash up. Then she invited him to Jeff's apartment; she'd moved in and was trying to take over the lease. Locke's suspicions rose when he got there. She was too fluent, too sophisticated, he thought, as she asked about Jeff's savings and flipped through his floppy disks. When she turned her back, he snuck a peek in her knapsack. There was a gun inside. Locke adds that a Brooke colleague later found that the hard disk on Jeff's home computer had been erased. But by then, he claims, Tanya had vanished.

In fact she hadn't disappeared; she was reaching out to Jeff's friends and co-workers. She bragged to one that she'd taken him places sexually where he'd never been before. Another co-worker got the feeling she wanted not comfort but, rather, a replacement. Cliff Thompson, who'd known Jeff since college, says she tried to seduce him—in Jeff's apartment. He also wondered whether she was more than friends with the ever-present Enya.

Jeff's mother had suspicions, too. When she arrived in New York to claim the body, Tanya handed her a typed suicide note that said very little, signed "Jeffrey." He'd always called himself Jeff.

Nonetheless, the police say they never suspected Tanya and never had reason to. And they still remember her at Trinity Church, where, weeping and apparently inconsolable, she got down on her knees, scratching at the spot where he'd landed. Tanya's employer, an international lawyer, hired her as a nanny in 1991 when he worked in Moscow, and when he moved to New York, she came along. Her visa was renewable as long as she remained a nanny. After Spicer died, the family moved to Singapore, but Tanya stayed behind.

"It's not going to sound right," Tanya worries when I locate her by phone in Toronto. "I blamed myself for the longest time. I thought I wasn't sensitive, wasn't doing enough." She denies that she needed a green card and that they ever talked about marriage. She didn't know he had money. And she thinks he killed himself because he'd sent insider information to a friend, though everyone at Brooke says he had no access to any such valuable data.

She admits Jeff did find a picture of her flashing her backside, and that they fought about it. Tanya was angry he'd developed the film in a drugstore where anyone could see her behind. But she says he *did* take the picture, though he didn't remember it because he'd been drunk. They all were, she told him—Enya was there, too—and eventually he decided it was no big deal. As to Enya, Tanya says she had boyfriends, too.

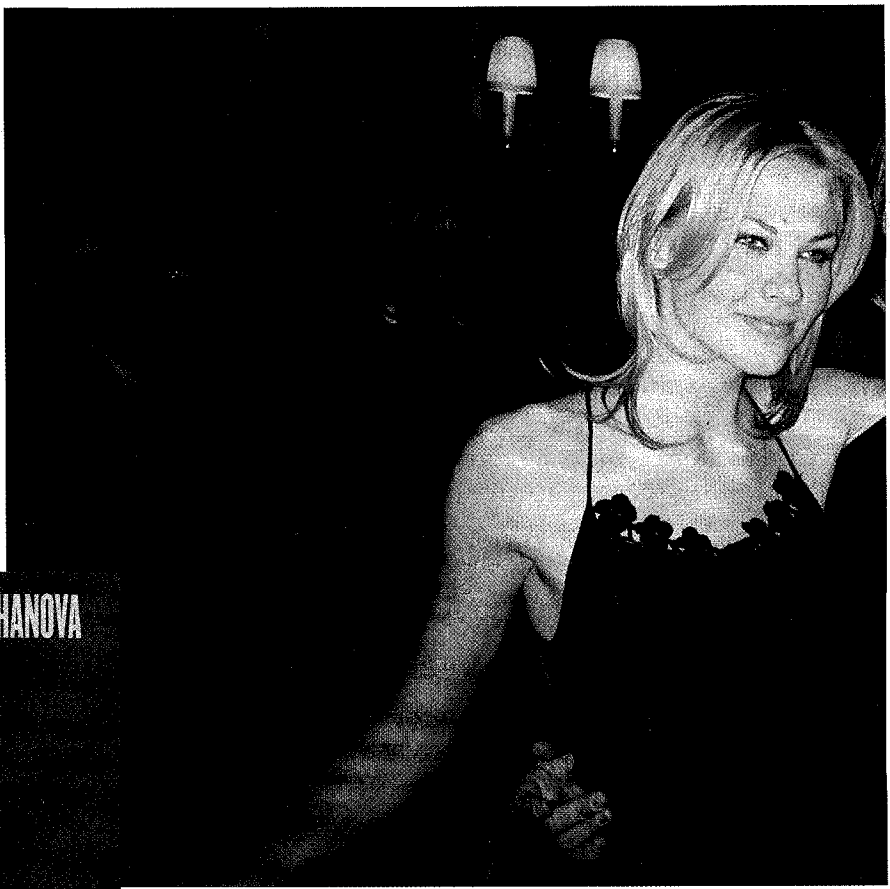
After Jeff died, Tanya did go to the churchyard, where she says she found a piece of his skull, which she washed off and kept. And a gun? She laughs, doesn't deny having one, and admits she knows how to shoot. After leaving her nanny job, she says she got a student visa, but claims that when she went to visit her parents in Canada, she was denied re-entry to America. As I say goodbye, I can't decide whether I've opened the last *matroshka* doll or not.

Then, a few days later, Tanya leaves an angry phone message for me: "This is Tanya . . . uh . . . Tanya Nuitskaya? After I talked to you, I got really, real upset and I figured out—you know what?—I don't have to prove to anybody who I am or what I am. But if those people said I was after a green card or money, why don't they answer a question:

"Why do I live in Canada, happily married to a woman?" ■

Names of individuals and companies have been changed.

"They were very attractive girls of a certain kind, attractive enough to look like models in dark clubs," says Grill, who called them "Almosts." Her son, Joey Grill, who runs Click with her, thought of them as "Inna's private test board, working little jobs." Then he adds, "Apparently, they were going out on other jobs too."



YULIA SUKHANOVA

INNA'S GROUP WAS *TUSOVKA*—A HAPPENING. "She had it in her blood to be a party person," says Frances Grill. "She liked rounding up girls to go to clubs at 2 A.M." Restaurant and club owners began to lure her and the Almosts with free meals in exchange for their filling a table or two.

De Silva was eventually fired by Click and, discouraged and near-broke, started collecting fees for promoting dinner parties on slow nights at restaurants like Grolier and Jour et Nuit and clubs like Au Bar. Inna's pack included a few real models she'd worked with. Buzzing around them was a swarm of more accessible Almosts. A circle of admirers "was solidified by these dinners," says the Eastern Bloc–born businessman. "She would call the Russians and we would go."

De Silva admits she made introductions. "The girls that might not be great for *Vogue* were great for something else," she says. "They look good in someone's arms." Despite what many who know her claim, however, she says she never got paid for making introductions. "I know who I am," she tells me one afternoon, sprawled in the back of a stretch limousine someone else is paying for. "I give a lot, and I've been very disappointed with a lot of girls. They're very ungrateful. I introduce them to sugar daddies. I help them get their lives together. I've learned now: Do it and expect nothing. They live on Fifth Avenue, and I'm walking around with $300." De Silva sighs heavily.

"I know it sounds naïve," she says, but "I can feel for these girls. I can guess the trauma they went through. A provincial girl, born in the middle of nowhere in the ex-USSR, before she gets to the first big city, she goes through 100 guys. To get to Moscow, 300 guys. To get to the West, 500. They're links in a chain. You meet ten, three promise something, but you go through 50 before one comes through. Russian girls are so greedy because they're badly damaged. You meet them, and you can see the anger inside.

"I remember watching girls at the bar move to the banquettes and three weeks later, they'd have their first Chanel bag," De Silva continues, hastening to add: "Not the ones I was inviting, of course." But they were watching, and keeping score. "Russians are so competitive. Whose boyfriend gives them more? 'You got a bag? I got a car!' "

The men they meet, of course, are playing hard, too. "They think they're running a game on us," says a young investment banker. "They hang out; they shake their titties. They're only after money, so we flash some, we fuck 'em, and we dump 'em. We trade 'em like stocks. We teach 'em American capitalism at its best."

And in New York, who doesn't play? As another investment banker points out, "These girls see New York women playing the same game under the veil of high refinement. New York society girls call them hookers and hate them. But what is the difference, except that the Russians admit it?"

INGA BANASEWYCZ, THEN 19, MET HER AGing sugar daddy, Orhan Sadik-Khan, at a dinner in 1990 at Tavern on the Green. In the lawsuit Banasewycz would file against Sadik-Khan, she said that their relationship was "purely sexual." Sadik-Khan's "appetite for sex was insatiable," and he sought "control over every aspect" of her life so she would be available to him "whenever he wanted her."

Sadik-Khan took Banasewycz with him to Russia, where, her best friend, Evgenia Gvordetskaya, says, she helped him do business. Her own suffered. Banasewycz couldn't control her weight, so the modeling jobs dried up. And when she tried studying drama at NYU, Sadik-Khan "became upset and controlling," Gvordetskaya says. "He didn't let her do anything, basically." The couple broke up briefly in September 1995 but reconciled shortly thereafter, and Sadik-Khan evidently relaxed his grip on her. He even put up the "couple of hundred thousand" that earned Inga her credit (under another name, Inga Galiullina) as an executive producer of an independent movie, *Fool's Paradise,* according to its writer-director-producer, Richard Zakka.

In February 1997, Sadik-Khan rented Inga an apartment at the Galleria, insisting, she claimed in her suit, that she remain home at all times so he could have sex on demand. She charged he sneaked in and penetrated her while she slept, would pretend to be an infant and suckle at her breasts for three hours at a time, begged her to procure other women for group sex, flew home from vacations just to have sex with her, took hundreds of nude photos of her, asked her to describe sex with other men, and insisted that she have "wild" sex with him in his wife's bed in Greenwich. Sadik-Khan begged her to have a baby, she asserted, promising her $1 million if she did, and repeatedly told her that he "wanted to spend the rest of his life with her, and that if she remained with him, she would be financially secure for life." Yet when she twice got pregnant, she claims he demanded she have abortions. And finally, when she again begged to work, she says he promised her $500,000 if she wouldn't.

Sadik-Khan's lawyer declined, on behalf of his client, to comment.

"What she did is pure extortion," says a Russian model. "She lived a free life; he was supporting her. She didn't want a career. These girls don't work nine to five. It's not their thing."

Finally, in February, Banasewycz's complaint concludes, Sadik-Khan "abruptly terminated the relationship, telling [her] he was 'through with her.' " Curiously, Gvordetskaya disputes that, saying Inga broke up with him. "She wanted to do things; she is very ambitious; he was controlling her; so that's all," she says. "She just got sick of it. She was like his second wife. So it's like any divorce. It just wasn't an official marriage." But Banasewycz didn't sue until after Sasha Khazin's funeral.

INËS MISAN HAS JUST ONE BRIEF SCENE IN HER only movie, *Inside the Goldmine,* but it's a doozy, opening a story that revolves around her character's murder. She plays a Russian named Scarlet Rider, who's seen in a belly-button-baring black lace-trimmed top, talking between kitten smiles to Josh Evans, who both made and starred in the film.

"Want me to take you home?" she asks him. "You scared? Don't be scared. I'm just a whore."

"Don't talk like that," Evans scolds her. "I don't like whores."

"I bet your mother is whore, too," Misan says.

"Don't talk about my mother," Evans snaps back. "You're a fucking whore. That doesn't make my mother a whore."

"We're all whores," Misan concludes.

Three years later Evans says, "I thought she was perfect for the part."

MISAN COMES FROM A LITTLE TOWN OUTSIDE Riga—"a small place even for Latvia," says a Latvian. She married a man named Broujika but ran away to Moscow at 19 to seek her fortune as a dancer. Her next boyfriend was a Moscow gangster, now dead. She would later describe him as a man who would hand her stolen credit cards and passports and say, "Go get some Armani."

Inës wasn't content as a *mafiya* moll. She was also singing and dancing with Laima Vaikule, a nightclub entertainer, when Moscow opened up to foreigners in 1988. "It was so focused then," says one of the pioneers. "It was 50 or 60 people going to three or four places where foreigners met. Inës was a very prominent girl in a small group. She never accepted money. It was gifts and trips."

YELENA
YELENA JARIKOVA
FORD

The man who took her farthest was Imre Pakh, a Hungarian-born, Leningrad-educated businessman who'd moved to America in the seventies. Between his two marriages, Pakh, who trades in fertilizer and chemicals from the former Soviet Union and lives in an apartment at the Galleria that he bought from Eric Clapton's ex-lover Lori del Santo, was quite a ladies' man.

Pakh met Misan through Tatiana Pahlen, another Chanel-equipped Russian blonde in New York. "Inës was lovely, beautiful, exciting," Pahlen says, and Pakh "asked to be introduced." Pakh declined to speak on the record, but according to several acquaintances, he brought Misan to Paris, sponsored her for a U.S. visa, and then paid for her East Side apartment. She called him her manager. If Pakh had feelings for her, that didn't stop Misan from walking into New York clubs (she would boast), picking out the hottest guys, and taking them home. One choice became her second husband, David Townley, a model and California surfer who'd just hit town from Milan. (Townley refused to be quoted, but a source quite close to him told his story.)

Townley, who thought Misan looked like Paulina Porizkova, soon found out that she was something of a legend. "Her promiscuity was awesome," says a man who had a two-day fling with her around the time she met Townley. "She made it clear not only to me but to a handful of my friends that she was an easy conquest."

Says another ex-lover, who seems relieved to be rid of her, "She's a man. She hates other women. Her attitude is a man's: 'I'm going to fuck that guy tonight.' But Inës is not evil. She is not a hooker, even if some people don't agree."

Misan told Townley she was a singer, and introduced him to Imre Pakh, telling Townley that Pakh paid her a draw against her future earnings. But once Townley and Misan got together, she was on her own, and the ensuing affair left Townley penniless. When she was tossed out of her apartment (or at least said she had been), he let her move into his sublet. Then he took her home to Malibu. He decided he'd make her a model, paid for tests and a portfolio, and introduced her to agents and photographers. After a month in Malibu, she gave Townley an ultimatum: If he didn't marry her, she'd find a green-card husband. Worried he'd never see her again, Townley married her in Las Vegas in August 1989.

After the wedding, Misan was nice enough when they were alone, but around other guys she'd be impossible, treating Townley like furniture. She spent his modeling money as if it were water, dragooned him into driving her everywhere. When he went to Milan to model for two months, he kept hearing reports from home about his wife's wild behavior. In June 1990, he flew home and told her he wanted a divorce.

Townley didn't see her again until her new boyfriend called him a year later. Her green-card application had hit a snag; she was going to be deported unless he came to court and convinced a judge their marriage was for real. Townley didn't want to go, but she had all his furniture and he wanted it back. When they started bickering over where honeymoon pictures were taken, the judge said, "You were married all right." Misan got her green card. Townley—now a waiter in Hawaii—never saw her again.

Misan's new boyfriend was TV actor and former Calvin Klein model Justin Lazard, son of ABC foreign correspondent Sidney Lazard, grandson of the founder of the Lazard Frères investment bank. After a long romance and a brief engagement, Misan returned to New York in 1995. But she kept her Lazard connection, moving in with Justin's parents and holding on to his checks and one of his credit cards, which she used to pay her rent and buy a VCR. Lazard wouldn't comment, but a friend of both says, "He wanted her to know that no matter what, he'd be there." Despite Lazard's loyalty, Misan was playing the field again. She telephoned a friend one day and said, "If Justin calls, last night I slept at your place."

Misan continued her modeling career, but the work was sporadic; she switched agencies, to Ford. "Inës is a really fun-loving, great girl, full of life, and it came across in her pictures," says Katie Ford. "But she was not a serious model." Within a year, she was gone.

She kept collecting admirers, though, among them several megabucks Manhattanites; a few sons-of, like Anthony (son of Bob) Guccione; actors Armand Assante and Val Kilmer; and Michael Bush, who asked to be described as "a handsome young lawyer."

"WHAT IS LETHAL ABOUT THEM IS THEY CONVINCE THEMSELVES THAT THEY REALLY LOVE YOU. THAT'S WHAT MAKES THEM SO EFFECTIVE."

"After we stopped dating, she was going out with six people at a time," says Bush, a handsome young lawyer, who remained a friend. "I realized she was a very dangerous woman."

Even her defenders admit that Misan is liberal with her affections. "We live in a world of unbearable hypocrisy," says photographer Peter Beard, who recently accompanied Misan to Latvia, where she owns a share of a model agency. "When Inës is friends with two or three people at one time, it's not cheating, it's just communicating."

She's quite a communicator. One East Side investor who met Misan at a charity event gleefully describes how she had the table in stitches telling filthy jokes and dropping berries in his lap and plucking them out with her fingers while his stunning wife watched, incredulous, from across the table. Luckily, the wife—who confirms the story—was amused. "I've never seen you stay at a dinner so long," she told him.

Another rich young man met her at a luncheon, where she asked if she could join him and his friends. "Her car had been towed," he recalls. "She tried to come with us so we'd go to the impound lot to 'help' her get her car out. When I wouldn't, she said 'You want to make love with me, don't you?' I haven't seen her since." He laughs. "I think we left it open."

"Inës needs to show everybody how great she's doing," says a Russian model we'll call Ludmilla, who knows but disapproves of the Ultra-Natashas. "She needs to show other Russian girls, 'You're like everybody else, and I'm a princess.' She doesn't think she's a prostitute. She thinks she's so great and beautiful, men just want to give her money. But there is some work involved as well." Indeed, when Michael Bush saw Misan in a new Mercedes and asked how she got it, she replied, "I've been working very hard lately."

HER NEW JOB WAS JOHN LATTANZIO, 49, who'd quit high school in Astoria to make his bones with the hedge fund Steinhardt Partners, where he became Michael Steinhardt's confidant and top trader, raking in eight figures annually. Divorced since 1984, Lattanzio was considered a catch; he made *Financial World*'s 1990 list of the most eligible Wall Street bachelors. In 1993, the magazine ranked him the thirty-eighth-biggest earner on Wall Street. In 1996, he opened the Lattanzio Group, a hedge fund that launched with $100 million in assets. That year, too, he was introduced to Misan by a fellow financier who described her as a nice Upper East Side girl. Lattanzio declined to give details of their affair, but the public record of the lawsuit tells their story.

Initially, at least, Lattanzio was a careful man. Shortly after they met, Misan says in the papers, he "demanded" she take a blood test; she demanded jewelry in return. Thus was laid the basis of their relationship.

According to the complaint filed by his attorneys at Wilkie Farr, Lattanzio proposed on May 20, 1996, and gave Misan a nine-carat radiant diamond set in platinum that he'd bought at Harry Winston for $289,275. The ring is "the size of a small watch," says a friend. He followed it with a $147,220 Cartier necklace in October, a $20,026 Van Cleef & Arpels ring at Thanksgiving, another Harry Winston ring worth $12,232 in January 1997, and a $27,000 crocodile Hermès bag last November. He considered all these gifts to be engagement presents.

In her reply, Misan claims they were never engaged. But three witnesses came forward to contradict her, and their statements echoed one made to me by Ludmilla, the model, who said Misan would wave the stone, trilling, "I'm getting married."

Misan's affidavit makes interesting reading, a self-portrait of an Ultra-Natasha. The gifts Lattanzio gave her were "nonconditional," she says. And their relationship, "in actuality," was "totally nonexclusive." Right from the start, he bought her things—six $2,000 flowering orchid trees the night after their first date, for instance—"to buy my affections" and "satisfy himself that I would like him." Then he'd claim she didn't, start an argument, and buy her more in apology. He spent $3 million on her in all, she thinks—on her credit-card bills, rings and earrings from Tiffany, a Fendi fur, and a Mercedes—when he wasn't "routinely" behaving in a way "that evidenced his own insecurity and obsessive behavior." And so, despite all the gifts, he "made it virtually impossible for us to have a healthy and happy relationship."

The date Lattanzio put on their engagement was nothing more than the last of many bust-ups and reconciliations. "He expressed his unhappiness with the fact that we were not seeing each other"—and just happened to buy her a $300,000 ring the next day. His claims that they were engaged only proved that he was "scheming to 'set up' a scenario whereby he could sue me." They had "a terrible argument" and broke up again in mid-October. But a month later, he asked her out. "At the time," she thought it was all "quite funny." In mid-November, that changed.

"While I was out of town, plaintiff broke into my answering machine without my permission and listened to my messages," Misan's affidavit continues. What he heard convinced him that Misan was sleeping with another man. When she telephoned to say she was coming home, he called her a "fucking whore" and demanded the ring back. Then, she charged, Lattanzio had her followed; she insinuated that he had mob connections "and would not hesitate to use them to harm me."

He broke up with her late in November, and Wilkie Farr sent her a letter on November 26 demanding the engagement ring. When Misan offered to sell the ring back to him, Lattanzio's lawyers responded with the lawsuit, demanding she return not only what he wanted—the ring—but also another

(continued on page 61)

WHEN SONNY GETS BLUE

With a new album and a free concert, saxophonist Sonny Rollins is still jazzing Manhattan —and worrying about the apocalypse.

BY DAVID YAFFE

ONE CRITIC REDUCED THE ENTIRE CHALLENGE OF JAZZ CRITICISM to this: How do you say Sonny Rollins is God ten different ways? At 67, the Harlem native still displays more reserves of breath—blowing endless choruses of jazz dialectics—than any sax player of any age. Even though he's avoided New York jazz clubs for twenty years ("I wanted the jazz musician to be able to play concert halls," he explains), there's still an annual "Sonny Seance" that's as much a part of summer in the city as Shakespeare in the Park or Con Ed in the apartment. This year, as in years past, an artist who could easily command $125 a head in Avery Fisher Hall will instead be giving it away—next door, at Damrosch Park, Saturday night at 8.

The city is full of Sonny Rollins monuments. There's the block that inspired the 1966 classic *East Broadway Run Down* ("There was a loft on East Broadway that Bennie Maupin lived in. It was five or six walk-up flights, and it was like a marathon getting up there, man. So it was actually *East Broadway Run Up*") and, of course, the Williamsburg Bridge, where Rollins took a two-year sabbatical and clandestinely practiced, eventually producing his legendary 1962 album *The Bridge.*

"I also examined the Manhattan Bridge and the Brooklyn Bridge," Rollins says, "but the walkways weren't as good, and there wasn't as much privacy."

Rollins was then living in a walk-up apartment at Grand and Clinton Streets. "Nearly everything else around there has been torn down, but for some reason 400 Grand Street is still standing, although it doesn't look like much," he says. "A lot of people came to the apartment—Mingus, Coltrane, Monk." It was Thelonious Monk who gave Rollins an early break as a teenager, an apprenticeship that left an indelible mark. "Monk was like my guru," Rollins recalls. "Once he said that if it wasn't for music, there wasn't really anything else worthwhile in life. It's borne out in my life."

In truth, Rollins has found other things worthwhile as well. He is a spiritual pluralist, inspired by everything from the Jewish Cabala to the Indian Upanishads, and he has made many Eastern pilgrimages for solace. In jazz circles, he has long been famous as a musical swami, with his flowing robes and gnomic utterances. "Life is a vale of tears," he pronounces. "It's not happy." Even *his* life? "Of course—I don't think it's meant to be happy. I remember Coltrane telling me that he wished he could have a more happy-go-lucky demeanor, like Dizzy Gillespie, but he said, 'I'm just not like that.' He was like a minister, you know." Despite his melancholic world view, Rollins admits, "I'm probably more like Dizzy. When I was a kid, they used to call me Jester, because I was a bit of a jokester."

Sometimes the most authentic expressions of joy come from those most intimately acquainted with suffering, and the jubilant Caribbean sway of "St. Thomas"—which he still plays after more than 40 years—will always be associated with him. Quite a contrast from a man who, in other moments, is preoccupied with apocalypse. "I read a lot of Noam Chomsky, Howard Zinn, Michael Parenti," he says. "They're all about the environment, this impending disaster we're heading into. Right now, it's like we're on the *Titanic,* but everybody's just watching *Titanic.*"

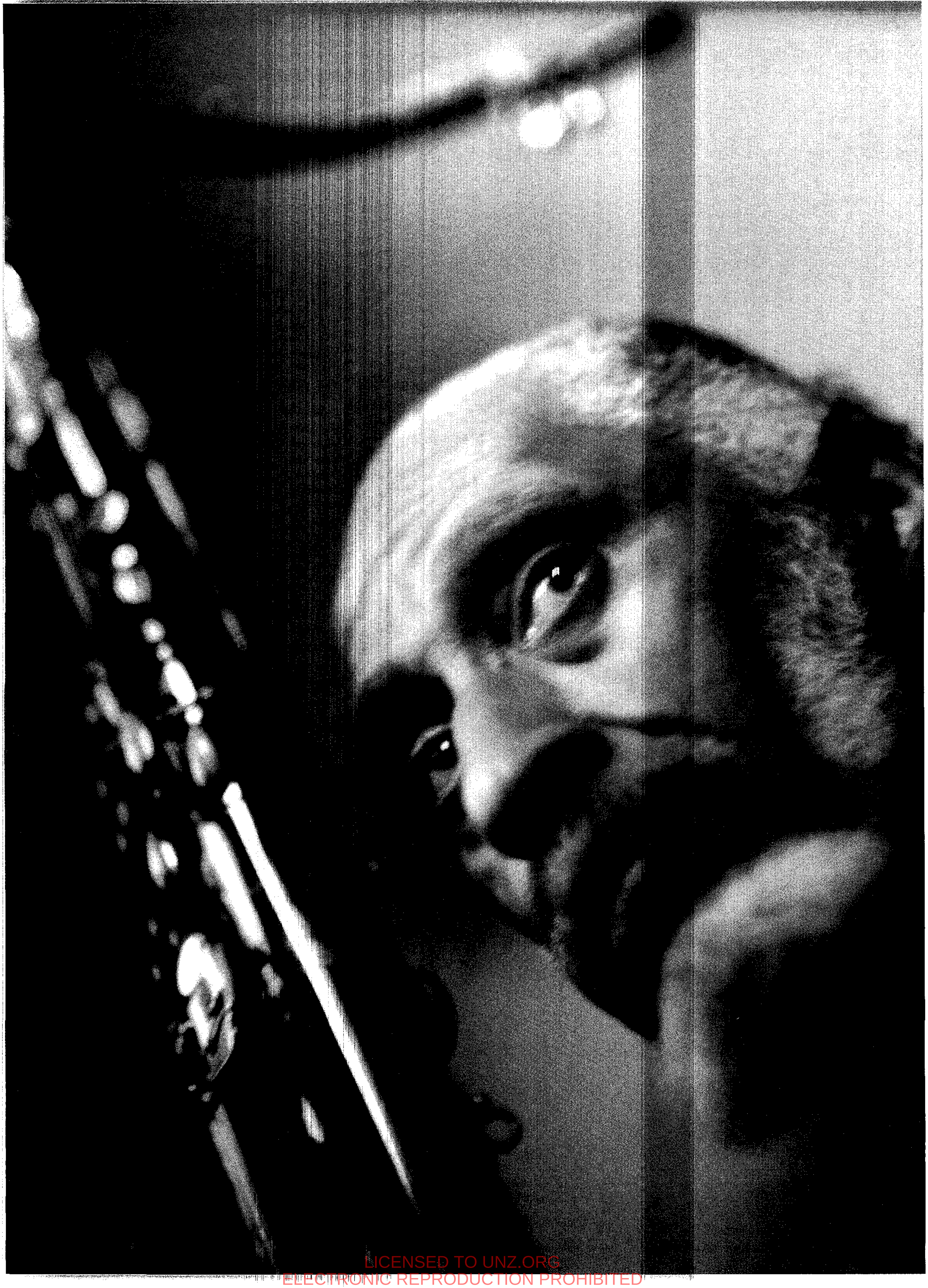
Critics have carped about his insistent use of the electric bass or quibbled about some of his bandmates, but listening to Rollins on a good night, you'd be hard-pressed to find anyone who could touch him on the bandstand. Be prepared for a generous helping of calypso numbers, complete with shimmying down the aisles atypical at a jazz concert. Likely to be missing, though, are Rollins's Ornette Coleman–inspired free-jazz pieces from the mid-sixties (work, ironically, that performers at the Knitting Factory and Tonic—venues whose names draw a blank stare from Rollins when I first mention them—often pay homage to). But if he seems removed from New York's underground music scene, he remains engaged with the aboveground issues that preoccupy him. His new album, *Global Warming,* fuses his musical euphoria with his political pessimism in songs like "Mother Nature's Blues" and "Echo-Side Blue."

Like the city he still loves, Rollins continues to seek the convergence of politics and art that dates from the civil-rights wake-up call of his "Freedom Suite" in 1958. The activist aspect of his music stretches back to his adolescence: "I went to Benjamin Franklin High School, on 116th and Pleasant Avenue. In 1946, it was a heavily Italian area. Here we were, these black kids who had to take a subway and a bus just to get there, and we were met with a great deal of hostility from these Italian kids. People would throw things out the window as we were trying to walk to school. And you know what? Frank Sinatra came down there and sang in our auditorium and told all the kids that we shouldn't fight. Then Nat 'King' Cole came down. They eased all the tensions between the black and Italian kids. After that, things got better, and the rioting stopped."

"We musicians need to be interested in something other than just getting a good reed," he says; he's as outspoken about toxic-waste dumps as he is about race. How does the mayor fare in Sonny's Kind of Town? "I think Giuliani's just another cheap politician," says Rollins. "He thinks that if he cracks down on minorities, it'll get him further up in the Republican Party. He also drives one of these gas-guzzling sport-utility vehicles, so you know that he has no environmental sense, and it's a tip-off that he has no sense about anything. I give him some credit for the drop in the crime rate, but that doesn't mean that I want to be harassed on the street because I'm black."

Rollins isn't on the street as much these days anyway, preferring to spend time on his farm in Germantown, where—clad in flowing white robes and trailing a hoary prophet's beard—he scares up flocks of pheasants while wandering through the woods blowing his tenor. It may be the end of the world, but Sonny sounds just fine. He still has a place in TriBeCa and is still a fixture in town, if an increasingly reclusive one. "When I'm in the city, I like to rehearse with my band. I don't go to restaurants that often; I haven't been to the symphony or Broadway in years; I don't go to clubs. Gee, I guess I'm a really interesting guy." ■

Photograph by Frank W. Ockenfels 3.



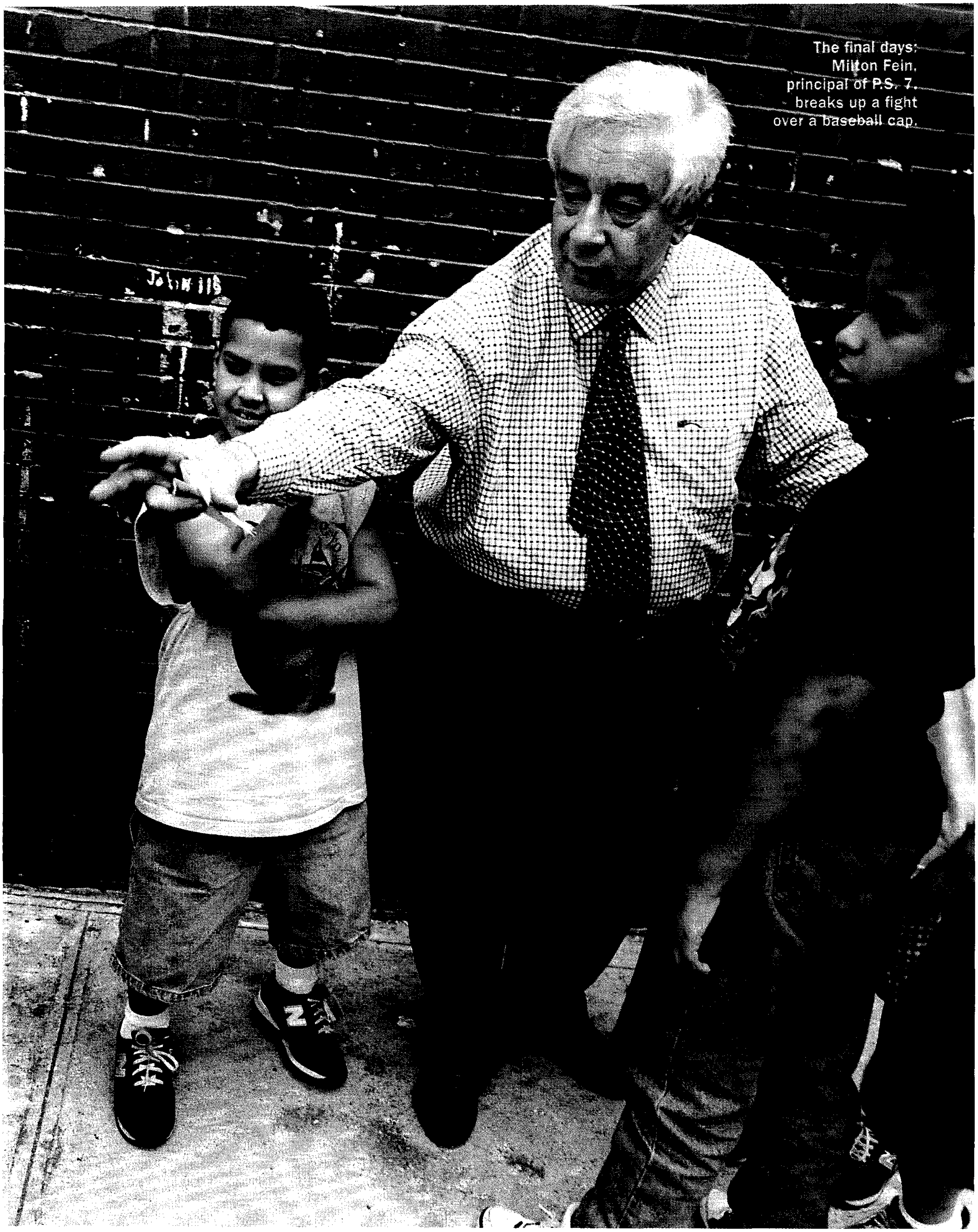
For generations, Jewish educators dominated New York's public schools. Now that era is over. Does anybody care? Meet **Milton Fein**, the last of the Mohicans.

The Long Goodbye

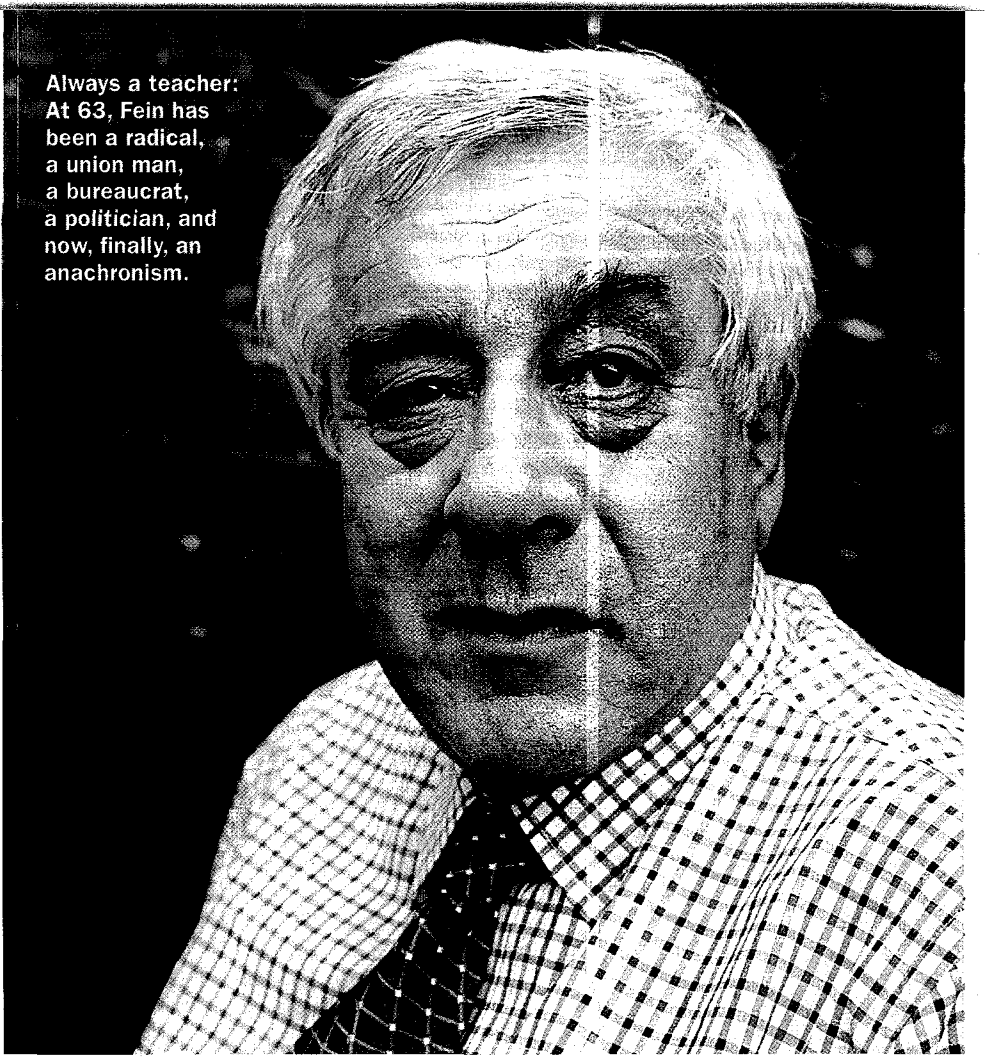
MILTON FEIN SHUFFLED IN HIS PIGEON-toed way into a meeting of Bronx principals one morning last April. The administrators had gathered in an elementary-school library to hear a professor conduct a seminar on bilingual education, a program that Fein supported, even as its constantly changing theories and bureaucratic proscriptions dizzied him. To add to his discomfort, he had arrived uncharacteristically late. ■ In the past, Fein would have driven with his friend Norman Kaufman, who headed Junior High School 141 in Riverdale, just up the hill from Fein's Public School 7 in Kingsbridge. They would

By Samuel G. Freedman

Photographed by Bastienne Schmidt



The final days: Milton Fein, principal of P.S. 7, breaks up a fight over a baseball cap.



Always a teacher: At 63, Fein has been a radical, a union man, a bureaucrat, a politician, and now, finally, an anachronism.

have chatted on the way about school-board elections and the latest Arthur Miller revival, and then gone to the Riverdale Diner after the meeting for the Greek salads that Fein always joked were the size of Greek islands. But Kaufman had retired five years ago, and this morning Fein had carpooled with a younger principal, who picked him up twenty minutes behind schedule and had trouble finding a parking space.

Fein made his way to the only empty seats, at the front of the room. Swiveling in his chair to survey the audience, he thought mostly of the missing. The list only started with Norman Kaufman. Sheldon Salzberg, once the principal of P.S. 94, had moved to Florida. The other Sheldon, Lindenbaum of P.S. 122, had resigned a year ago. David Rothstein of P.S. 24 had just had a retirement party. Fein realized he must have attended a dozen affairs like it in the past few years, often serving as the emcee. For the first time, he pondered his own future.

"I thought, 'Am I staying too long? Am I a fish out of water?' " he recalls several months later. "I looked around the room, and there were people I respected—excellent principals—but people I couldn't relate to the same way I did with the Shellys and Dave and Norman. We had our little shtick. We came up together. We had the same experiences. That camaraderie wasn't there for me anymore. I began to feel like an old person. The old Jew."

Not long after the conference, Fein put in for retirement. It was no mere coincidence that he and his vanished friends are all Jewish. In their separate departures, they form part of a greater exodus—the end of the era of the Jewish educator in New York's public schools. In the world's most populous Jewish city, it is true, many Jews will continue to teach and counsel and supervise in the public schools. Never again, however, will Jews dominate and define public education as they did from the Great Depression nearly to the present. Whether the schools of the future will be better or worse than those shaped by Jews, they will surely be different.

Starting in the thirties, and for decades afterward, Jews constituted the largest single ethnic group among the city schools' teachers and principals, frequently forming an absolute majority. By both numbers and force of personality, they virtually created the institutional culture of meritocracy and union power. When both of those ideals came under attack in the decentralization war of Ocean Hill–Brownsville in 1968, Jewish educators more than any others bore the blame for public education's failures in the black and Puerto Rican slums. Long hailed as the architects of the Golden Age of public schooling in New York, they were suddenly reviled as racists who could not uplift minority children as they had their own.

Thirty years after the bloodletting, as few as one third of the city's teachers are Jewish, and that proportion will shrink in the future because so many of them are nearing retirement age. (Exact figures do not exist, because the school board is legally forbidden from determining the religion of its employees.) Just fourteen years ago, nearly half of the 32 community-school-district superintendents were Jewish; today, fewer than one sixth are. For the first time in decades, no Jew presides as the high-school superintendent for any borough.

The lingering wounds of Ocean Hill–Brownsville help explain the odd silence that surrounds the Jewish disappearance from the school system. Yet with every buyout from the Board of Education, with every retirement dinner at a catering hall like Russo's in Howard Beach or Marina del Rey in Throgs Neck, the social history of New York City quietly changes forever.

"Being Jewish was part of being a teacher," Fein says. "People in Judaism are taught going to school is a good thing. School and *shul*—the place for praying—are the same word. And that attitude becomes part of your soul."

His words only hint at the complex roles that Jewish educators have played in New York, and his life demonstrates them all. At 63, Fein has been a radical, a union man, a bureaucrat, a politician, an innovator, a cutup, a lover of culture, and, finally, an anachronism.

TO THE STRAINS OF A PIANO RENDITION OF THE "ODE TO Joy," Milton Fein ambled down the center aisle of the P.S. 7 auditorium, here welcoming a former teacher, there shushing a talkative third-grader, noting with distress a trickle of soda wriggling down the floor. On this Wednesday, twenty days before Fein's last as principal, the school was celebrating "The Gifts of Music." Cardboard treble clefs, spangled with glitter, hung from the stage. Eight pupils wore sandwich boards, each bearing one note of a scale. Fein gave an improbably dainty wave, all dancing fingers, to a third-grader named Christina Suarez, done up by her mother in Shirley Temple curls to recite a poem.

Then, as parents clicked flashes and hoisted video recorders to shoulders, the schoolchildren sang their way through a program of Copland and Gershwin and even "Rock Around the Clock." When the performance concluded, Fein himself took the microphone to proclaim, "*The Lion King* has nothing on P.S. 7." He made a point of complimenting the parents who attended. More than a few had been his students, and they recognized his stocky build and ruddy face, his gray-black hair and pouched eyes, somehow weary and whimsical all at once. "I'm gonna miss you," one woman told Fein as the audience dispersed. "God bless you."

Already this morning, Fein had met with a different sort of parent, a mother convinced that someone in P.S. 7 had beaten her son the previous day. Fein inspected the boy, found no marks on him. He thought he smelled liquor on the mother's breath. When it came to child abuse, the school usually did the discovering, and the parent, or some other adult in the home, usually had done the beating. Fein dealt with a dozen such cases each year.

A drunken mother on the same morning as a tuneful chorus—Fein had grown accustomed to such paradoxes. They typified P.S. 7, and P.S. 7, with its dramatic upheavals in terms of race and class, and its chronic problems with underfunding and overcrowding, offered a fair microcosm of New York's public schools as a whole. When Fein arrived as principal in 1971, the school counted 400 students, 90 percent white and overwhelmingly middle-class. This year, nearly 1,000 students were crammed into the same building. Ninety-three percent of them were nonwhite, 86 percent of them poor enough to qualify for a free lunch, and 35 percent not proficient in English. A speech class met in a former closet. A bilingual counselor used the auditorium's projection booth. Boxes of photocopier paper stood in floor-to-ceiling stacks in the hallway. Even Fein's private bathroom doubled as a storage locker for plastic mail crates.

Once a man who prided himself on producing honor students, Fein has spent his recent years as principal struggling to get even half of P.S. 7's pupils reading at grade level. He will retire having pushed the number to 44.6 percent, with a twelve-point rise in the past year. He boasts about the result the way he boasts about having seen the first preview of *A Chorus Line*. But like many Jewish educators of his generation, he searches now for words that can express the sea change without sounding either chauvinistic or callous.

"In the Jewish home, books were part of your life," he says. "We were the People of the Book. If you went to *cheder*, you read. The whole idea of discourse on one sentence of Talmud. It allowed Jewish kids, even if the home was poor, to have an emphasis on literature.

"When these children go home . . ." He pauses. "I don't want this to sound like an attack, but we were running a storytelling program to help teach parents how to tell stories to children. We got 6 parents out of 800. We ran a Saturday reading program, got maybe 30 parents. If you ran these programs in Scarsdale or Great Neck, what would the turnout be?"

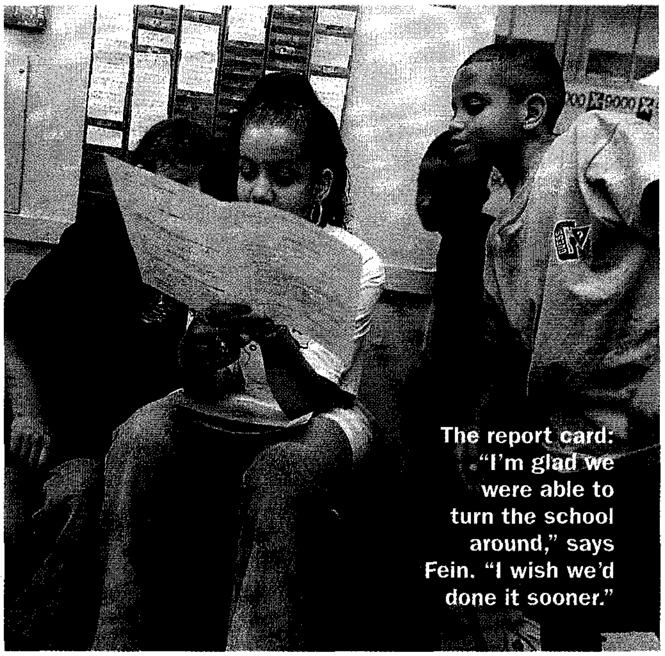
When the Jews, Irish, and Italians left P.S. 7's neighborhood, beginning in the seventies, they stranded educators like Milton Fein as the legates of a distant empire. P.S. 7 now serves immigrant families from the Dominican Republic as well as Ecuador, Colombia, and Bangladesh. For parents working in garment factories and bodegas, beauty parlors and car services, Fein knows that financial survival necessarily comes before the PTA.

"I don't want to look at things negatively," Fein says. "You have to go back to the well. You can't give up. I'm glad we've been able to turn the school around. I wish we'd done it sooner. But nobody gave us a workbook to tell us how."

Now, in myriad ways, Fein encounters his own diminished status. In his early years at P.S. 7, his neighbors in Riverdale sent their kids to public school and slapped his back with gratitude in synagogue and the supermarket. The last handful of Jewish students in P.S. 7, immigrants from Russia, left recently for a religious day school. Principals in New York have worked without a new contract for three years, and Chancellor Rudy Crew is pressing to end their lifetime tenure. Even social events reinforce what Fein sees as a message of disrespect.

"You're at someone else's house for dinner with a few other couples, and invariably the conversation turns to schools, and everybody of course is an expert because every doctor or dentist or lawyer went to school," Fein says. "The standard remark from everyone I meet is 'You're a principal in the Bronx? That must be a tough job. It must be tough to keep those kids in line. I see them on the subway.' I find myself becoming defensive. I start defending the children, the families, explaining the test scores. Eventually you say to yourself, 'I don't want to be in this group again. This isn't how I want to spend a Saturday night.' "

The cure for Saturday night was Monday morning, when Fein returned to P.S. 7. He ran the school as part pedagogue, part Catskills tummler. In one of his first moves as principal, he tore out the elaborate system of signal lights his predecessor had installed to summon secretaries. Fein preferred to shout through his perpetually open door. "I couldn't work those lights anyway," he says. "I tried a few times and the wrong person came



The report card: "I'm glad we were able to turn the school around," says Fein. "I wish we'd done it sooner."

Jewish educators became inextricably bound up with the legend of public-school greatness. And that fueled both **Jewish pride** and Jewish arrogance.

"I'd hear it from parents in **coded language**. 'You're just here to get the money. You're here for the pension.' No one wants to be called a bigot."

in. It was like the Marx Brothers." Caustic humor, rich in Yiddishisms, pervades his conversation. Strolling the halls one recent morning, he disparaged one absent teacher as a "schlepper" and hollered into the office shared by three Jewish guidance counselors, "It's like the Irgun here." When a staff member complained about her summer-school assignment, he shot back, "We're not a maître d' in a hotel here. This isn't room service."

Navigating the corridors of foundations and other benefactors, though, Fein can be nimble and deft. P.S. 7 won a grant from the New York Foundation of the Arts to pay for the music teacher responsible for the "Gifts of Music" assembly. On the rear wall of the auditorium sprawls a mural of the Hudson River, painted last summer by students taking part in the Metropolitan Museum's "Doing Art Together" program. Funds from the Reader's Digest Foundation paid for restoring and restocking the school library. P.S. 7 was one of just eighteen schools citywide to receive a long-term arts grant from the Center for Arts Education, an organization funded by the Annenberg Foundation. Without these private funds, whose acquisition reflected both Fein's ardor for culture and his political savvy, P.S. 7 would have been virtually bereft of arts education.

In the late eighties, Fein heard from several of his teachers about Lucy Calkins, the reading guru at Teachers College. Intrigued, he studied with her on school holidays. Ultimately, after decades of conventional instruction in reading at P.S. 7, he threw out the basal readers, replaced them with children's literature, and deemphasized phonics in favor of the controversial whole-language approach. The Calkins method, at least in Fein's hands, included journal-writing, "Authors Day" celebrations, and a system of "reading buddies."

Fein paired himself with Ashley Lucas, a third-grader with the lowest reading score of any participating child. For 40 minutes a day, three days a week, they met: the gray-haired Jew and the child of Dominican immigrants, reading books about the Holland Tunnel and a boy named Lentil who loved music but always sang off-key. This year, Ashley scored in the top quarter on the citywide reading exam. Whenever she passed Fein in the hall, she blew him a kiss and said, "*Amor.*" But in early June, after she heard of his impending retirement, she ran to him and pleaded, "Why don't you wait one more year?"

BOTH THE HISTORY AND THE MYTHOLOGY OF NEW York's public schools would be inconceivable without the decisive presence of Jewish educators. Barely one generation after the newly consolidated city created a unified school system in 1898, multitudes of Jewish women began entering the teaching profession. They made up 26 percent of new teachers in 1920, 44 percent in 1930, and 56 percent in 1940, Ruth Jacknow Markowitz writes in her book *My Daughter, the Teacher: Jewish Teachers in the New York City Schools.* During the Great Depression, Jewish men actually outpaced women in seeking jobs in the high schools. The municipal colleges that produced many teachers—Brooklyn, City, Hunter—were nearly 80 percent Jewish in the thirties.

What created this phenomenon was a combination of idealism and pragmatism. Teaching secular subjects did arise naturally from the Jewish tradition of religious study. The profession also conferred status: " 'My son, the doctor' and 'my daughter, the teacher,' " as Markowitz writes, "were among the most cherished phrases of Jewish immigrant parents."

More practical motives came into play as well. Until the fifties, elite law firms, hospitals, and college faculties routinely enforced anti-Jewish quotas. The telephone company and Con Edison, reliable routes into the middle class, appeared to Jews as Irish Catholic preserves. But as the historian Hasia Diner, of New York University, points out, Jews started pouring into the school system just after reformers had wrested control of it from the Tammany Hall machine. The civil-service system promised Jews freedom from discrimination in hiring and promotion. Despite some animus toward prospective teachers with Yiddish accents and radical politics, the accrediting agency, the Board of Examiners, largely honored its vow to reward merit. During the Depression years, with work of any kind elusive, high-school teachers earned the respectable salary of $4,000, and their elementary-school counterparts about $3,000.

"The Jewish narrative in New York," Professor Diner puts it, "might be called being in the right place at the right time."

Indeed, Jewish teachers personified New York schools during the thirties, forties, and fifties, the decades that form the Belle Epoque of public education. The romantic view, though, omits a few vital factors. During these years, the city was not absorbing huge waves of foreigners, because of stringent federal immigration laws. Once the Depression ended, both the military and booming local industries provided plentiful, well-paying jobs for students not bound for college or even a high-school diploma. The mid-century school system, unlike its present-day incarnation, did not labor under the pressure to prepare every child for higher education or risk losing him to drug dealing or the minimum-wage sub-economy. Whether Jewish educators deserve credit for the Golden Age or not—whether, in fact, it was public education itself or just the postwar economic expansion that created the era's unparalleled upward mobility—they became inextricably bound up with the legend of public-school greatness. And that fueled both Jewish pride and Jewish arrogance.

The legend was rocked in the late sixties. After decades of black and Puerto Rican migration into New York, and a growing ghettoization of the city, minority parents began assailing the public system for maleducating their children. By 1966, 45 percent of nonwhite sixth-graders in New York fell below state standards for minimum competency, and of 860 principals only four were black. Attempts to voluntarily integrate schools failed in the face of widespread white opposition. Minority activists and their allies in the Ford Foundation and the Lindsay administration then demanded that ghetto parents rather than the centralized white bureaucracy control their neighborhood schools. In the volatile middle between the black poor and the Wasp elite lay the Jewish educators, publicly accused of committing "mental genocide."

The controversy exploded in Ocean Hill–Brownsville, one of three school districts trying out community control. In May 1968, the black district administrator fired fourteen white teachers and five white principals. The United Federation of Teachers struck twice that spring and a third time the next fall, bringing public education in New York to a halt and raising tensions between blacks and Jews to a level the city would not reach again until the Crown Heights riot. The anti-Semitic fervor peaked when a black leader, Leslie Campbell, went on WBAI to read a poem by a Brownsville pupil: "Hey, Jew boy, with that yarmulke on your head / You pale-faced Jew boy, I wish you were dead."

On the Jewish side of the barricades, Albert Shanker's abrasive, bullhorn-in-hand leadership of the UFT shattered his reputation as a civil-rights crusader. More subtly, it reopened rifts among Jewish teachers, pitting the union's liberal mainstream against its radical dissidents, many of them men who had entered teaching for draft deferments during the Vietnam War and sided with ghetto parents against the system. Most important, the turmoil in Ocean Hill–Brownsville persuaded the State Legislature to create 32 community school districts whose elected boards would hold the power to hire and fire. In theory, those bodies were supposed to be every bit as democratic as the school boards that run virtually all the suburban systems; in practice, fewer than 10 percent of eligible voters bothered to cast ballots. As a result, the unions representing teachers and supervisors stepped into the power vacuum and dominated the process. Many of the Jews whose forebears had flocked to the school system as a refuge from political corruption now set about mastering these neighborhood versions of Tammany Hall. Such was precisely the journey made by Milton Fein.

ATOP MILTON FEIN'S DESK IN P.S. 7 RESTS HISTORY IN THE form of two yellowing documents sharing a plastic frame. One sheet is the official pupil record for Joseph Fein, Milton's father, who entered P.S. 7 as an 8-year-old third-grader in 1917. The other record is Fein's, commencing in 1945 with his third-grade year at the same school.

Even then, as a 10-year-old with a devilish knack for mimicking his teachers, young Milton understood himself to be the heir of parental ambitions. His mother, Helen, was a professional painter and a hobby pianist, the fount of Milton's passion for the fine arts. His father, forced by the Depression to work in the family wool-processing plant, invested in Milton his deferred dreams of a newspaper career. All around Milton there lived teachers, Jewish teachers—a great-uncle and a great-aunt, a neighbor across the street, a friend's father, two sisters who lived in the same apartment building as the Feins. "Oh, teachers were the highest," Fein recalls in hushed tones. "These were very important people."

None proved more important to him than a Scottish spinster named Elizabeth Clarke. She oversaw an experimental class for gifted pupils, keeping the group intact from third through fifth grade. From her, Fein learned how to search source materials in a library, how to use the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*, how to divine history from literature and the performing arts. "I used what she taught me," Fein says, "into college."

Fein's uncle, a photographer named Harold Bloom, then turned the boy's talents to the pursuit of social justice. He transfixed Milton with denunciations of lynch mobs, union-busters, and sundry fascists, much as years later he would put Milton's young son to bed not with fairy tales but with orations against capital punishment. Where Uncle Harold left off, a left-wing sleep-away camp in Mount Vernon picked up, teaching Milton anthems of Labor Zionism and the Spanish Civil War.

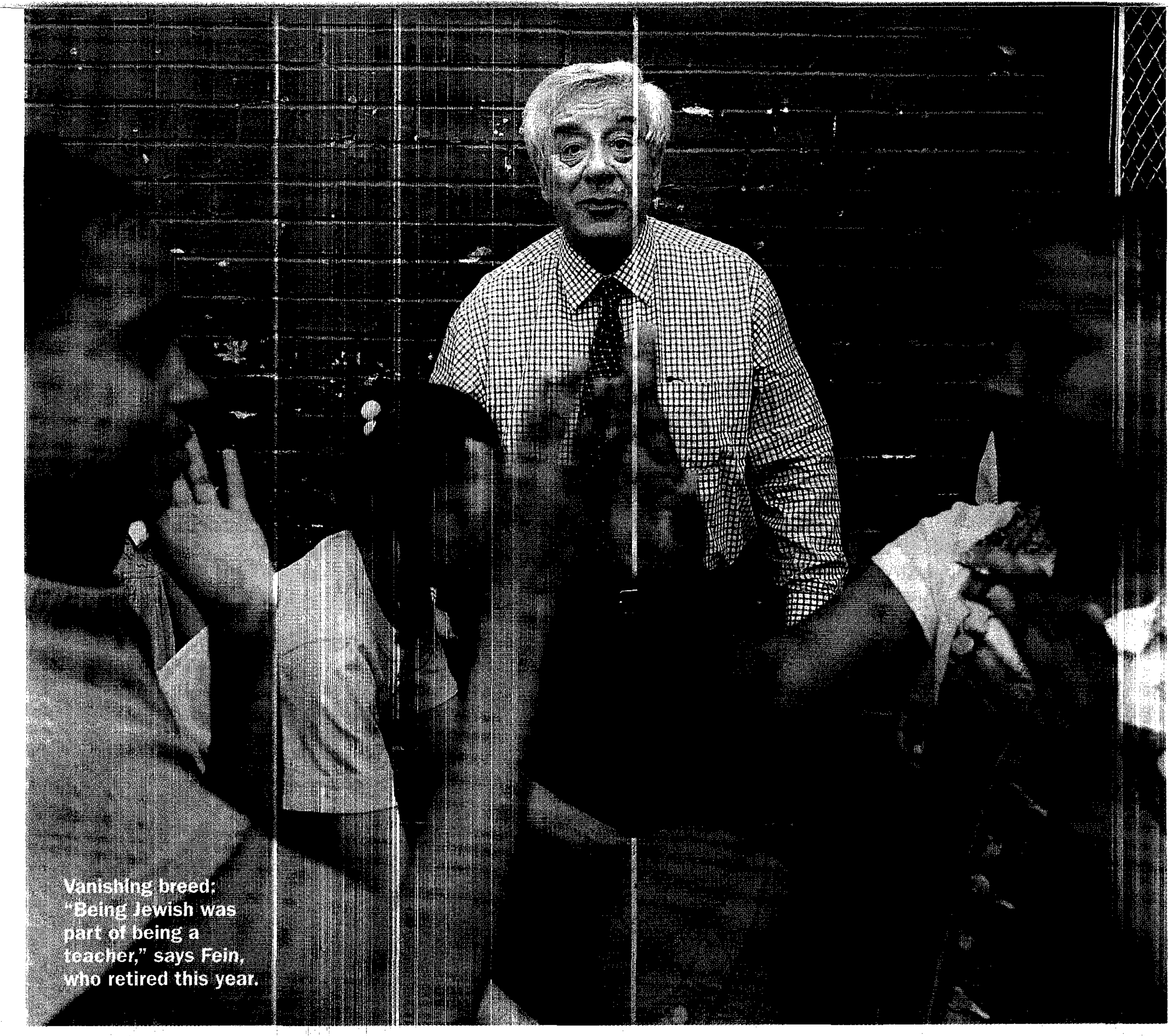
"My uncle, the camp, the whole gestalt made me aware of the goodness in all people," Fein says. "And it stayed with me. One of the reasons I think I'm an educator is that I believed all children are capable of development and that we truly owe it as educators to give it to them."

Still, Fein took an indirect path to the classroom. He majored in history at Michigan State and interviewed for a human-resources job with Dow Chemical before entering the Army. Assigned to lead a course in military justice, he discovered he loved teaching. And when he found out that teaching in an urban school could get him discharged a year early, he loved it even more. In September 1958, 23 years old and freshly commissioned as a first lieutenant, he took a job in social studies at J.H.S. 141 in the Riverdale section of the Bronx.

For the next decade, Fein rose through the ranks, becoming an assistant principal before he was 30. He wed a home-economics teacher, Faye Schenker, whom he had met in the teachers' lounge. Every Christmas brought Scotch, wine, even fine gloves from appreciative parents. In heavily Jewish, thoroughly affluent Riverdale, Fein barely noticed the tremors of decentralization shaking Harlem and Brownsville and the Lower East Side.

Until, that is, the citywide strike erupted in September 1968. As a member of the Council of Supervisors and Administrators,

The principal's office: When Fein arrived in 1971, P.S. 7 had 400 students. It has nearly 1,000 now.



Vanishing breed: "Being Jewish was part of being a teacher," says Fein, who retired this year.

the union of principals and assistant principals, Fein went out in solidarity with the UFT, leading the picket line at J.H.S. 141. The strikers marched around the clock, while an opposing coalition of white liberals, sympathetic to community control, sought to reopen the school. At another point, the striking educators besieged a private home where a dissident teacher was holding classes. Big labor and the civil-rights movement, partners when segregation was a southern issue, bitterly parted ways during the New York school wars. And for Fein, as for many of his Jewish peers, the walkout terminally severed the Old Left from the New.

"The message was picked up over and over again that Jewish principals are stealing from our children," Fein recalls. "I'd hear it from parents in coded language. 'You're just here to get the money. You're just here for the pension.' Obviously, no one wants to be called a bigot. I know that in my heart I just didn't have those feelings. But my lines were pretty clear. These people wanted to throw me out of my job and throw out everyone who looked like me. They wanted to take over the school system. I was convinced that decentralization would bring politics down to the lowest level. The only surprise to me is how low it could go."

Despite his misgivings, Fein managed to finesse the new system and won the principal's job at P.S. 7 in 1971. The school still resembled that of his own childhood. As late as 1976, surveying a Conestoga wagon packed with students for a Bicentennial parade, Fein saw the familiar mix of white ethnics and middle-class blacks. In 1980, though, he first sent parents a memo in Spanish as well as English. About nine years later, more than half of P.S. 7's pupils fell below grade level on the citywide reading exams. The slide would continue for years, bottoming out in 1996 at 26 percent, putting P.S. 7 in the bottom fifth citywide. During the years P.S. 7 and public schools like it were deteriorating, Fein enrolled his only child, a son named Skylar, in the Horace Mann private school.

Meanwhile, Fein was growing ever more active in his union and local politics. Elected district chairman of the Council of Supervisors and Administrators after only six months as a principal, he held the office for 26 years. Both the position and Fein's own temperament established him as a force in school-board elections, endorsing and campaigning for the candidates who, if elected, would be his bosses.

"My father's very much a political animal," says Skylar Fein, a computer-graphics artist who lives in Seattle, "and he's always taken delight from action in the political arena. I remember going to synagogue with him and he pointed across the aisle and told me, 'I'm really doing battle with him in the school board.' Then he walked across to say hello to the man, and they laughed, and he sat back down and said, 'We're having lunch.' I couldn't believe it: 'What do you mean you're having lunch? You told me he's your big enemy.' He said, 'Don't you understand? That's politics. That's the way the game is played.' "

The game, however, had a way of turning felonious in the Bronx. In 1989, Stanley Simon, as borough president a key ally of Fein's, went to jail in the Wedtech scandal. The 1993 school-board election in District 10, allegedly marred by vote fraud, led to the indictment of five educators tied to a slate that Fein was supporting. (The case is currently nearing trial.) Fein himself was never implicated in the alleged corruption, but he stayed aloof from the most recent school-board elections in 1996, and now, at the end of his career, he sounds almost remorseful.

"When I was in elections with the CSA," he says, referring to his union, "I was always worried people would say, 'Milton Fein's a great politician, but what kind of principal is he?' "

Bernard Stein, editor of the Pulitzer Prize–winning weekly newspaper *The Riverdale Press,* has observed a similar tension. "When you go into P.S. 7, there's a real sense of spirit, enthusiasm, esprit de corps, among the staff," he says. "And Milton has an openness to new ideas that's extraordinary for someone who was in the system for so long. The negative part is his union leadership, his willingness to take part in school politics. He has left a real mark as an educator, but that's a blemish."

Fein stayed engaged in education largely through his belief in the transforming role of the arts. His own life is almost a caricature of the renowned cultural appetite of Jewish educators. He belongs to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Central Park Conservancy, and the New York Shakespeare Festival and knows that every Wednesday afternoon, Sardi's serves a bargain lunch upstairs for theater people. He regularly buys Broadway seats at the TKTS booth. His son founded the Seattle Gay and Lesbian Film Festival. When Fein's first marriage was ending in the late eighties, he met the woman who would become his second wife, a Broadway stage manager named Anita Ross, who was helping to direct a P.S. 7 production of *Damn Yankees.*

The walls of P.S. 7 bespeak Fein's commitment in a way the bare digits of a reading score never could. One fourth-grade class recently mounted a display on "Making Guatemalan Worry Dolls." Nearby hung drawings and compositions about ancient Greece. Students in the arts program that produced the Hudson River mural also created an elaborate quilt that adorns the entry hall.

All through the past decade, as Fein remained, his contemporaries vanished. Women now had varied career choices; anti-Jewish quotas were ancient history; upward mobility swept Jewish families out of the city and into corporate law and investment banking. As a result, nearly 11,000 teachers, roughly one sixth of the citywide total, took the buyouts offered in 1991, 1995, and 1996. Hundreds of principals and assistant principals either retired or left for suburban jobs that paid tens of thousands of dollars more than theirs. Fein himself, earning about $78,000, could have commanded six figures beyond the city line. But every spring until this one, he says, he still found himself anticipating the next fall.

"If I was ever going to be jealous that my husband had a mistress," Anita Ross says, "it wouldn't be a woman. It would be P.S. 7. He thinks of every wall, every wire, every desk as being his. When graffiti was popular, he was actually beside himself until it could be cleaned up. He took it personally. I'd say, 'It's a building.' And he'd look at me like I was crazy."

ALONE AT THE PODIUM, CHECKING HIS WATCH, MILTON Fein watched the fifth-grade graduates of P.S. 7 enter the auditorium for his final commencement ceremony as principal. His eyes tracked from the left-side aisle to the right, alerting the pupils to remain standing. Quickly, he pointed to one boy who had positioned himself in front of the wrong seat.

Fein first choreographed this type of ceremony 28 years ago as an assistant principal at J.H.S. 141. His beige trousers and navy blazer and cream boutonniere were as traditional as ever. But his necktie bore a pattern of *Sesame Street* characters. Joann Canales, the fifth-grade teacher he always chided for being too conventional in her method, had presented it to him a few days earlier, saying, "This is right for you."

All through the ritual, Fein took a supporting role. When a girl named Maria Rosa faltered in delivering an oration on "Memories of P.S. 7," Fein patted her back in reassurance. He asked another graduate, Ruben Lopez, to stand and be acknowledged for an academic award that had actually been bestowed during an assembly a few days before; the boy's parents had never received an invitation to that event.

Only as commencement neared its end, just three minutes behind its well-honed schedule, did Fein speak. "If in any way I offended you," he told the parents, "and I know that's possible—I have that reputation—or hurt your feelings or was difficult to deal with, then I apologize. In every case, it was because I wanted to put the child first."

Fein was referring to the confrontations that occur almost weekly: telling a troubled parent to get therapy, suspending someone's son for fighting, calling the police to report a suspected case of child abuse. He didn't regret the stands he had taken as much as the necessity of playing the heavy. "Sort of my Yom Kippur," he says later of the speech. "My Kol Nidre."

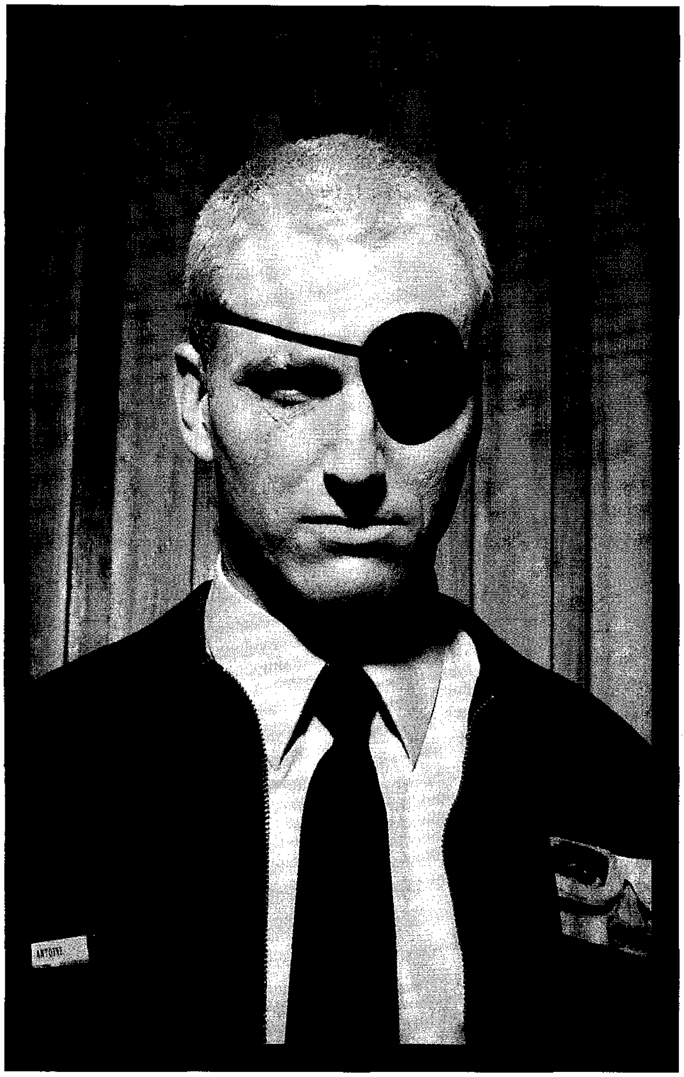
Afterward, in the lobby, parents and children embraced him, kissed him, steered him into poses for photos. Back at school, Fein received farewell cards from a class of second-graders. "You have the best speaches," wrote one boy. "You have the coolist glasses." Another put it: "I don't care how my report card comes out. but it's good for me you are my best principal my only best principal." The ultimate statement about both Fein and his students came from a girl named Jennifer: "I wish you were my father."

On June 30, eight days after graduation, Fein stood in the school library, running orientation for the summer-session faculty. Officially, this was his final day, the culmination of 27 years at P.S. 7 and 40 in New York's public schools. In the central office hung the notice of his retirement party.

For now, though, for these last hours and minutes, the world still beckoned. A former colleague called to congratulate Fein. A secretary barged into the office, explaining, "There's a parent on the phone. She's been living in a shelter in the Bronx. She's around the corner now." One of the teachers at summer-school orientation, who had been assigned to a different school, refused to leave. Fein dialed the district superintendent to complain.

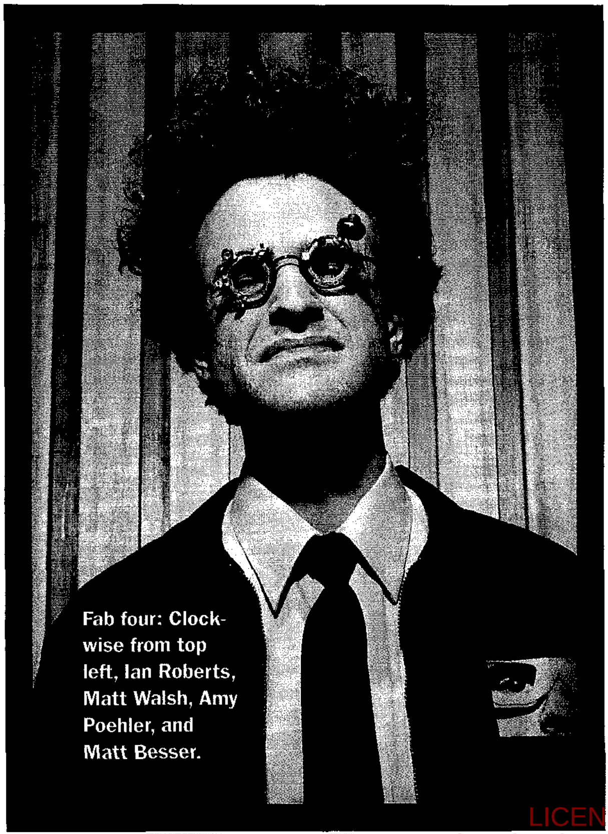
"Give it to him, Milton," said Dita Wolf, the assistant principal. "One more time before you go." ■

The ultimate statement about both Fein and his students came from a girl named Jennifer: "I wish you were **my father**," she wrote.



THE

The Upright Citizens Brigade's latest



Fab four: Clockwise from top left, Ian Roberts, Matt Walsh, Amy Poehler, and Matt Besser.

DD SQUAD

ion: to infiltrate the prize time slot following *South Park.* By Ariel Levy

IT IS A BRUTALLY STICKY DAY IN LONG ISLAND CITY, AND A young woman in her bra and a guy on a cell phone look out from their apartment windows bewildered as twenty shirtless young men rage in the street, shrieking and hurling orange cones at one another. "Cut," yells an assistant director from a stepladder. He looks back at the show's producer and director, who are both grinning triumphantly by the monitor. "I've never seen white guys riot like that," the AD calls out admiringly. "We must be out of cheese or something. No more Gouda!"

The *faux* riot will be background for a skit about Bong Boy, a Teva-wearing, acne-plagued stoner who regularly turns up at scenes of human tragedy because "he likes the way the combination of drama and weed create a heightened reality," as Kent Alterman, vice-president of development for Comedy Central, explains. The pot-and-chaos enthusiast is one of the countless characters dreamed up by the Upright Citizens Brigade, the reigning masters of New York City's alternative-comedy scene, and the chosen few to have actually landed a show on Comedy Central. Unlike most of the network's other gambles—new programs destined for short, quiet lives, tucked away between any of its less remarkable offerings—this one has got what is arguably the best position for a comedy in all of cable: the time slot following *South Park.*

It is a singular opportunity for a comedy troupe that traffics in the peculiar and the provocative: "Comedy Central has done so well with *South Park* that now they're sort of like, 'Wahoo! Be raunchy, be risqué—whatever!' " says UCB member Amy Poehler, a 26-year-old blonde whose T-shirt reads, MY DADDY DRIVES AN OLD EIGHTEEN-WHEELER. Indeed, their show would likely have seemed too subversive even for cable before the words "They killed Kenny" entered the American vernacular.

Since the four current members of the UCB—Poehler, Matt Besser, Matt Walsh, and Ian Roberts—hooked up in (where else?) Chicago eight years ago, they have always had a strong distaste for anything sweet or safe in comedy (as Roberts puts it, "Jay Leno makes me nauseous"). Their *oeuvre* includes "Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl: Unexpurgated," a sketch that touches on "the sexual disclosures that Anne's father refused to reveal," and their short film *The Little Donny Foundation,* a mockumentary about a boy who has, to the befuddlement of modern science, grown a horse-size penis. "We want to be to comedy what hard core and punk have been to music," says the Arkansas-born Besser (a.k.a. Bong Boy). "Something harder and less accessible than people are used to."

After they arrived in New York City in March 1996, it didn't take them long to establish local cult-star status. The UCB do admit to having resorted to guerrilla tactics to gain attention at the very beginning, however. "At first, we did all sorts of things to try to get people to come to our shows," remembers Roberts, a quintessential straight man with the calm, authoritative speech pattern of a gym teacher. "Like running around Washington Square Park with megaphones yelling stupid things."

"*Your* things were stupid," Walsh interjects. "Mine were good."

This self-described "bunch of white people from the Midwest" have spent the intervening years polishing their act and picking up money elsewhere: Walsh sold heavy machinery for his dad's contracting company; Roberts worked on a grounds crew; Besser was a substitute teacher; and Poehler, his girlfriend and roommate, got "sick as hell" of waitressing. Their first mass-media break came when they landed a recurring gig on Conan O'Brien's show. "Whenever we have a sketch where we think 'This is a funny idea and we really want it to work, but it could be done wrong nine times out of ten,' we call a UCB member," says O'Brien.

In their own show, which airs August 19, the foursome play members of an underground intelligence agency whose stated goal is an "ongoing mission to proliferate chaos," in response to "the voice of society begging us to destabilize it." The episodes flip back and forth between surreal sketches of life in the America they imagine and shots of the sci-fi four monitoring these scenes on a wall of televisions in the "inner sanctum." Their top-secret surveillance center is equipped with spy gadgets like the "ass-cam," which displays intelligence footage on Walsh's behind. "It's a play on all this millennial anxiety and conspiracy theory," he says. It's as if the Simpsons became human, threw Mulder and Scully into outer space, and took over the X-Files.

NO FEWER THAN NINETEEN CRESTFALLEN TWENTY- THROUGH THIRTY-somethings are turned away from the door at Solo Arts Group in Chelsea at one of the UCB's weekly Sunday-night gigs in the cramped, un-air-conditioned performance space. "But we've been waiting here forever!" wails a young lady with a nose pierce and a Mr. Bubble T-shirt patched with sweat.

Their live comedy has a kind of frenetic, inspired goofiness and an infectious energy that spills over to their audience. The UCB depend heavily on the Harold, a method they learned from their mentor Del Close at the Improv Olympic in Chicago, in which characters and themes are revisited throughout a sequence of increasingly complex improv sketches to form a somehow cohesive overall performance. If it sounds complicated, it is. "You have to have a certain kind of logical mind to do the Harold," says Manhattan comedian Ahna Tessler. "It's as frustrating as trigonometry."

Despite the challenge of following their free-form humor, the shows are, quite simply, a blast. They "feel like San Francisco in the sixties," says a fan who would have been around 4 at the time. "I'm always skeptical about improv," says Conan O'Brien. "They just nail it, though. They never think, 'Oh, is this too much?' They just go wild."

But there is no known equation for converting the spirit of their live work into a successful prerecorded show. "It's really ambitious because it's unlike anything else on TV," says Kent Alterman. "Ultimately, it leaves us with the potential for two realities: Either it's going to be great, or it's going to be a disaster."

"Not all of our work is supposed to be funny," Poehler explains. "Some of it is about being interesting and leaving the audience a little confused, maybe a little nervous, and then offering them a laugh that's a real relief."

Following in the deadpan tradition of *The Larry Sanders Show,* the group will forgo a laugh track. "Bad comedy digs itself and says, 'Look, we're kidding!' " says Walsh. "Our conceit is that this is really happening."

In fact, they're most pleased when farce and reality merge. "We once staged a fake protest that turned into an actual riot," Poehler recalls. "And there's this footage of an old UCB member being driven away in a cop car, saying, 'Fight the power!' To get arrested would be so cool," she says wistfully. "I'd love to get taken in just once—for disturbing the peace." ▬

Photographs by LEGO/Cut the Fat

BEST BETS

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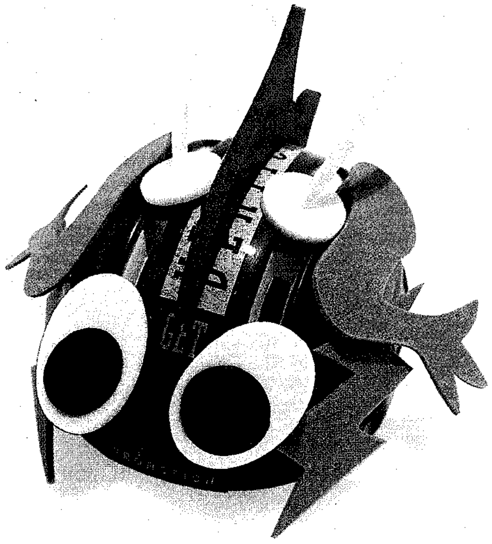
BY CORKY POLLAN

Glass From the Past

When Julie Gaines of Fishs Eddy gets excited about glassware, you know it has to be extraordinary. She and her husband, David Lenovitz, have been stumbling upon great caches of old tableware for the past twelve years. However, nothing, they tell us, compares with their latest discovery: hundreds and hundreds of *hand-pressed* glass from the fifties, sixties, and seventies, stashed away in a West Virginia warehouse. The colors (sky blues, apple greens, pale yellows, ruby reds) are exotic, and the range of shapes (baskets, goblets, trays, parfait glasses, candy dishes) is exhaustive ($14 to $48).

FISHS EDDY/*889 Broadway, at 19th Street/420-9020, and 2176 Broadway, at 77th Street/873-8819*



Use Your Noggin

The results may never make serious inroads into the art scene, but Noogees strike a major blow against kids' aversion to wearing bike helmets. The kit (created by Odd Noggins, a Canadian company) consists of 21 waterproof foam shapes that attach with self-adhesive Velcro: Kids can turn their helmets into insects, dragons, flying fish, frogs, whatever. The cutouts are easily removable, and each set comes with an adequate supply for embellishing two helmets ($22).

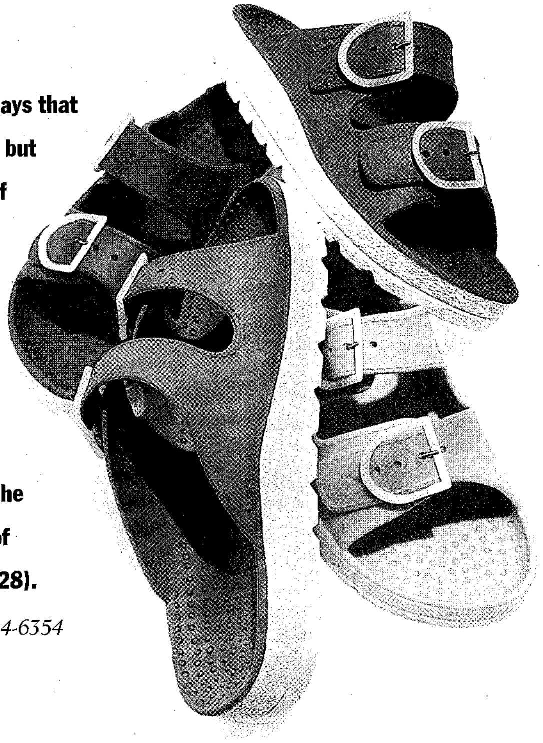
MARSHA D.D./*1324 Lexington Avenue, near 88th Street/876-9922*

Photographed by Michael Grimm

Treading Brightly

An irksome rule of retail logic says that no one shall purchase anything but wintry woolens—or the dregs of summer—in August. Well, Steven Alan breaks that rule: He has just unpacked a shipment of Birkenstockish rubber sandals with pretty white plastic buckles. These French versions of the look of the moment not only are waterproof but come in ultracool neons ($28).

STEVEN ALAN/*60 Wooster Street/334-6354*



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Know thy purveyor: *Georgette Klinger's summer sale, Roberta's lingerie specials, Sam Cagnina's award-winning massages, and Harry Rothman's* **family business.**

IF BEDDING DOWN UNDER THE VERY BEST sheets in town is your goal, look no further than Pratesi. The Italian company takes thread count and softness to a level unknown to most mere mortals. Though the prices are ungodly, the annual sale brings them somewhat back to earth: Floral "Fiandra" king-size jacquard sets, were $2,180, now $980; queen-size classic white basket-weave jacquard sets, were $1,670, now $1,169; terry robes, were $350, now $90–$150. *Pratesi, 829 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (288-2315); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 10–6; 8/3–8/22.*

Worldly Goods

DENISE WILLIAMSON REPRESENTS DEsigners from London, Milan, and our hometown—clothes retailed at upscale purveyors like Saks, Barneys, Steven Alan, and Big Drop. Now she's having a showroom sale: for example, Fake London's new- and recycled-cashmere (vintage cashmere remade into new items) sweaters, retail $350–$750, here $150 and up; Mimsie Carlyle skirts and dresses, retail $250–$400, here $100–$150. Other designers include Pixie Yates, People Used to Dream About the Future, and Mark Kroeker. *Denise Williamson Showroom, 115 Mercer St. (226-5507); cash only; Thurs.–Sat. 11–7; 8/6–8/8.*

The New Generation

ROTHMANS HAS CHANGED A GREAT DEAL since Ken Giddon's grandfather ran it as a lower-end discount store; now it's full of designer labels like Joseph Abboud, Hugo Boss, Calvin Klein, Kenneth Cole, and Ted Baker. At the warehouse sale, items include: Joseph Abboud suit, was $550, now $319; Hickey-Freeman suit, was $950, now $499; Ted Baker microfiber shirts, were $125, now $69. *Rothmans, 200 Park Avenue So., at 17th St. (777-7400); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon–Fri. 10–7, Thurs. till 8, Sat. 9:30–6; 8/4–8/15.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Ondine Cohane, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

By Georgette!

GEORGETTE KLINGER'S AUGUST SALE OFfers services and products at 20 to 35 percent off. If you buy packages of six, twelve, or even eighteen treatments, you can save up to $433. Choices include: six nine-step facials, were $456, now $335; twelve massages, were $900, now $650. *Georgette Klinger, 501 Madison Ave., near 52nd St (838-3200); 978 Madison Ave., near 76th St (744-6900); A.E., M.C., V.; call for hours and appointment; through 8/31.*

Just don't spill the wine: Pratesi's ultrarefined linens for the table.

Hands-Down Winner

SAM CAGNINA'S MASSAGE CAN'T BE OVERtouted—in our annual "Best of New York" issue, it was rated Best Therapeutic Massage, and we have personally felt its merits. Problem is, he's so popular that it's virtually impossible to get an appointment. Dr. Margolin's Wellness Spa has remedied the situation by training new therapists in Cagnina's technique. To welcome its latest trained-in-his-secrets masseur, the center is having a sale: hour-and-a-half session, was $120, now $90; one hour, was $80, now $60; half-hour, was $45, now $30. *Dr. Margolin's Wellness Spa, 166 Fifth Ave., at 21st St. (675-9355); A.E., M.C., V.; call for hours and appointment; 8/3–8/16.*

Taking Refuge

LE REFUGE RESTAURANT IS PARTICULARLY noteworthy for both its French food and its comfy country décor. If you go between five and six (the pretheater hour), you'll receive soup or salad, an entrée, and a dessert all for the price of the entrée. Entrées include striped bass with sweet garlic juice and braised fennel; bouillabaisse; and duck and fresh fruit. *Le Refuge, 166 E. 82nd St., (861-4505); call for reservations; A.E, checks.*

Under Priced

ROBERTA—THE LINGERIE STORE ON the Upper East Side—is having a sale. For example, 30 to 50 percent off selected new bras by Aubade, Lise Charmel, La Perla, and Lou, were $80–$168, now $39–$75; 20 to 50 percent off nightgowns by Christian Dior, Eileen West, Fernando Sanchez, Priamo and Hanro, were $80–$150, now $50–$79. Thirty to 50 percent off swimwear and cover-ups by Gottex, La Perla, Calvin Klein and Anne Cole, too. *Roberta, 1252 Madison Ave., at 90th St. (860-8366); checks accepted; Mon–Sat. 10–6; while supplies last.*

Greene Pastures

MARK DOWN THIS DATE EARLY: ANNA SUI'S spring clearance starts August 14. Items that were $195 will now be $60. And all of her spring clothes will be marked 40 to 70 percent off, while shoes and handbags will be 40 percent off. The early bird . . . *Anna Sui, 113 Greene St. (941-8406); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon–Sat. 11:30–7, Sun. 12–6; while supplies last.* ■

Photograph by Amy Freeth.

WALTER KIRN

As L.A. Dying

In 'Ecology of Fear,' Mike Davis takes cruel pleasure in describing the disasters—natural and man-made—awaiting the Pompeii of the Pacific.

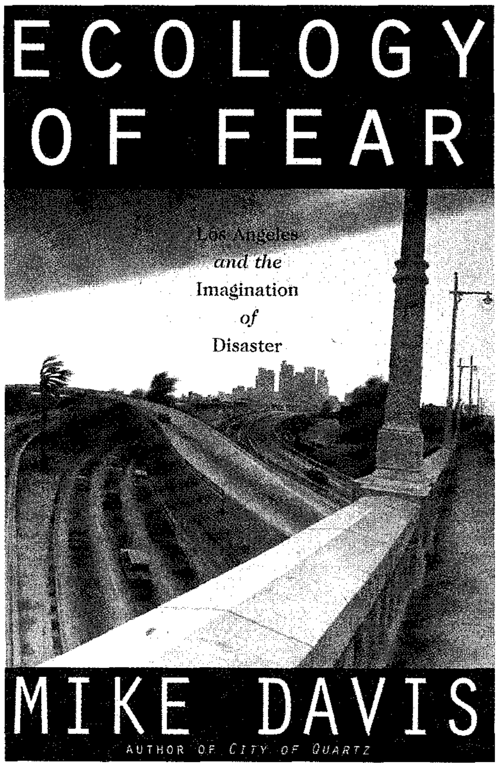
Ecology of Fear
BY MIKE DAVIS
Metropolitan Books; 484 pages; $25

IF FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED, NO OTHER AMERICAN city seems as likely to survive apocalypse as the City of Angels. In disaster movies, theme-park thrill rides, and dystopian science-fiction novels, Los Angeles has been dying for so long now, and in so many different, spectacular ways, that its seemingly inevitable destruction has become a source of civic pride. Riven by earthquakes, scourged by fire and lava, and overrun by mobs and monsters, it has the self-image of a masochistic Sodom—a city so uniquely damned that it keeps coming back for more punishment, more pain, disdaining the petty love taps of outraged Heaven and begging for a solid knockout punch. A low-budget, indie Armageddon won't do; only a blockbuster final judgment complete with stars and special effects will satisfy.

Mike Davis's *Ecology of Fear* suggests that Angelenos will get their wish, but that the eruption of glowing brimstone that seems built in to the city's spiritual infrastructure as well as its physical setting will not fall equally on the rich and poor. Like his earlier *City of Quartz* (an unlikely steady-seller about the fortification of everyday life and the arms race of urban class warfare), the book is a Jeremiad with footnotes, a paranoid sermon with facts and figures, only this time the battle lines aren't purely social but environmental. L.A., for Davis, is designed for doom, a back-engineered Atlantis or Pompeii. Deficit-financed down to its foundations by what Davis characterizes as "a seismic regional debt," it's built not only on sand but *from* sand. The cheap concrete shells that shelter its masses are nothing but communal sarcophagi posing temporarily as architecture. It's only a matter of time until they topple.

The puzzle at the heart of Davis's diatribe—why would a city hard-wire itself to crash? —is cleared up page by page and chapter by chapter until it's not a mystery at all but a perversely logical imperative. The original sins are arrogance and greed, and the fault lines of bad karma spread from there: "If there has been a single, fatal flaw in the design of Southern California as a civilization, it has been the decision to base the safety of present and future generations almost entirely upon short-sighted extrapolations from the disaster record of the past half-century." In other words, the California Dream—patios on shifting tectonic plates, ocean-view decks with their stilts in hillside mud flows—amounts to a conscious misreading of the odds against its coming true. It's as if New York City were to plan its transportation system to suit a perpetual snowy Sunday morning.

In his most persuasive, impassioned chapter, "The Case for Letting Malibu Burn," Davis makes a foray into history to show that lightning inevitably strikes twice in the same place. Indeed, that's lightning's nature. The seaside colony of movie people whose name is synonymous with carefree affluence sits at the mouth of an ecological dragon—a constellation of canyons and weather patterns that are bound to go off, over any extended period, with the regularity of a string of firecrackers. Worse, the sociology involved is even more combustible. Funded by private insurance and public assistance, rich residents with a private line to bank managers, governors, and presidents have rebuilt and rebuilt their firetrap castles into pyrotechnic palaces, squeezing out the open spaces and buffer zones that protect the whole region from total conflagration. Davis calls this "disaster amnesia" a "federally subsidized luxury" and, in the tone of an unrepentant Marxist without a tear to spare for the elite, paints bitter, Nathanael West–ish pictures of burned-out entertainers on the beach hugging their Oscars and precious purebred pets as squads of ex-cons dig trenches in the hillsides and Mexican maids run screaming from gleaming kitchens. Meanwhile, down in central Los Angeles, huddled immigrants perish by the dozens in fleabag tenements, their cries unheard. No helicopters spraying water for them and no condolences on White House stationery.



Death wish: Does Mike Davis want Los Angeles to implode?

It's not nature that's the villain in Davis's book but the developers who would capitalize on its graces—sunshine, sea breezes, and wide horizons—by willfully covering up its dangers. In the chapter "Our Secret Kansas," Davis documents the incidence of savage, midwestern-style tornadoes in an

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area sold for its year-round mild weather to escapees from Topeka and Dubuque. Played down by local boosters as "freak windstorms"—their occurrence once officially suppressed by the government agencies charged with reporting them—the twisters are, in fact, routine, says Davis, the cyclonic upshot of the city's positioning between coast and mountains. But for all his dialectical materialism and scientific savvy, Davis has a religious streak too. The wrath of God is real for him, apparently, and he isn't afraid to sound like a mad prophet when he refuses to discount the idea that L.A. has somehow offended an angry deity in its quest to out-Eden Eden. Read between the lines of Davis's book and what you hear is less secular critique, bolstered by cool reason and hard facts, than biblical trumpet call. L.A.'s rise is a travesty of Genesis, not the creation of life on earth but an incredible simulation—Disney trying to improve on Jehovah.

There's something a little rabid about Davis; he seems to *want* Sin City to burn, not just expect it to. L.A.'s continued survival, one senses, galls him personally, and writing scenarios for its devastation appears to be his emotional substitute for getting to witness the firestorm firsthand. If so, he's not alone, as his own book testifies. In his most engaging chapter, "The Literary Destruction of Los Angeles," Davis collects, counts, and classifies his influences, from *The Day of the Locust* to *Volcano*. From what he confidently claims are "at least 138" movies and novels about the city's fall, he comes up with a nightmarish spreadsheet that lists 49 nuclear holocausts, 28 earthquakes, and 10 invasions by "hordes" and "monsters," to cite only the top four fancied threats. What's behind all this ominous ill-wishing (besides the experience of real catastrophes) is "white fear of the dark races," Davis alleges.

Disaster fiction is to racism what slasher movies are to sexism—a way to get off in the safety of one's own home without the messiness of actual bloodletting. At least that's Davis's infectious conclusion. "After 1970, with the rise of a non-Anglo majority . . . the city turns from an endangered home into the Alien itself; and its destruction affords an illicit pleasure not always visible in previous annihilations." Such an impressionistic axiom can't be verified or proved, of course, but that's its appeal and the secret of Davis's power as a slightly crackpot urban historian. Under the dollar losses, the body counts, and the statistical projections of seismic drift and annual mean temperatures, the decline of L.A. is an all-too-human artwork, still in progress but perhaps nearing completion. ■

Walter Kirn's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

SHORTS

SOMETIMES SINCERITY CAN LOOK LIKE canniness. **The Mermaids Singing,** Lisa Carey's first novel (Bard Books; $22), is a case in point. *Mermaids* combines the flinty Ireland of *Angela's Ashes,* the multigenerational dysfunction of an Oprah book, and the long-delayed reunion of lost loves of *Cold Mountain.* You're sighing sympathetically before the end of the first chapter. Carey's three heroines—grandmother, mother, and daughter—come of age separately, but their stories are skillfully woven together by the watery Celtic mythology of life on Inis Murúch (Island of the Mermaids), their spooked motherland. Carey's book is not clever, but it gets the job done. Clearly written, generally unsentimental, and just pulpy enough to rush the reader toward the dramatic conclusion, *Mermaids* is a two-hanky throwback.

The photograph on the cover of Roxana Robinson's **This Is My Daughter**—a postcard view of the Swan Bridge in Central Park, a suitable image for your better Baedeker—is unfortunately premonitory (Random House; $25). Too often, Robinson's novel turns into a field guide to late-twentieth-century Wasp geography. The interior of the Knick, the fauna of Fifth Avenue, the importance of having an apartment on the front elevator are all overexplained. Robinson's tale of a double-high-income, two-kids second marriage seems written for tourists who will never see the inside of a Park Avenue building. Her heroine, Emma, a passive-aggressive editor, ignores her handsome, rich, *perfect* second husband and his quirky, damaged daughter in favor of her own cherished Tess. All the literary references in the world can't make us interested in these selfish, shallow women, whose major tragedies are solved with a little black dress and a pair of Chanel earrings.

Don't read **Just Checking** (Pocket Books; $22), Emily Colas's hilarious, harrowing memoir of her years as an obsessive compulsive, to relax. Her detailed description of the way she makes her husband take out the trash—the double-bagging, the antibacterial soap, the gloves, and again—is enough to make you break out in a sweat, part exhaustion, part annoyance. *Just Checking* establishes the latent connection between her neurosis and the supposedly normal traits of the bored neat-freak housewife. We've all had OC moments—did the baby-sitter use my toothbrush? did the waiter sneeze in my soup?—and we've all imprisoned ourselves in at least metaphorical layers of plastic. Thankfully, Colas has come out of her (spotless) prison cell and written a cautionary tale funny enough to make the reader wonder, Could the film *Safe,* another scary portrait of a housewife coming unglued, have been made as a comedy? ALEXANDRA LANGE

THEATER JOHN SIMON

Tr@sh

Loaded with inane gadgets and gewgaws, 'F@ust: Version 3.0' is like a descent into hell; 'An Evening With Jerry Herman' is a tribute to a musical master.

ANOTHER CLINKER IN THE LINCOLN CENTER FEStival 98 (whose only impeccable offering was John Cranko's *Onegin,* performed by the Stuttgart Ballet) is **F@ust: Version 3.0,** by La Fura dels Baus, a young company from Barcelona. *Fura,* in Catalan, means "ferret"; *Baus* is the name of a dark ravine near Moya, the home of five young street performers, inside which they hung out before moving on to the big B. To my view, the ravine was the perfect receptacle for their talent, but Festival 98 had to ferret them out.

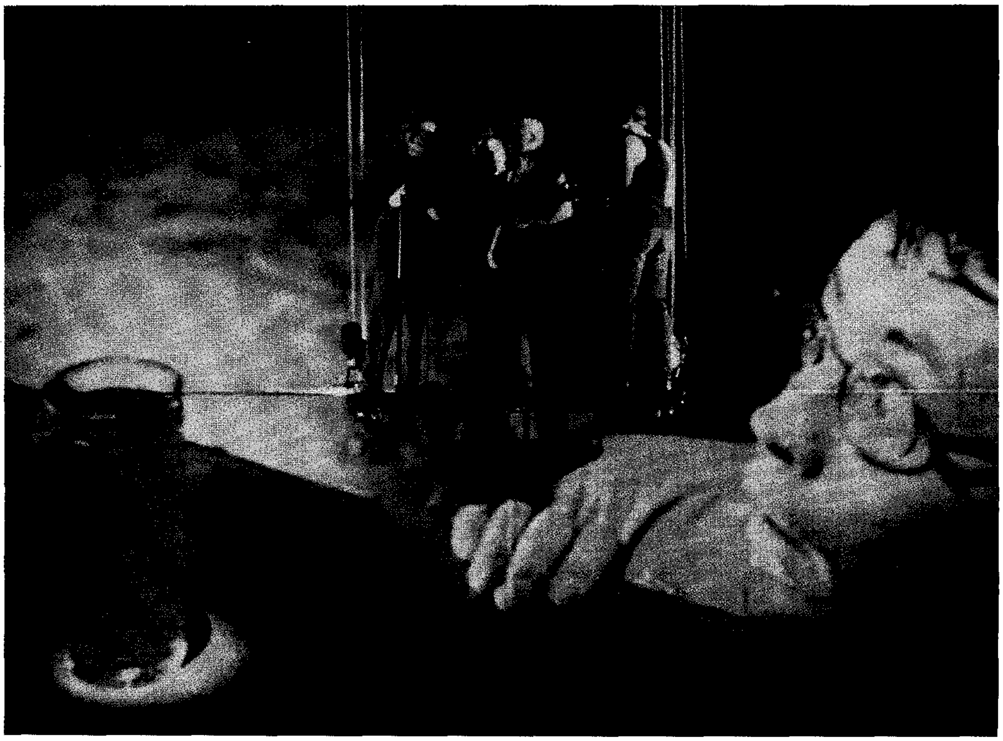
This so-called adaptation of Goethe's two-part masterwork is La Fura's first use of a written text and first appearance before seated theatrical audiences rather than standees in plazas and warehouses. Hitherto performed in Catalan, it was done here in Spanish, with English translation piped in via a puny male voice. I can't tell you all that was lost in translations into Spanish and English, and into the Furans' own performing language, *lenguaje furero.* But I can affirm that the story is told, to quote Alan Riding, "through images taken from the Internet, television, advertising, and live video and projected on a giant screen, accompanied by electroacoustical music (with breaks for Mozart's *Requiem*) played by a disk jockey acting the part of the conductor."

The set is a giant Erector set, with all kinds of gizmos activated by visible stagehands. Or at least as visible as the actors, often shrouded in darkness with only their faces lit up, masklike; at other times, various bright lights shine into the spectators' eyes, to further dazzle them. All kinds of Goethean characters are alluded to but never realized. Mephistopheles seems to be something inside Faust who is reborn amid spectacular gimmickry in a comic-strip contraption. Margareta becomes "the universal victim," then allegedly turns into a killer herself. As the program puts it, "slung on a hook like an animal carcass, the first personification of the woman inside Faust hangs. Margareta fills the corridors of the mind of her creator. In his harrowing gallows of projections, Faust returns to his metallic world . . . and enters a dead time." Roll that into your joint and smoke it.

La Fura is to theater roughly what MTV is to Broadway musicals, with *roughly* the operative word. In a cast of eight, Margareta is played by an unsightly but acrobatic Lilliputian, and the Deejay is clowned by an actor who calls himself Dr. Flo. Cybernetics and technology are rampant, usurping all else. The only recognizably Goethean lines are Faust's compact with the devil (in my translation), "Were I to say unto the moment, / 'Linger awhile, thou art so fair,' / Then whisk me off to eternal torment— / Though chained, I shall no longer care." At the end of this *F@ust,* the hero does ask the moment to linger, and is, unlike in Goethe, damned.

But what's seductive about that moment? Nothing anyone sane would wish to prolong. Though there is much that is technically clever, nothing is enticing, certainly not the two tall contraptions that frame the action: a surreal, floppy windmill and a multi-tubular fountain. To quote the program again, "The music of these parts of the spectacle has been composed by authors from all over the world via the Internet, in slots with a maximum duration of 20 seconds. Two mobile sculptures (Medusa and Bambu) on either side of the stage interpret these musical compositions."

Medusa and Bambu (they could as well be Methuselah and Bambi) are about as good as interpreters as those twenty-second-slotters are as composers. The entire event is a sorry mess, two words I would like to have translated into *lenguaje furero,* so all those complicit could comprehend them. La Fura has been invited to present *F@ust* and Berlioz's *The Damnation of Faust* at next year's Salzburg



The devil made me do it: A scene from *F@ust: Version 3.0.*

Photograph by Ros Ribas.

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Meanwhile, the most interesting thing about the evening was the audience at the State Theater, symptomatic of the state of theater. Way back when, we had audiences that civilizedly applauded, and sometimes bravoed or even stood up. Then the bravos, bravas, and bravis became routine, and the standing ovations standard. Now we get the whooping or yowling, which we had here, and which is the pits. For a moment, I *was* transported to hell.

CONCURRENTLY, FOR THE ANTIPODAL OR nostalgia crowd, there is on Broadway **An Evening With Jerry Herman.** In it, Herman narrates some of his autobiography and plays and sings some of his favorite compositions. Singing with him are Florence Lacey and Lee Roy Reams, who also dances and directed the show.

THEATER

Reams and Miss Lacey are Herman veterans and perform the material like the pros they are. Yet they are neither beloved old-timers with star personae—like, say, Angela Lansbury, Chita Rivera, or Carol Channing—nor fresh-faced youngsters who would augur well for the future of these delightful songs and endearing musicals. Instead, the pair are a bit like cruise-ship entertainers, tickling the well-dined-and-wined passengers *pinker than pink. But never mind:* The songs, and Jerry Herman's engaging pianism and commentary, are quite enough to provide a mirthful, and sometimes eye-moistening, happy time.

Herman's music and words are not just lovely; they're also lovable. The man has never written a song in which either irrepressible optimism or bittersweet melancholy does not spread hope or comfort. But he has done more than that. In *Milk and Honey*, he wrote a musical that lent support to the new state of Israel at a time when it most needed it. In *La Cage aux Folles*, he struck a blow for gay rights and wrote "I Am What I Am," an anthem for countless homosexuals.

For me, though, the jewels of the show are the selections from *Mack & Mabel*, Herman's undervalued masterpiece. Back in 1974, I was the only critic who recognized it as such: a work infused with existential insight and enrapturing melody and lyrics. It also had the ideal interpreters in Bernadette Peters and the incomparable Robert Preston, whose premature death was one of Broadway's greatest losses. I still smile remembering Preston's comment in 1974 about how unnerving it was to be in a show disparaged by the revered Walter Kerr and extolled by the usually hostile and resented John Simon. Come back, Bob! All is forgiven—as, indeed, it always was. ▬

John Simon's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Portrait of an Artist

Lincoln Center's tribute to Bernstein is wide-ranging but far less exuberant than the man it set out to honor; Caramoor's 'Lucrezia Borgia' hits its mark.

THE MUSICAL INGREDIENTS OF THIS summer's Lincoln Center Festival were low-key and not remarkably enterprising. Even **A Bernstein Celebration,** which seemed to want to be the festival's central musical event, came off as something of a knee-jerk occasion. I know, Leonard Bernstein would have been 80 this month, and his hometown had to mark the date somehow, but how much imagination does it take to hit on the idea of celebrating America's most famous musician, one whose whole life was a frantically orchestrated fiesta? Besides, his colorful legacy, already tirelessly promoted by his family and those with a commercial stake in it, has enough built-in energy to sustain itself. What this celebration lacked in any case was a major-focus event that might put a fresh perspective on such an overexposed figure—a first New York performance of *A White House Cantata* perhaps, an effort to salvage the best music from Bernstein's spectacular 1976 Broadway flop, *1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.* Or even another attempt to discipline that perennially unruly problem child, *Candide,* would have been welcome, if only in concert.

Leonard Bernstein, circa 1967.

Under the banner of "Bernstein: Composer and Champion," the Philharmonic led by Kurt Masur offered two predictable concerts in honor of its former music director: His first two symphonies together with music by Mahler, Copland, Gershwin, and Ives, scores closely identified with Bernstein the conductor. Any maestro would probably be disadvantaged presiding over such programs, especially on this memory-charged occasion, and Masur hardly has the American concert idiom in his blood. Still, it was instructive to hear the two symphonies again. I've never much cared for the sweaty lamentations of the *Jeremiah Symphony,* in which the 25-year-old composer seems to be self-consciously trying to meet the high expectations of two stern paternal figures, his actual father and conductor Serge Koussevitsky. *The Age of Anxiety Symphony* is a more original and characteristically exuberant piece, particularly if one just listens to the music and ignores the W. H. Auden poem that the score so diligently attempts to mirror.

"The Unknown Bernstein" was the subject of a concert prepared and presented by pianist-conductor Michael Barrett, one of the great man's close musical associates during his last years. Nothing startling was unveiled in this subdued program consisting mainly of amiable scraps from Bernstein's bottom drawer: brief piano pieces written for family and friends; songs cut from musicals; and two chamber arrangements, *Halil,* a late work originally for flute and orchestra, and the two meditations from *Mass.* Unlike some composers, whose unpublished posthumous manuscripts often reveal major treasures, Bernstein apparently gave us everything he had while he was alive.

The meatiest event was presented by the Eos chamber orchestra conducted by Jonathan Sheffer, which performed three scores that may well prove to be Bernstein's most enduring contributions to the concert repertory: the *Serenade* for violin, the *Dybbuk* ballet, and *Songfest,* a collection of songs set to texts by a diverse group of American poets. Like virtually everything Bernstein wrote, these pieces have a literary basis, and all three show how passionately he responded to words and ideas when they truly fired his imagination. The *Serenade* is in effect an ingeniously plotted violin concerto reflecting the profound discussion of love at Plato's famous dinner party in the *Symposium. Dybbuk* may be the composer's toughest compositional nut to crack, a gnarled web of sound tightly woven from folk music, cantorial prayer, and serial techniques. It's a shame that only excerpts from *Songfest* could be performed—this score may be Bernstein's masterpiece, distinguished by both its careful workmanship and deep expressive resonance. Anyone who could write three such imposing scores would have to be numbered among America's finest composers.

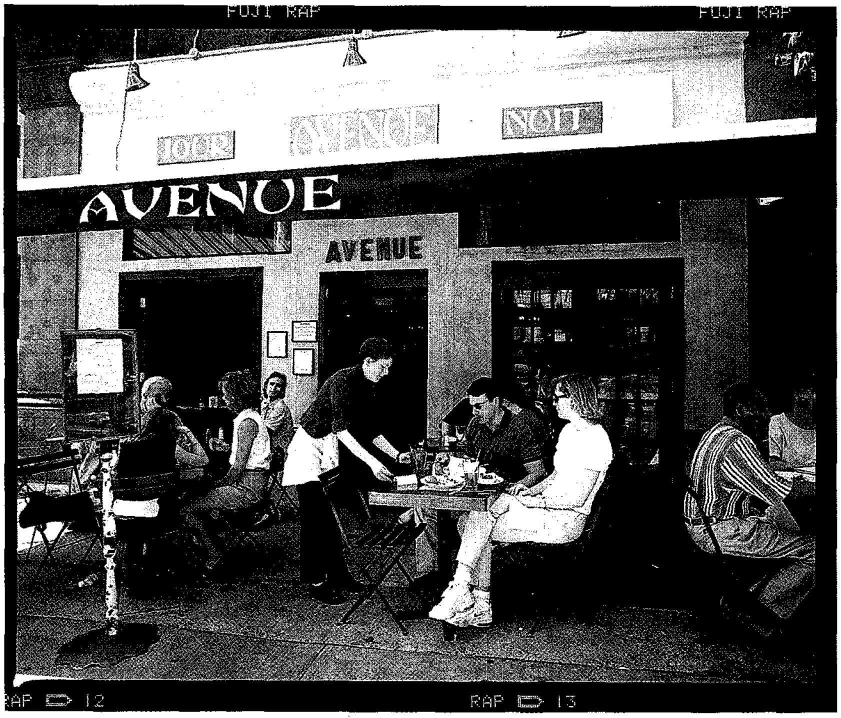
(continued on page 54)

Photograph from Archive Photos.

THE UNDERGROUND GOURMET PETER KAMINSKY

Eclectic Avenue

Columbus Avenue's Avenue Bistro does credit to the genre, but with an inventive menu that is far from slavishly Gallic.



Thorough fare: Avenue Bistro.

ALTHOUGH IT HAS BEEN OPEN BARELY A MONTH, **Avenue Bistro** (520 Columbus Avenue, at 85th Street; 579-3194) already has the feeling of a familiar and confidently comfortable neighborhood spot. Instead of attempting to establish a slice of Virtual France in the middle of Manhattan, co-owner Scott Campbell—the chef behind the inventive cuisine of Vince & Eddie's—has created a modern, welcoming room that feels more Upper West Side than it does Ersatz Left Bank.

From the simplicity of the room, you would never guess that this site was once the home of Joe's Fish Shack, a restaurant with a kitschy beach-shack motif that suggested a theme-park café for aging Jimmy Buffett fans. A patchwork of gilt mirrors and clerestory windows lends an openness to the space. Shooting off from the main dining area is a convenient set of dining nooks that are well suited to sequester either havoc-wreaking children or privacy-seeking celebrities, most likely those from the classical-music world, who know Campbell well from his catering work for many New York Philharmonic events. The rapport no doubt explains why the background music is almost always classical. "Nothing against Ella Fitzgerald," Campbell observes, "or even the Gipsy Kings, but it seems that too many restaurants pick exactly the same Retro Jazz or Euro Pop because they think that's what a New York bistro is *supposed* to have."

Not that Campbell throws all tradition to the winds. Like any self-respecting bistro maven, he offers steak-frites, served with a shallot-rich wine sauce. The rest of the menu is French in feel with some modern American twists. From the petite plates (or appetizers), I was seduced by a salad of peeled and seeded beefsteak tomatoes, now coming into their summer peak. It is graced with crunchy, whole breakfast radishes (thinner and not so sharp as regular radishes) and dressed with a vinaigrette infused with an oil of fine herbs and juice from the tomatoes. Lumps of crumbly Roquefort give power to this light starter. Campbell's fried calamari—a dish that I thought offered little room for interpretation—surprised me: The bite-size pieces of squid were tender, not chewy, dusted with flour and flash-fried to produce an unexpectedly light crust. Instead of offering the standard marinara or aïoli, Campbell sets forth an Asian-inspired dipping sauce of coriander, lemongrass, jalapeños, sugar, and lime juice.

For the "intermediare" plates (more food than an appetizer but less than a full-blown entrée), Campbell again departs from the classic canon, skipping steak tartare in favor of a tuna tartare with spinach and a ponzu dressing. In the same spirit of invention, his grilled foie gras with rhubarb-strawberry compote is sweet, richly gamy, and piquant all at once, an ultra-upgraded version of the old bistro standby of liver, vinegar, and onions.

The grande plates (entrées) include a number of hearty dishes. The house-smoked loin of pork is prepared on a Li'l Chief smoker (the kind you see at football tailgate parties). The cold smoking gives the meat an ineffable wood-fired succulence, an effect enhanced by the accompanying salty jus. A breast of chicken is cooked on the bone (to keep it moist) and served alongside a boned-out leg stuffed with goat cheese, walnuts, and bacon, an irresistible, deeply flavored combination.

Tom Cutler's desserts, like the rest of the food, are American-inspired with French culinary finesse. His cobbler of seasonal berries would hold its own at any midwestern church picnic, and the Vermont walnut tartlet comes with maple ice cream that's as rich, buttery, and sweet as a Parisian crème brûlée.

Open 8 A.M. to midnight Sunday through Thursday, till 1 A.M. Friday and Saturday. Appetizers, about $8; mid-size items, about $12; entrées, about $16. There is a full bar with a reasonably priced and well-chosen wine list. A.E., M.C., V. ▬

Peter Kaminsky's 1997–98 reviews are available on the Web at **newyorkmag.com.**

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

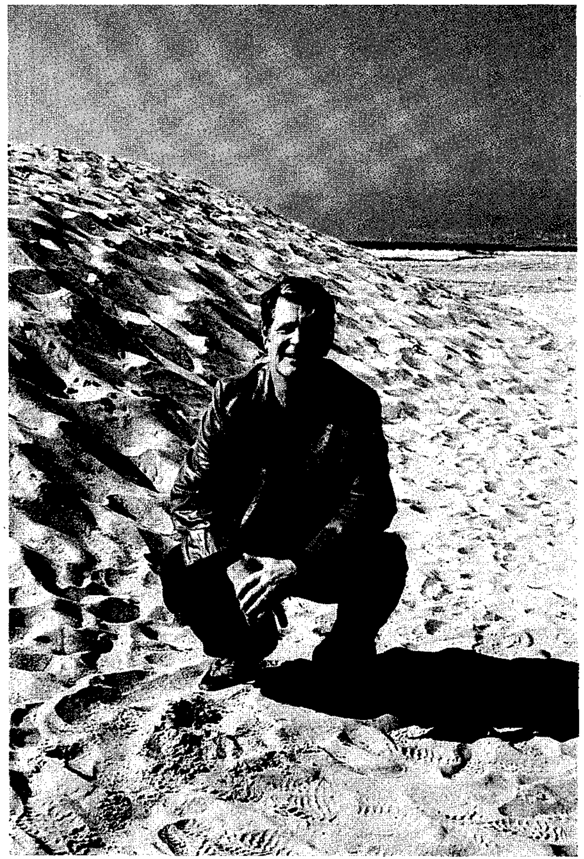
POP MUSIC ETHAN SMITH

Paradise Glossed

Brian Wilson's still-considerable gifts poke through the bland production on a new album, and the reclusive former Beach Boy is even planning his first solo tour.

BRIAN WILSON SITS IN THE LOBBY OF A MIDTOWN hotel, flanked by his wife of three years, Melinda, and a publicist. He wears a blue polo shirt and khaki slacks. Wilson looks a visitor in the eye, shakes hands confidently. When it's time for an interview, he gets up, moves to another table, and genially waves his entourage away. In short, he's a pretty regular guy. Neither the twitching, muttering figure who rambled on about "children of God" in the 1994 documentary *Theremin: An Electronic Odyssey* nor the terrified, ashen-faced wreck who in 1995 played five songs at S.O.B.'s, then scurried from the stage, is anywhere to be found. And the recluse who famously equipped his Bel Air mansion with an outsize sandbox? Not here.

"We're going to see *Beauty and the Beast* tomorrow night," Wilson says. "You only live once. Why not live it to the fullest, you know?"



In the opening lines of **Imagination** (Giant), his first album in ten years, Wilson sings, "Another car running fast / Another song on the beach / . . . you know it's just / Your imagination running wild." Anyone who has even a passing familiarity with Wilson's story will recognize the song as a parable for the singer's own career. In vintage Beach Boys songs, the three-minute paradises depicted amid display after dazzling display of unique melody, experimental harmony, and mind-blowing production had nothing whatsoever to do with the day-to-day realities of their neurotic, perfectionist composer–arranger–producer–sometime singer. It's both a relief and a letdown to discover that Brian Wilson is so aware of the fantastical nature of his own oeuvre. Still, there's a distressing patina of middle-of-the-road normality over *Imagination* (which was, in fact, co-produced by jingle vet Joe Thomas), through which Wilson's trademark flourishes only occasionally peek. The message of "Your Imagination," Wilson says, is "Don't let your imagination get out of hand." Listening to the disc, though, you sort of wish Wilson's own imagination weren't *quite* so reined in.

Wilson now uses multitracking to fill the vocal roles that used to be played by the various other Beach Boys. This flawless auto-harmonizing is by far the most affecting aspect of the disc. The final song, "Happy Days," takes Wilson's self-collaboration another step. "I wrote some of it, the first two verses, in 1970," he says. These dissonant passages, with their nightmarish, clustered chords and bitter lyrics ("Dark days were plenty / Never ending sorrow"), Wilson calls "the dirge." The choruses, on the other hand, are just months old: "I finished the song in early 1998, and I tried to make it sound like I've been through some hell, and then, of course," he sings, " 'Happy days are here again . . .' It's a nicer way of saying, *You've come through so much, and here you are with your new song.*"

This fall, Wilson will embark on the first solo tour of his career (he stopped playing live with the Boys in 1964, though he turned up for a gig in 1970): "I did a show in St. Charles, Illinois, May 9, and I was scared *shitless,*" he says. What was frightening about being onstage? "Well, just, will I be rejected? I think I fear rejection. Like, I might not go over too well. After the standing ovation, I felt a little bit better."

In 1966, Wilson sang, "I just wasn't made for these times." Thirty years later, that line became the title of a documentary in which rockers as disparate as Thurston Moore and Tom Petty held forth on Wilson's brilliance. And this year alone, England's High Llamas, Tokyo's Cornelius, and New York's own Sean Lennon have all released albums so heavily indebted to the Wilson sound they border on the fetishistic. ("Every time that happens," says Wilson of the ever-more-frequent homages, "I get all pumped up.")

Wilson-mania is in such full effect that Brian is considering reuniting later this year with Beach Boys Al Jardine and Mike Love to record a version of "Proud Mary."

Wilson: "We're going to see *Beauty and the Beast* tomorrow night. You only live once."

Photograph by Lisa Peardon.

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"Don Was and I produced the background," he says. "It's the coolest little groove I've ever heard. We didn't do the vocals yet. And—cross my fingers—it would be a *smash.*" A Creedence Clearwater Revival warhorse a late-nineties hit? Even CCR drummer Doug Clifford pointed out to Wilson that the song's been done to death ("He goes, 'There are 300 versions of "Proud Mary." ' That's a *lot* of versions, isn't it? Add ours to it, that's 301"). On the other hand, two years ago, no one would have predicted that a 25-year-old rap producer named Puffy could turn himself into the biggest pop star in the world with a note-for-note rip-off of an old Police hit. Maybe Brian Wilson has finally found a time he *was* made for.

In brief: BRIAN WILSON'S ARTIFICIAL PARADISES are all well and good, but singer-guitarist Gillian Welch uses *her* musical fantasies to construct a radically different kind of alternative reality. A Los Angeles native and daughter of professional Hollywood songwriters, Welch creates pitch-perfect Appalachian ditties—bluegrass, *faux*-naïve folk, scratchy blues. On her second album, **Hell Among the Yearlings** (Almo), Welch gets deeper into it, morally ("The Devil Had a Hold of Me," "My Morphine") and imagistically ("Miner's Refrain"). Call them artificial purgatories, but Welch's bare-bones constructions are at least as moving as any of Wilson's elaborate mini-symphonies. . . . New York guitarist Marc Ribot devotes his major-label debut to the work of Cuban composer Arsenio Rodriguez. **Marc Ribot y Los Cubanos Postizos (The Prosthetic Cubans)** (Atlantic) is a collection of cool, intimate numbers that conjure a smoky Havana nightclub. A master of more genres than would be decent to mention in print, Ribot tosses in the occasional skronkish squall—but mostly he and his small group play it straight. Their Cuban identity may be a put-on, so to speak, but the Postizo crew have got the beat in their blood. (Ribot & Co. play the Bottom Line, August 11.) . . . In one of the most fascinating cross-cultural developments going, African singer-guitarist Waldemar Bastos has teamed up with producer Arto Lindsay to make **Pretaluz [Blacklight]** (Luaka Bop/Warner Bros.). Bastos's music is initially tough to place. The shimmering guitar lines and urgent rhythms give it an Afro-pop feel; the complicated chord changes and sibilant vocals seem vaguely Brazilian. Knowing that Bastos is from Lusophone Angola helps one understand the disc: It *is* Afro-pop, in a sense—but sung in Portuguese and produced by a Brazilian-American. Bastos is the one artist in this bunch whose exoticism isn't escapist fantasy. ■

Ethan Smith's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

Davis *continued from page 51*

THE INTERNATIONAL BEL CANTO REVIVAL that began in the fifties and brought dozens of long-forgotten operas by Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti back to life largely passed New York by, mainly as a result of a no-interest policy on the part of the Metropolitan. Maria Callas, Montserrat Caballé, Joan Sutherland, and other legendary bel canto divas of the day sang their most spectacular star vehicles elsewhere. Those heady days of discovery are over, but many of the operas that resurfaced remain of interest, and Will Crutchfield feels that it is high time we caught up with them. To see that we do, the conductor has set up shop at the Caramoor Festival in Katonah, where he now oversees a forum in bel canto designed to train singers in the style and bring some of these works to our attention.

This summer's major event was a semi-staged performance of Donizetti's **Lucrezia Borgia,** one of the composer's most popular operas a century ago and back in favor once again. The plot, based on Victor Hugo's play, puts on Oedipal spin on the famous poisoner: She encounters her estranged illegitimate son and a fatal attraction springs up between them, one that inevitably ends in tragedy. The tensions of this explosive relationship are craftily exploited by both composer and librettist (Felice Romani), and *Lucrezia Borgia* is one of Donizetti's tautest, most theatrically effective scores. Verdi learned from every page, enlarging on the older master's work but not necessarily surpassing it.

Crutchfield achieved a small miracle with both his cast and the Orchestra of St. Luke's by putting Donizetti into a perspective that few conductors ever succeed in doing. Some stress the music's forward-looking rhythmic and structural innovations by aggressively overemphasizing them; others take an opposite tack by playing up the opera's debts to Rossinian classicism, draining the score of its vitality in the process. Here everything was ideally proportioned and urgently communicated, allowing Donizetti's own singular musical character to register. The singers had clearly been selected with care. Bruce Fowler's lovely lyric tenor has just enough *slancio* to put an edge on Gennaro's predicament, Hao Jiang Tian gave a vibrant account of the vengeful Alfonso's music, and Vivica Genaux tossed off Orsini's roulades with saucy ease. If Melanie Helton lacked the vocal presence and theatrical grandeur to be a truly memorable Lucrezia, her performance was nothing if not stylish and earnest. ■

Peter G. Davis's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

Jerry's Last Jam

After years
of giving it away
on NBC,
Seinfeld lands
on Broadway
and HBO to retire his
old material.
Not that there's
anything wrong
with that;
the proceeds
go to charity.
(page 78)

art 66 bars 78 concerts 79 dance 79 kids 83 the mix 80 movies 56 nightlife 76 radio 80 restaurants 70 sports 82 theater 62 the written word 80

movies

Halloween H20...Unmade Beds...Gadjo Dilo

New Films

★**Armageddon**—This is not a good movie, but it's probably the best movie that ever gave you a ringing headache—exciting, fast, often funny. Billy Bob Thornton is the executive head of NASA—the guy who has to run the crisis center and find a way to save the world. The only person who can do it turns out to be deep-core driller Bruce Willis, who demands his own crew for this adventure in the skies. Ben Affleck is the young hotshot who happens to be in love with Willis's daughter (a mopey, dopey Liv Tyler, who looks eager to put a thumb in her mouth and crawl into a large crib). Also along for the ride are a fatty (Ken Campbell), a basso-voiced meatball (Michael Clarke Duncan), a naïve mystic (Owen Wilson), and a sardonic genius who loves whores (the invaluable sourman Steve Buscemi). In training, and aloft, the crew wisecrack their way through saving the world, as if they were teens trying to put up a pup tent on the first day of camp. The movie never lets up, and such things as the Houston control-room scenes, with everyone milling about purposefully, are done with much greater conviction and energy than usual. The jolts and thrills, plotted against the ticking clock, just keep coming. (Denby; 7/13/98) (About 2 hours.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 2–3; Sutton; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Cobble Hill; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinema City; Cinemart; Crossbay; Jackson Triplex; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

BASEketball—Three slackers make up their own game and see it turned into a corporate-sponsored professional sport and national obsession. Starring Trey Parker, Matt Stone, Yasmine Bleeth, Jenny McCarthy, Robert Vaughn, and Ernest Borgnine. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Continental; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

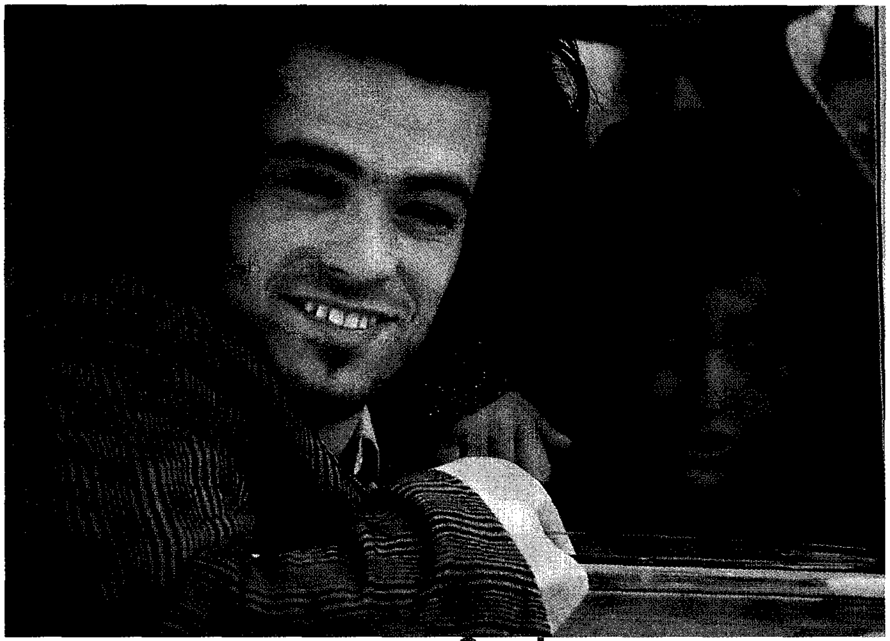
The Beyond—Lucio Fulci's 1981 zombie thriller set in New Orleans, home of one of the seven gateways to hell. Starring Catriona MacColl and David Warbeck. In English. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

Billy's Hollywood Screen Kiss—A gay photographer obsessed with old movies falls in love with his model. (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; 62nd and Broadway.*

Boys in Love 2—Seven shorts celebrating gay life, including the animated *Dirty Baby Does Fire Island.* (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.



Opening
The Stranger

In 'Gadjo Dilo'—the final film of director Tony Gatlif's Gypsy trilogy—a young Frenchman (played by Romain Duris, above) is cautiously welcomed into a Romanian Gypsy community and settles into a decidedly passionate way of life (assisted by the lovely Rona Hartner). Opens August 7 at Lincoln Plaza.

Photograph from Lions Gate Films.

Buffalo '66—Watching this film is a little bit like landing in the hands of a ratty hustler who lives in a bus station ("Hey, can I talk to you for a second? Just for a second . . ."). Which is not to say that Vincent Gallo doesn't have talent and a scraggly kind of wit. He plays Billy Brown, a jumpy young loser who leaves prison and spends a long time looking for a place to pee. Billy kidnaps a girl (Christina Ricci) with heavily tinted eyes and fluttering lashes so she will accompany him on a visit to his parents, who hate him and wish he did not exist. Angelica Huston and Ben Gazzara produce successful vicious caricatures, but in the family scenes, Gallo begins to play with trick staging and trick editing, and the movie comes grinding to a halt. From there on, it's strictly touch-and-go—some good scenes, some things that don't work at all, and a rushed, unsatisfactory ending. *Buffalo '66* has an authentic rotgut flavor, but here's the question for the future: Will Gallo learn to criticize his own ideas or continue to pride himself on screwing up? (Denby; 7/20/98) (About 2 hrs.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Disturbing Behavior—The new kid in town discovers a mysterious method for transforming rebellious teens into solid citizens. Starring James Marsden, Nick Stahl, and Katie Holmes. Directed by David Nuttertars. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; State; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinemart; Crossbay; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Dr. Dolittle—Eddie Murphy plays the man with a gift for communicating with the animal kingdom. Also starring Kristen Wilson, and Kyla Pratt. Directed by Betty Thomas. (About 2 hours.; PG-13) *Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Cobble Hill; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Cinema City; Crossbay II; The Movies at Staten Island.*

East Palace, West Palace—Beijing police raid two public rest rooms frequented by gay men and find a defiant newcomer among the usual crowd. Director Zhang Yuan filmed in secret near Tiananmen Square. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Ever After—Drew Barrymore stars as the plucky cinder girl in this girl-power version of the classic fairy tale. Also starring Anjelica Huston. (2 hrs. 1 min.; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Beekman; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Alpine; Kent Triplex; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Everest: The Movie—The first-ever IMAX footage from Everest documents the 1996 summit climb of an international expedition. Directed by David Breashears and Ed Viesturs. (45 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

Festival—Murray Lerner's long-unseen cinéma-vérité classic of the Newport Folk Festival, 1963–1966. With Joan Baez, Donovan, Judy Collins, Peter Paul & Mary, and Bob Dylan. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Full Tilt Boogie—A documentary of the ten-week film shoot of *From Dusk Till Dawn.* (1 hr. 51 mins.;

'Cue' Cover Photograph by Tom Rodriguez/Globe Photos.

R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Gadjo Dilo—A Parisian boy travels to Romania to find his deceased father's favorite gypsy singer and decides to remain in the exotic community. Starring Romain Duris and Isidor Serban. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza.*

Gone With the Wind—A newly restored print of the eight-time Academy Award-winner starring Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Leslie Howard, and Olivia de Havilland. (3 hrs. 42 mins.; G) *Sutton.*

The Governess—Minnie Driver is a Jewish woman who poses as a Christian to get a governess job. With Tom Wilkinson, Harriet Walter, Florence Hoath, Bruce Myers, and Jonathan Rhys Meyers. Written and directed by Sandra Goldbacher. (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Paris Theatre.*

Halloween H20—Michael Myers returns after twenty years to terrorize Jamie Lee Curtis. Starring Adam Arkin, LL Cool J., Janet Leigh, and Michelle Williams. Directed by Steve Miner. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Henry Fool—A depraved writer moves in with a New Jersey garbageman and encourages his host to write, too. Starring Thomas Jay Ryan, James Urbaniak, and Parker Posey. (2 hrs. 18 mins.; R) *Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Killer Condom—A condom terrorizes a city. Directed by Martin Walz. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Kurt and Courtney—British filmmaker Nick Broomfield talks to a number of scary people who knew the duo when and develops a particularly humorous and unflattering—albeit sketchily sourced—portrait of the Divine Ms. Love. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Lethal Weapon 4—Danny Glover and Mel Gibson return to the roles they first played in 1987. Also starring Chris Rock, Joe Pesci, Rene Russo, and Jet Li. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Village Theater VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Astor Plaza; Coronet; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinemas; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Alpine; Canarsie; Kenmore; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavillion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Bay Terrace; Continental; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Atrium; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Madeline—The film version of the much-loved children's story. Starring Frances McDormand and Hatty Jones. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG) *Gemini; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Pavilion Theatre; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Mafia!—A parody of the traditional organized-crime film that revolves around the bumbling Cortino family. Starring Jay Mohr, Christina Applegate, Olympia Dukakis, and Lloyd Bridges. Directed by Jim Abrahams. (1 hr. 26 mins.; PG–13) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 1; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Cinemart; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Mask of Zorro—Anthony Hopkins and Antonio Banderas work with professional skill in a ludicrous vehicle—a retro-style comedy-adventure with lots of explosions and fires and gold-toothed Mexicans. Hopkins speaks with contempt to the messy Banderas—a thief who doesn't know how to fight—and then begins the arduous task of turning the young ruffian into a gentleman and a warrior. Zorro himself is less an aristocrat with a double life than an amalgam of Jackie Chan, Batman, and Obi-wan Kenobi. He lives in a huge black cave and employs martial-arts techniques to discipline his mind. The best thing in the movie is the swordplay. There's lots of it, in different places and styles, and even Catherine Zeta-Jones—a young and beautiful actress of the heaving-bosom school—gets into the act. She gives Banderas a good fight. When he prevails at last, he cuts the straps of her bodice with his rapier, but the camera, in the movie's only act of discretion, hides its eyes. (Denby; 8/3/98) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; State; Gemini; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Crossbay; Forest Hills; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

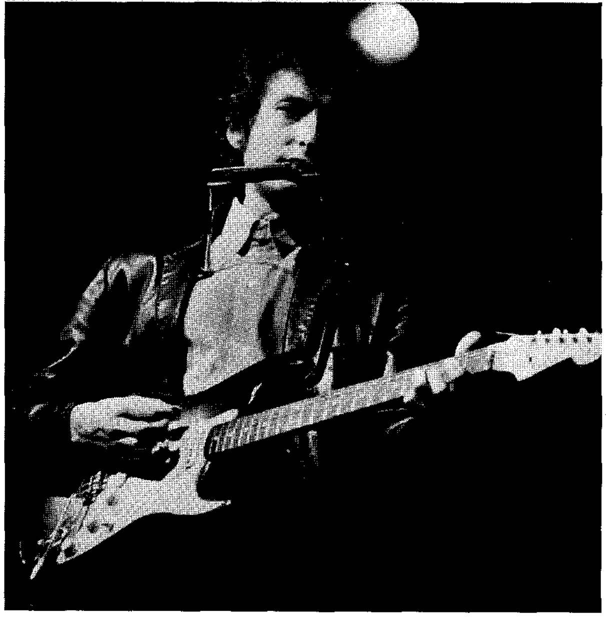
Mulan—Disney's animated version of China's most popular legend, in which a young girl becomes a war hero when she disguises herself as a man, joins the Imperial army, and fights against the invading Huns. With the voices of Ming-Na Wen, Eddie Murphy, B. D. Wong, and Donny Osmond. (1 hr. 26 mins.; G) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 2–3; Lincoln Square; Concourse Plaza; Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

The Negotiator—Samuel L. Jackson is a Chicago police negotiator who takes prisoners when he's being framed for murder. Also starring Kevin Spacey. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New 0Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Crossbay II; Forest Hills; Jackson Triplex; Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Nights of Cabiria**—This remains the most perfectly beautiful and touching of Fellini's movies. One is amazed by how close he keeps us to the moment-by-moment feelings of Giulietta Masina's aging, unhappy little prostitute. The film seems at first rather wandering and random, but Fellini quietly creates a structure that echoes and resonates. If you think of the movie as both a Christian fable and a sorrowing defense of illusion, everything in it makes sense. The movie becomes a panorama of betrayal—by art, by the church, by men. Only a silent man with a sack, walking about the outskirts of Rome and handing gifts to the broken-down old whores living in caves—a secular saint—redeems this wasteland. The film, we think, should be a tragedy. But Fellini renounces tragedy; he insists that life without illusion is not possible. He offers a Christian optimism that draws nothing from doctrine or clergy and everything from love. It would be nice to say that *Nights of Cabiria* could redeem the cinema too, but some things are not possible. Yet this 41-year-old movie provides an extraordinary contrast to the summer-season monstrosities as they blaze their way into oblivion. (Denby; 7/20/98) (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Documentary
Newport News

The rarely seen *Festival*—a cinéma-verité classic that captures the Newport Folk Festival circa 1963—reminds us of what the sixties looked like before everyone's hair grew long and the movement became a clothing style. Starring Joan Baez, Bob Dylan (below), and Johnny Cash; at Film Forum. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.



★**The Opposite of Sex**—This film breathes the air of freedom from its opening moments, in which we meet the film's narrator, a 16-year-old bitch named Dedee (Christina Ricci). Running away from home, Dedee moves in with Bill (Martin Donovan), her gay half-brother, who is an exceptionally nice, intelligent man but almost pathologically mild. Dedee now has her patsy; she immediately seduces Bill's live-in lover, the handsome but rather stupid young Matt (Ivan Sergei), and soon the two of them, with Bill's money in their pockets, escape from his house in Indiana. They are pursued—not just by Bill but also by a fellow teacher, a woman named Lucia. As played by Lisa Kudrow, Lucia turns into a major comic creation. Lucia and Bill are the decent and high-minded ones; they represent "the opposite of sex"—the opposite of promiscuous Dedee, who has no standards at all. Dedee, though, has a certain truth. Some of her outrageous demand on life passes into the virtuous people. They want happiness, too. And happiness doesn't lie in the opposite of sex. (Denby; 6/22/98) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 59th Street East; Regency.*

★**Out of Sight**—Extraordinarily entertaining. George Clooney plays Jack Foley, a bank robber with the temperament of a con artist. Jack is by instinct nonviolent, but he's still a loser who has spent too many years in prison. Jack's buddy (Ving Rhames) picks him up when he breaks out of the pen. When they are confronted by a beautiful federal marshal, Karen Sisco (Jennifer Lopez), they throw her in the trunk of the car, and Jack, hiding, climbs in with her. Something in Jack's soothing manner and touch works for Karen: She falls in love with the man she is supposed to apprehend. Steven Soderbergh has done something truly original: He has proved that a comedy-thriller can take place as much in the ideas people have about one another as in what they do. (Denby; 7/13/98) (About 2 hrs.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; State; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Out of the Past—The story of Kelli Peterson—the teenager who tried unsuccessfully to start a gay-straight alliance at her Utah high school—interwoven with lesbian and gay history. Written and directed by Jeff Dupre. (1 hr. 4 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

The Parent Trap—A remake of the 1961 Disney classic. Starring Dennis Quaid, Natasha Richardson, and Lindsay Lohan. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; PG) *Village East; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

★**A Perfect Murder**—Michael Douglas plays a cuckolded husband who loves his wife and plots her death at the same time. We don't at first know what has gone wrong between Steven Taylor (Douglas), a wealthy Wall Street investor, and his elegant young wife, Emily (Gwyneth Paltrow). When the movie opens, Emily, who works at the U.N. as a translator, is in bed with her lover, David Shaw (Viggo Mortensen), a soulful young artist—at least, that is what Emily thinks he is. If all this sounds vaguely familiar, you may want to know that this film is based on the same Frederick

Photograph by Murray Lerner/Film Forum.

Knott play that inspired Alfred Hitchcock's *Dial M for Murder* in 1954. Andrew Davis, the director of *The Fugitive*, has added pace and heat and explicit sexuality to the material without whipping up phony excitement. His direction is swift and very effective, and the movie, shot in shades of ebony (the color of black marble), looks exceptionally handsome. A very proficient and enjoyable big-budget thriller. (Denby; 6/15/98) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *72nd St. East; Cobble Hill.*

π—A mathematician tries to decode the numerical pattern in the stock market. Starring Sean Gullette. Directed and written by Darren Aronofsky. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center.*

The Saltmen of Tibet—A glimpse at the 2,000-year-old tradition of a small band of nomadic herdsmen who make an annual pilgrimage to the Himalayan lakes to gather the raw salt that is their livelihood. Written and directed by Ulrike Koch. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**Saving Private Ryan**—At the beginning, a group of American soldiers land on Omaha Beach, on D day. Led by Captain John Miller (Tom Hanks), they jump over the side and get hit under the water (we can actually see the bullets, slowed down by the sea, striking their targets). Many who make it out of the boats die in the first few yards of sand. One man still standing searches for his severed arm, picks it up as if it were a log, and wanders around with it aimlessly. Director Steven Spielberg rapidly shifts from one nightmare to another: When we are under the water, or inside the head of a stunned soldier, the sound collapses into an indistinct roar; the next second we are above the water, the noise of bullets and mortar fire has a cutting metallic shriek that approaches agony. In this one scene, and in another battle at the end, Spielberg knocks into oblivion every World War II movie ever made. This is a marvelous film, though it needs to be said that the material between the two battle scenes isn't on their transcendent level. It begins as an epic, changes into an anecdote, and works toward a kind of moral fable. After the beach has been secured, Captain Miller and some of his men (Adam Goldberg, Vin Diesel, Barry Pepper, Ed Burns, Jeremy Davies, and Tom Sizemore) are sent on a special mission. It seems that three brothers from Iowa have been killed; the Army wants the fourth brother, Private Ryan, sent home. When they at last find Ryan (Matt Damon), he doesn't want to be saved. The business of saving a single soldier gets folded into a larger question: What is the value of a decent gesture—any decent gesture—in war? Spielberg has taken us back to basics—back to art, back to amazement at the film medium itself. (Denby; 7/27/98) (2 hrs. 48 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea West; Murray Hill Cinemas; Ziegfeld; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kent Triplex; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Seventh Heaven—When an unsatisfied woman enters hynotherapy and finds a cure for what ails her, her husband begins to feel threatened. Starring Sandrine Kiberlain and Vincent Lindon. Directed by Benoît Jacquot. In French with subtitles. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Slamnation—A documentary of the 1995 National Spoken Word Competition. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Small Soldiers—A small town is overrun by its children's feuding action figure toys. Starring Phil Hartman, Jay Mohr, Kirsten Dunst, Ann Magnuson, Denis Leary, and Frank Langella. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Chelsea; Criterion Center; UA East; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Cinema City; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Main Street Cinemas.*

Smoke Signals—A comic Sundance favorite about a young Native American boy who reluctantly brings his goofy friend along when he travels from his Coeur d'Alene reservation to Arizona to pick up his father's ashes. Written by Sherman Alexie and directed by Chris Eyre. Starring Adam Beach and Evan Adams. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Crown Gotham.*

Snake Eyes—Nicolas Cage and Gary Sinise scour Atlantic City to find the killer of the secretary of Defense. Directed by Brian DePalma. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Opens 8/7.*

★**The Spanish Prisoner**—Campbell Scott, of the serious brow and the serious cleft, plays a young inventor, Joe Ross, a self-made man uneasy among the rich and powerful yet secretly eager to join their ranks. What it is that Joe Ross has invented we never find out—"the process," it is called, some sort of technological masterpiece that will earn untold millions for Joe's company. A shadowy international businessman (Steve Martin) shows up and flatters Joe, and the trap has been set. As Joe gets more and more isolated, Mamet takes us deeper into fear than he ever has in the past, and that's an achievement. Hitchcock is the model here, but to become Hitchcock's equivalent, Mamet has to learn to trust the camera more than he does; he has to stop trying to control everything with language. (Denby; 4/13/98) (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG) *Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

There's Something About Mary—The trouble with the Farrelly brothers is that in order to get a laugh, they dump on everybody and everything. It is the value of shock, of breaking taboos, of liberating secret fears. Ted (Ben Stiller) is a high-school nerd with braces. By some miracle, Mary (Cameron Diaz) asks him to the prom. But when Ted arrives at Mary's house, he suffers an unspeakable entanglement of his most delicate parts in the zipper of his fly. After this catastrophe, Ted loses Mary, and thirteen years later he's still thinking about her. Ted sends a sleazy investigator, Healy (Matt Dillon), to spy on Mary. And of course Healy falls in love with her, too. In order to impress Mary, he tries to pass himself off as an architect and free spirit, but everything he does is just a little off. When Healy visits Mary in her apartment, he falls into a misadventure with a dreadful little dog that is onto him. What Matt Dillon does to that dog is one of the wildest and funniest things in recent movie comedy. While watching this episode, we may feel we're being tested in some way. Do we have the honesty to admit that the abuse of a pesky little dog is funny? And we're tested again by Mary's brother, who is retarded. If you don't laugh at him, or at a man on crutches, or at a psychopathic hitchhiker, or at an old woman's withered breasts, then you stand accused of a craven obeisance to political correctness. And although I laughed at the poor dog, I didn't laugh at these other things. The insensitivity gets one down after a while. Some of the critics write as if bad taste were an actual cause—as if a blow against p.c. were somehow a victory in itself. But anyone who falls into that trap not only loses his judgment but congratulates himself for far too little (Denby; 8/3/98) (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Continental; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Thief—A war widow and her little boy begin a relationship with a strange man, with profound circumstances. Starring Vladimir Mashkov, Ekaterina Rednikova, and Misha Philipchuk. Directed by Pavel Chukhrai. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Truman Show—A clever but empty movie that is the most overpraised picture of the year, *The Truman Show* is about a young man named Truman Burbank (Jim Carrey) who works as an insurance salesman in a town called Seahaven. From the day of his birth, Burbank has been surrounded by actors, his every move captured by hidden cameras. He doesn't know any of this, though he's beginning to suspect that something in his uneventful life is a bit weird. The lord of this realm is named Christof (Ed Harris), who wields absolute power from his control room. This is a profound movie for people who don't like to think, or perhaps for people who are in the media and of the media, and can't imagine any life outside it. *The Truman Show*, however, will not disturb anyone's sleep. (Denby; 6/8/98) (About 1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Unmade Beds—A documentary about the romantic (and not so romantic) pursuits of four single New Yorkers. Directed by Nicholas Barker. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Starts Friday at The Screening Room.*

Western—Two men, one Spanish and one Russian, form an uneasy friendship and drive the west coast of France. Starring Sergi Lopez, Sacha Bourdo, and Elisabeth Vitali. Winner of the 1997 Grand Jury Prize at Cannes. (2 hrs. 1 min.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *The Beyond; Billy's Hollywood Screen Kiss; Buffalo '66; Full Tilt Boogie; The Opposite of Sex; Smoke Signals; π.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Disturbing Behavior; Out of Sight.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Boys in Love 2; Killer Condom; Kurt and Courtney.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Festival; The Saltmen of Tibet; Slamnation.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *East Palace,*

Opening

Sibling Rivalry

At first glance, Jamie Lee Curtis's Laurie Strode seems to have put the hell behind her. In 'Halloween H20,' she's changed her name, become a mom, and moved in next door to LL Cool J. Then her brother Michael Myers shows up—again!—and the horror begins anew. Starts August 5.

Photograph by Nicola Goode/Dimension Films.

West Palace; Nights of Cabiria; Seventh Heaven; Western.

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Out of the Past.* Opening 8/7: *Unmade Beds.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Henry Fool; Mafia!; The Mask of Zorro; The Spanish Prisoner; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; There's Something About Mary.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; Saving Private Ryan.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *BASEketball; Ever After.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Lethal Weapon 4; BASEketball; Billy's Hollywood Screen Kiss; Ever After; The Mask of Zorro.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator; There's Something About Mary.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Armageddon; Disturbing Behavior; Mafia!; Small Soldiers; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; There's Something About Mary.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Saving Private Ryan.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; Mafia!; Saving Private Ryan.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *The Opposite of Sex.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Lethal Weapon 4.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Buffalo '66; Mafia!; Mulan; The Parent Trap.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Lethal Weapon 4.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *BASEketball; Dr. Dolittle; Ever After; Small Soldiers; The Negotiator; There's Something About Mary.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Smoke Signals.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Polish Wedding.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Mafia!.*

Embassy 2-3—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Armageddon; Mulan.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *The Parent Trap.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *The Governess.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Disturbing Behavior; The Mask of Zorro; Out of Sight.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Armageddon; Gone With the Wind.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Can't Hardly Wait; City of Angels; The Horse Whisperer; The Last Days of Disco; Sliding Doors; Titanic.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Saving Private Ryan.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *A Perfect Murder.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *BASEketball; The Parent Trap.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Closed for renovations.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Ever After.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *BASEketball; Disturbing Behavior; Dr. Dolittle; Out of Sight; There's Something About Mary; The Truman Show.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Madeline; The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Saving Private Ryan.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; Disturbing Behavior; The Mask of Zorro; Saving Private Ryan; The Negotiator; There's Something About Mary.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Small Soldiers.*

Opening

Safety First

When John Hamburg, Brown University grad and son of radio host Joan, went to Los Angeles to hawk his first feature script, *Safe Men,* he was unpleasantly surprised. "Yeah, I did the whole L.A. thing," says the curly-haired 28-year-old. "There I was, driving around in my little rented Chevy Corsica, crashing on my friend's couch, eating Chinese chicken salad at studio commissaries—you think you're really cool, like, 'Wow, I'm on the lot,' and then you look around and there are twenty other young white Jewish boys who look just like you doing the same thing, and you're like, *Christ!*" The studios' reactions to Hamburg's script were similarly typical. "Most of the guys were like, 'Well, this is a really funny script, but you're a rapscallion and we don't want to hire you to direct it unless we get some big actor to agree to do it with you.' They wanted a wacky safecracking-high-jinks movie where Adam Sandler gets his sleeve caught in the safe." So Hamburg ditched the studios and made the movie the way *he* wanted to, with indie top dogs Sam Rockwell and Steve Zahn (above) starring as bad singers who are mistaken by the mob for good safecrackers. "I didn't want to make a sellout silly romp for my first movie," says Hamburg. "Though this might come kinda close." VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

Photograph by Abby Cohen/October Films.

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Billy's Hollywood Screen Kiss.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Armageddon; Disturbing Behavior; Ever After; The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Buffalo '66; Henry Fool; Nights of Cabiria; The Spanish Prisoner; The Thief; Western.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Lethal Weapon 4; BASEketball; Dr. Dolittle; Madeline; Mafia!; Mulan; Out of Sight; Saving Private Ryan; The Parent Trap; There's Something About Mary.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Lethal Weapon 4; Saving Private Ryan.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Lethal Weapon 4; BASEketball; Ever After; The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Lethal Weapon 4; BASEketball; Dr. Dolittle; The Negotiator.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Armageddon; The Mask of Zorro.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *The Opposite of Sex.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; BASEketball; Disturbing Behavior; Dr. Dolittle; Ever After; Madeline; Mafia!; The Mask of Zorro; Saving Private Ryan; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; There's Something About Mary.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Armageddon; Disturbing Behavior; Dr. Dolittle; The Mask of Zorro; Mulan; Saving Private Ryan; Small Soldiers; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; BASEketball; Disturbing Behavior; Dr. Dolittle; Mafia!; The Mask of Zorro; Saving Private Ryan; Small Soldiers; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; There's Something About Mary.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; BASEketball; Dr. Dolittle; Ever After; Saving Private Ryan; There's Something About Mary.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Lethal Weapon 4; Disturbing Behavior; Madeline; The Negotiator.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Mulan; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Disturbing Behavior; Mafia!; The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Lethal Weapon 4; Disturbing Behavior; The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Ever After; Madeline; The Mask of Zorro; Saving Private Ryan.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *BASEketball; Disturbing Behav-*

ior; Mafia!; Saving Private Ryan.

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Boulevard and Eldert Lane, Brooklyn (277-0303) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; BASEketball; Disturbing Behavior; Dr. Dolittle; Mafia!; The Mask of Zorro; Mulan; Saving Private Ryan; Small Soldiers; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Lethal Weapon 4; Mafia!; The Mask of Zorro; There's Something About Mary.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; Halloween H20; Madeline; The Mask of Zorro; Saving Private Ryan; Small Soldiers; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; There's Something About Mary.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; BASEketball; Ever After; The Negotiator.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; BASEketball; Disturbing Behavior; Ever After; The Mask of Zorro; Saving Private Ryan; The Negotiator; There's Something About Mary.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; BASEketball; Disturbing Behavior; The Mask of Zorro; There's Something About Mary.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; Saving Private Ryan; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; There's Something About Mary.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *BASEketball; Mafia!; The Mask of Zorro; Saving Private Ryan; The Negotiator.* Opening 8/5: *Halloween H20.*

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Mafia!; The Mask of Zorro; Small Soldiers; The Negotiator.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Armageddon; Disturbing Behavior; Ever After; Mafia!; Small Soldiers; The Parent Trap.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Lethal Weapon 4; BASEketball; There's Something About Mary.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Armageddon; Disturbing Behavior; The Mask of Zorro.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Lethal Weapon 4; BASEketball; Dr. Dolittle; Saving Private Ryan; Small Soldiers; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; There's Something About Mary.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Armageddon; Disturbing Behavior; Ever After; The Parent Trap.*

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Lethal Weapon 4; BASEketball; Disturbing Behavior; Ever After; Saving Private Ryan; The Parent Trap; There's Something About Mary.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; The Negotiator.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Lethal Weapon 4; Madeline; The Mask of Zorro; Quest for Camelot; Saving Private Ryan; Small Soldiers; The Parent Trap.* Opening 8/5: *Halloween H20.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Closed for renovations.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Lethal Weapon 4; BASEketball; Disturbing Behavior; Ever After; Madeline; Saving Private Ryan; The Parent Trap; There's Something About Mary.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Cousin Bette; Henry Fool; A Price Above Rubies.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *BASEketball; Ever After; Mafia!; The Mask of Zorro.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Saving Private Ryan.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; Madeline; Mafia!; The Mask of Zorro; Saving Private Ryan; Small Soldiers; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; There's Something About Mary.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; BASEketball; Saving Private Ryan; There's Something About Mary.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; BASEketball; Disturbing Behavior; Dr. Dolittle; Ever After; Halloween H20; Madeline; Mafia!; The Mask of Zorro; Saving Private Ryan; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; There's Something About Mary.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

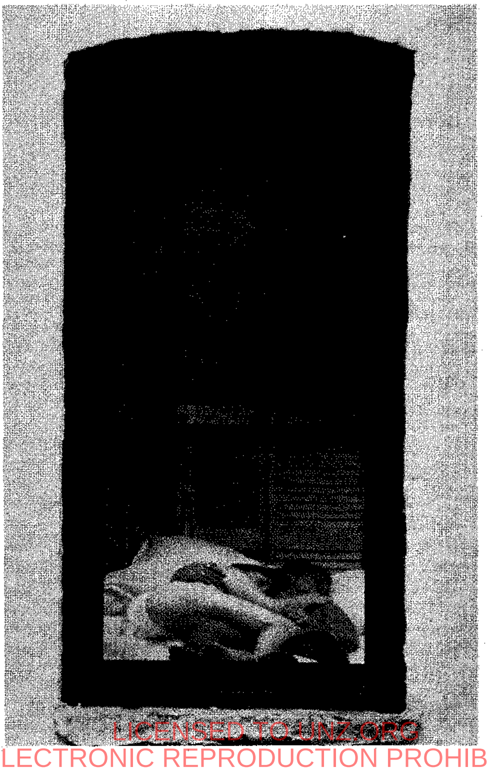
A Different Light—8/9: *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone* (1961; 1 hrs. 44 mins.); 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"A Spielberg Summer." 8/8: *The Color Purple* (1985) and *An American Tail* (1986). 8/9: *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade* (1989) and *Back to the Future Part III* (1990). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-4520). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—8/4–8/6: Short films. "Essential Cinema: Dziga Vertov." 8/6: *Man with a Movie Camera* (1929). 8/8: *Entuziasm* (1931). "Inspirations of Strong Women: Walter Gutman." 8/7:

Documentary Singled Out

To the ongoing discourse on the state of being single—specifically, whether it is an enlightened, chosen situation or just solitude made bearable by a house pet or hard liquor—add Nicholas Barker's *Unmade Beds,* a film that seems to prove, once and for all, that one *is* the loneliest number (as well as the angriest, most desperate, and, at times, most pathetic). In the British anthropologist turned director's horrifying creation (opening August 7 at the Screening Room), four single New Yorkers candidly obsess about their failure to find a mate. There's Brenda, a former lap dancer who wants a guy with a tiny libido and a fat wallet; Mikey, an aging swinger and misogynist who's "never gone out with a mutt" and isn't about to start now; Aimee, a 225-pound 28-year-old who must marry by 30 or else; and Michael, a five-foot-four Brooklynite who feels the problem is that women spend too much time with their gay male friends. "A lot of people have compared this film to slow-acting poison," says director Barker, with glee. "It hits you hardest about three hours after you've left the movie theater." Indeed, watching these people confront their prejudices, personality flaws, and various physical shortcomings—like when Aimee's best friend brutally tells her she should lose weight—can be a traumatic experience for an unprepared audience. So it's helpful to know that while these *are* their true stories (well, mostly: Barker says about 10 percent is pure fiction), they're true stories *as told by* Barker. He spent seven months with the foursome, taping everything they said and distilling the tape transcripts into a script, creating "portraits" of who they are. "I taught them to perform my version of their lives for my camera," explains Barker, who is, incidentally, married. Though the film was a favorite at festivals worldwide, it was also so off-putting to potential distributors that Barker is now bankrolling its American release himself. Perhaps that's the price he's paying for happily shattering the adult myth that there's someone for everyone. Especially in a city that still believes in it. "The singles scene in New York is so unique," he says. "It is the most demographically screwed city in the world, just because of the preponderance of brilliant, successful, professional women; a massive gay community; and the fact that there's not enough men to go around." And these days, he informs us, there's one fewer: "No Mutt" Mikey was last heard to be living in Mexico. By himself. **PATRICIA FALVO**



The March on Paris 1914 of General Von Kluck and His Memory of Jessie Holladay (1976) and shorts. Also: prints by Gutman. "Michelangelo Antonioni." 8/7–8/8: *The Girlfriends* (1955). 8/8: *Il Grido* (1957). 8/9: *Red Desert* (1964). "Essential Cinema: Harry Smith." 8/8: *Early Abstractions* (1941–57), *Mirror Animations* (1957), *Late Superimpositions* (1964), and *Tin Woodman's Dream & The Kaleidoscope Film* (1967). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Asian American Film Festival—Through 8/23. At Brooklyn Heights Cinema (70 Henry St.) and Sunnyside New Center Cinema (42-17 Queens Blvd.). Call 355-6160 or 925-6014 for more info.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—Through August 29: "The Cinematography of Gabriel Figueroa." 8/8: *Out There on the Big Ranch* (1936). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $6; $4 for members, students, and senior citizens.

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—All features screen at sunset. 8/10: *Bell, Book and Candle* (1958). Rain dates for each: the next night. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.

Celebrate Brooklyn—8/6: *The Unknown* (1927). With Phillip Johnston's Transparent Quartet. 8 P.M., Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. and Prospect Park West. $3 suggested contribution. Call 718-855-7882 for more info.

Czech Center New York—8/6: *Razorblades* (1993) In Czech only. Free. 1109 Madison Ave. at 83rd St. Call 288-0830 for more info.

Donnell Media Center—"Ciné-City: New York on Film and Video." 8/6: *Jewish American* (1970) and *From Spike to Spindles* (1976); 2:30 P.M. 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—"Portraits of Two Cult Directors." 8/5–8/11: *Krzysztof Kieslowski: I'm So-So* (1995) and *Tranceformer: A Portrait of Lars Von Trier* (1997). "Preston Sturges Centennial." 8/4: *Mad Wednesday* (1946) and *Preston Sturges: Rise & Fall of An American Dreamer* (1990). 8/5–8/6: *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek* (1944) and *Unfaithfully Yours* (1948). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater) Through 8/20: "Celebrating Philippine Cinema." 8/4: *Manila in the Claws of Neon* (1975). 8/5: *The Rites of May* (1976). 8/5–8/6: *The Real Mother* (1939). 8/7: *Phil: American Boy* (1997) and *Fatima Buen Story* (1994). 8/8: *Gerry the Tramp* (1964). 8/8–8/9: *In the Navel of the Sea* (1997). 8/8–8/9 and 8/11: *Ask the Moon* (1988). 8/9: *The Affair* (1982). 8/10: *You Have Been Weighed and Found Wanting* (1974) and *Bona* (1980). 8/11: *This Is What We Were Before, How Are You Now?* (1976). Call 875-5600 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); regular screenings $8.50–$15.

French Institute—"The Pleasures of Love, Then and Now." Through 8/18. 8/11: *Une Partie De Plaisir* (1974) and *Mon Homme* (1996). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 9/7: "A View from the Vaults: Recent Acquisitions and Restorations." 8/4: *U-Turn* (1997). 8/4 and 8/6: *A Midnight Clear* (1992). 8/6–8/7: *Surviving Desire* (1991). 8/7 and 8/9: *The Hand* (1981). 8/7 and 8/9: *Miller's Crossing* (1990). 8/8 and 8/10: *Mighty Aphrodite* (1995) and *The Bridges of Madison County* (1995). 8/11: *Goldeneye* (1995) and *Licence to Kill* (1989). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

Museum of Television & Radio—"TV Movies." Month of August: *Queen of the Stardust Ballroom* (1975). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $6.

National Museum of the American Indian—Through 9/17: "Thursday Night at the Movies." 8/6: *Tushka* (1998). Directed by Ian Skorodin. Call 514-3730 for information. 1 Bowling Green (825-6914); free.

Riverflicks—Through 8/14. 8/6: *Splash* (1984), 8:30 P.M.; Pier 54 at 13th St. 8/7: at 8:30 P.M., at Pier 25 at N. Moore St. Call 533-7275 for more info. Free.

The Screening Room—"Midnight Indies: 10 Great Films of the Eighties and Nineties": 8/7–8/8: *Fargo* (1995). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 8/8–8/9: *And Then* (1986). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $5 members, $6 non-members.

Gross *continued from page 31*

$200,000 in gifts. A few days later, Misan told Lattanzio she'd "raised funds to hire an attorney" by selling some of the contested jewelry.

But according to others, Misan didn't pay for her lawyer; someone else did. As we'll see, Misan has a knack for turning up in the most interesting places.

"I fell in love with her," John Lattanzio told me. "I made a mistake. If I have any regret, it's that I asked for the ring back. The ring was a symbol of love. I don't regret falling in love."

The funny thing is, he may not have been wrong to fall in love. For Russians, dreaming is easy, says the model scout. "What is lethal about them is that when they are going after you, they convince themselves for a second that they really love you. There may be another lover coming to see them when you turn the corner, but at that moment, they love you. That's what makes them so effective."

AS LATTANZIO'S RELATIONSHIP WITH MISAN crumbled, she suddenly popped up at the epicenter of the juiciest divorce in years, *Wildenstein v. Wildenstein.* In June 1997, the "Rush & Molloy" column in the *Daily News* reported Alec Wildenstein's desire to divorce his surgically altered wife, Jocelyne. Then, last September, she and her bodyguards allegedly found him in bed in his family's townhouse with a young blonde, at which point he pulled a gun and was arrested. Speculation on the blonde's identity was intense, and quickly focused on Yelena Jarikova, born in poverty on Russia's remote Sakhalin Island, near Japan. Wildenstein had, indeed, fallen head over heels for her, but it wasn't Jarikova in the townhouse, and when she read the reports, she was said to be so furious, Wildenstein had to buy her a Mercedes to placate her.

Jocelyne Wildenstein would soon say she was "99 percent sure" that the mystery girl was Misan, not Jarikova. But now an American woman has told a friend that *she* was with Alec that night, that he'd ensured they weren't seen by the townhouse staff, that earlier in the evening she saw the gun, that he was well aware his wife was coming—indeed, had been in contact with her driver—*and* that he'd given the girl a drink she believes was drugged. "The girl has been located, but she's afraid," someone close to Jocelyne reports.

IT'S UNCLEAR HOW ALEC WILDENSTEIN MET Yelena Jarikova, a rock-hard five-foot-ten-inch blonde. Though it's been reported they were introduced by Gaddo Cardini, a peripatetic Italian dealmaker, he denies it. "He is very sensitive [about] how he met somebody," Cardini says, "because he likes to show off, like all the old men. He will never say, 'I've been introduced.' "

Though Wildenstein was willing to move mountains to win her heart, the middle-aged billion-heir was unsatisfied. "He wanted to buy her the world," says an executive at Ford Models, which took Jarikova on at Wildenstein's request. "He'd say, 'I love her, but she doesn't love me.' I never got that love feeling."

Indeed, Jarikova sometimes seemed closer to the ubiquitous Inës Misan, who she may have known before either met Wildenstein. Lattanzio thinks Misan met the billionaire at Jarikova's 21st-birthday party last September. Soon after, Wildenstein appears to have appointed himself Misan's protector, despite his apparent distaste for her. "He'd say 'She isn't the same class, but Yelena likes her,' " says the Ford executive. Gaddo Cardini thinks Wildenstein let the Misan-Jarikova friendship flourish because he thought it "would help him in his relationship, which had been very difficult."

Things didn't go as planned. "Inës was Yelena's adviser," says a man who saw them together. "She was saying, 'Look, there's a world of billionaires out there, and this is how you play it.' " Cardini agrees: "Inës is more experienced. But I think the advice she give is against the interests of Alec. She was coming out from a relation with a rich guy that she didn't like, so she believed Yelena was living the same story and she probably transferred this. This is how I see it. I am very shrink in these things."

In any event, at 11:45 A.M. on December 5, the detective who served Misan with a show-cause order in Lattanzio's lawsuit found her, clad in a robe, in Wildenstein's suite at the Four Seasons Hotel.

According to people close to the case, Wildenstein also suggested Misan use his lawyer, Raoul Felder, and even paid her legal bill. (Felder did not respond to two requests for an interview but denies any Wildenstein role in his representation of Misan. Wildenstein, Jarikova, and Misan didn't return calls.) Felder wasn't Misan's first lawyer. Someone who knows Michael Bush says that after her engagement, Bush and Misan discussed whether she could get a prenuptial agreement from Lattanzio. She wanted to marry and quickly divorce him and walk away with $1 million. And then maybe do it again. Asked about this, Bush demurred: "I gave advice in this area, but I can't comment because that advice is protected by attorney-

(continued on page 82)

theater

Ayckbourn's Communicating Doors...No Exit

Broadway

Now Playing

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza, which was the hit of Paris in 1995 and of London in 1996, and won awards in both cities. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue requires high-powered actors to animate it, and happily, it gets them. As Marc, Alan Alda puts to insidious use his ability to pester with polish. Victor Garber's dapper Serge harbors under the façade of a convivial man-about-town a defensive arrogance expressed with mounting bile. As Yvan, Alfred Molina is pure perfection. (Simon: 3/16/98.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kim Huber plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costumes by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

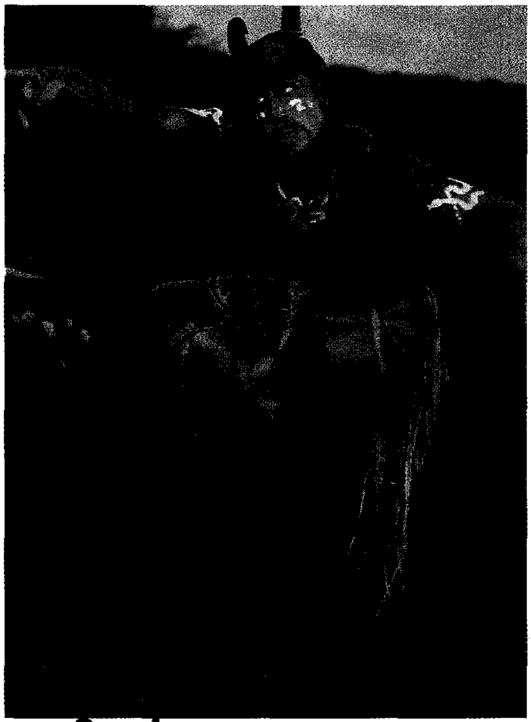
The Beauty Queen of Leenane—Martin McDonagh's Drama Desk Award–winning drama about an old woman's attempts to sabotage her daughter's love life. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning history of African-Americans as told through tap dancing, poetry, and song. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cabaret—I question converting the Henry Miller Theatre into the Kit Kat Klub for this show, complete with poorer sight lines and tables for overpriced and distracting drinks. Otherwise, the Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for recreating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Jennifer Jason Leigh as Sally Bowles. $50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Cabaret, bar, and banquette seating available. Opened 3/19/98. *Kit Kat Klub, 124 W. 43rd St. (719-1300).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.



Opening
The East End

What could make a finer forest of Arden—that dewy serenity, that happy shelter for the forsaken rich—than Theodore Roosevelt County Park in Montauk? The Hamptons Shakespeare Festival presents 'As You Like It' amid this rolling greenery August 5 through 23. Admission is free, though a $10 donation is suggested; performances are Wednesday through Sunday evenings at 7. Call 516-267-0105 for directions and more information.

Photograph courtesy of the Hamptons Shakespeare Festival.

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$70. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200).*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; minimalism prevails. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Karen Ziemba, Hinton Battle, and Tom McGowan. (Simon: 12/2/96.) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

An Evening With Jerry Herman—As the title says, this is an evening with the old Broadway hand, the man responsible for the music and lyrics to *Mame, La Cage aux Folles, Hello, Dolly!* and other lesser-known shows. Lee Roy Reams and Florence Lacey accompany him. $50–$65. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 7/28/98. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

High Society—A hybrid of the 1956 movie musical of the same name and Philip Barry's *The Philadelphia Story.* Music and lyrics by Cole Porter (with an assist from Susan Birkenhead); book by Arthur Kopit. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/98. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, ten years, $357 million, and almost 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show about romance, honor, the French Revolution, and, most important, fabric. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton adapted Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Christine Andreas, Terrence Mann, and Douglas Sills star. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Side Man—This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen, Al, Ziggy, and Jonesy, and the waitress who beds or marries some of them. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven solid actors in a fine production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed, Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Roundabout's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh.

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat*, plays the nun turned governess, and Michael Siberry plays the widower captain. $50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Twelfth Night—If only Helen Hunt could have a *normal* relationship. In *As Good As It Gets*, she indulged the cruelty and peculiar behavior of an obsessive-compulsive man; in this, one of Shakespeare's sweetest comedies, she dresses as a man, falls headlong for her master (Paul Rudd), woos another woman on his behalf (Kyra Sedgwick), and winds up the object of her affections instead. Where's steady, dependable Paul Reiser when you need him? Directed by Nicholas Hytner. $50–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 8/30. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

A View From the Bridge—One of the most distressing tales Arthur Miller ever told. Tony Danza stars as Eddie Carbone, the longshoreman who lusts after his niece; Allison Janney plays his long-suffering wife. Michael Mayer directs. $30–$65. Mon.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Through 9/5. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Beautiful Soul of Don Damian—Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre's dramatization of the stories of Juan Bosch, writer and former president of the Dominican Republic. Free. Opens 8/4. Times and locations vary; call *354-1293* for details.

Collected Stories—Donald Margulies's almost-Pulitzer-winning play about the friendship between a protégée and her mentor—and how it transforms when the former uses intimate details of the latter's life in her first published novel. Uta Hagen and Lorca Simons star. $42.50–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 8/13 opening. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Communicating Doors—Alan Ayckbourn's suspense thriller about a pair of unlikely heroines who travel through time and space to alter the course of their lives. The London critics loved it; the American cast (Mary-Louise Parker, Patricia Hodges, David McCallum) and director (Christopher Ashley) are first-rate. $25–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. Previews begin 8/5 for an 8/20 opening. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave.,*

Preview

Oof! Splat! Ka-Pow!

B.H. Barry is an expert on the aesthetics of violence. He instructs his charges how to strangle. How to *be* strangled. How to unleash the sadistic potential of a corkscrew. Once, for John Pielmeier's *Voices in the Dark*, he had to figure out how to electrocute a guy in a Jacuzzi. Gruesome stuff, that was—the actor buckled and thrashed about, like an onion twitching in hot oil, before he finally went black and limp. For *Communicating Doors*, Alan Ayckbourn's comedy-thriller now previewing at the Variety Arts Theatre, Barry trained his students in the delicate art of shoving women out of windows, grabbing them by their hair, and nearly forcing lethal cocktails down their throats—all without inflicting a hint of damage. Or ruining their makeup. "Bad fight sequences look like a cabaret act in the middle of the show," says Barry, whose 38-year career in fight direction has paired him with everyone from Plácido Domingo to Wesley Snipes. "Good ones look natural. They look like what two characters might do instinctively." So Barry, a former actor himself, reads the plots and the characters of his scripts very carefully, struggling always to imagine their logical physical vocabulary. Then he works with actors and directors to see which moves menace with the least amount of effort—otherwise costumes rip, props move, and slender-framed actresses (such as Mary-Louise Parker, in this production) suffer big blue bruises. "Or the actors look like they're dancing rather than struggling," he sneers. "Or the rhythm slows down. It just looks all wrong." A great number of movies, television shows, and plays bear Barry's handiwork. That amusing scene in *The Addams Family* when the children are carving each other up, limb by limb? His. Those chilling scenes of the rapist tormenting his victim in the Off Broadway production of *Extremities*? Also his. Plus he's killed off countless Richards. And choreographed the sword fights of 48 *Romeo and Juliets*. "What I seem to be good at is feeding into your worst fears," continues Barry with a sunny smile. He demonstrates by slipping his right arm underneath his left leg. "If a man did that to you, it'd be very scary. It's very disabling. See?" I see. "What I do is very different from reality," he later adds. "Real fights look ridiculous. A bunch of grown men hitting each other—it's pointless."

JENNIFER SENIOR

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

at 13th St. (239-6200).

Cymbeline—It's round two of Shakespeare in Central Park—again with a huge cast, including some film recognizables (like Liev Schreiber) and some Public Theater veterans (like Herb Foster). Free. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Previews begin 8/4 for an 8/16 opening. *Delacorte Theater, Central Park (539-8750).* Tickets are same-day and first-come, first-served; pick them up at the Delacorte (nearest entrance is 81st St. and CPW) starting at 1, or at *The Public, 425 Lafayette St.,* between 1 and 3.

The Last Empress—The lush demi-opera about Queen Min, Korea's turn-of-the-century equivalent of Eva Perón, returns to Lincoln Center for a limited engagement. With English supertitles. $25–$65. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for an 8/4 opening. *Lincoln Center's New York State Theater, 64th St. and Broadway (307-4100).*

Now Playing

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

De La Guarda: Villa Villa—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Dress in tatters; bring aspirin. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

Dinah Was—Dinah Washington, who immortalized "Come Rain or Come Shine" and other hummable lovelies, earned herself a dandy moniker—"Queen of the Blues"—before dying at age 39. Yvette Freeman (*ER, Working*) tells her story in this new play with music. $25–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (307-4100).*

Falsettoland—Just as *A New Brain* opens uptown, the National Asian American Theatre Company revives William Finn's eccentric musical from 1990. $30. Mon., Tues., and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 8. Through 8/18. *Vineyard's Dimson Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (505-3003).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $40–$45. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5/97. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—John Cameron Mitchell conceived and wrote this rock concert–cum–musical, in which a German war bride finds herself in a Kansas trailer park and achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Also featuring Stephen Trask and his downtown band, Cheater. $45. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard Crabtree, died in June of 1996, just days after completing the revue. $45. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $47.50–$50. Mon.–Wed. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

The Irish . . . And How They Got That Way—A reprise of Frank McCourt's irreverent, affectionate history of the Irish people. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Jayson—A new musical, based on the short-lived gay cartoon of the same name. Book by Jeff Krell; music and lyrics by Ron Romanovsky and Paul Phillips. $28. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. *45th Street Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. (279-4200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Mamaloshen—Could any man do an evening of Yiddish hummables—plus a deadpan translation of "White Christmas"—better than Mandy Patinkin? The mere sound of his voice would make Moses *ferklempt.* $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Angel Orensanz Foundation Center for the Arts, 172 Norfolk St. (239-6200).*

Murdered by the Mob—When this family gets together, it's murder. *Heh heh heh.* One of two interactive mob comedies now running Off Broadway; a four-course meal is included, plus take-home gifts and fake Academy Awards to the audience's best actors. $55. Fri. at 7:30 and Sat. at 7. *Steak Brokers Club, 393 Eighth Ave., bet. 29th and 30th Sts. (800-MURDERINC).*

A New Brain—Though written still with the old brain, this teetering new musical from William Finn at least manages to fall mostly forward. Here, we get a young Jewish composer-lyricist and what happens when he seems to have an inoperable brain tumor. The music and lyrics are uneven. There is a good deal of hit-or-miss humor. David Gallo's playfully skewed scenery is a distinct pleasure, as are Michael Starobin's tart orchestrations. As director-choreographer, Graciela Daniele, fresh from *Ragtime,* goes from strength to strength; it is she, I suspect, who infused the proceedings with most of their exuberantly caroming originality. The show makes a star out of the personable and versatile Malcolm Gets. Acting or singing, bedridden and sorely beset or frantically careering about, Gets fills the stage with his winning presence. (Simon: 7/13/98.) $55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. 239-6200.*

Nunsense A-Men!—Guess it's habit-forming. An all-male version of the Off Broadway's second-longest-running musical. Music, book, and lyrics by Dan Goggin. $30–$40. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 6/23/98. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Power Plays—A series of three one-act comedies, starring and written by Alan Arkin and Elaine May. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Opened 5/21/98. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

R & J—A four-man, prop-free version of *Romeo and Juliet* that will likely stand out among the tragedy's many newfangled interpretations. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Revenge in the Mob—The inevitable offspring of interactive comedies *Grandma Sylvia's Funeral* and *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding.* A four-course meal is included, so we'll assume the carnage isn't graphic. $60. Fri. and Sat. at 8. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (888-MOB-BOYS).*

Sakina's Restaurant—Aasif Mandvi's charming one-man show about the joys and hardships of an immigrant working on East Sixth Street. $30. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. From lost baggage to lost illusions, from Hertz to other hurts and frustrations, nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $42.50–$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Smoke on the Mountain—A new production of the gospel musical comedy by Connie Ray. $35–$40. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

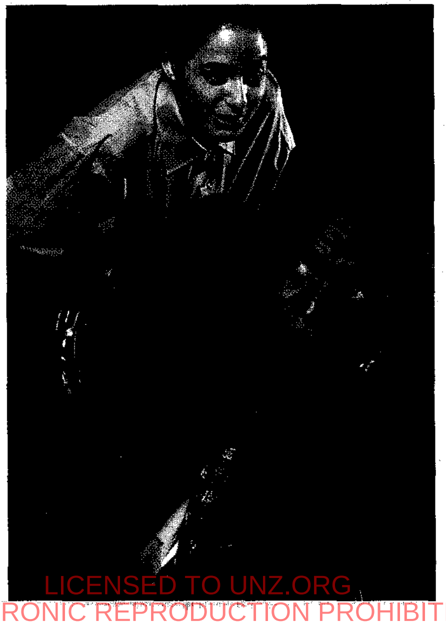
Symphonie Fantastique—Puppeteer Basil Twist dances his fabulous creations around a 500-gallon tank. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 10:30, Sun. at 5. *HERE, 145 Ave. of the Americas, at Dominick. (647-0202).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.,* then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Unzippin' My Doodah and Other National Priorities—The latest, Monica-driven installment from the Capitol Steps, Washington's popular political-comedy troupe. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:30. *John Houseman Theater, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Opening
I Want Eyelids

Hell *is* other people—though the prospect of spending all eternity in a Second Empire drawing room is pretty awful, too. Cocteau Rep begins performances of Sartre's *No Exit,* translated by Paul Bowles, on August 7 at Bouwerie Lane Theatre.



Photograph by Jonathan Slaff.

Photograph by Jonathan Slaff.

Opening
A Fare to Remember

In Theatre for the New City's new touring musical, 'Taxi Taxi! The Equality of Life,' a rock-and-roll angel is sent to earth to find out why New Yorkers are so "distressed." (Before he died, this guy must have lived in Cleveland.) The show is free and will be threading its way through parks, streets, and playgrounds in all five boroughs. See Off–Off Broadway listings for this week's times and locations; call 254-1109 for more information. Performances begin August 8.

Visiting Mr. Green—Hal Linden stars in this new comedy about a relationship between a young man and an older Jewish widower. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

You Never Can Tell—The Roundabout returns to its roots—and what it does best—with this early comedy by George Bernard Shaw. Directed by Douglas Martin. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Roundabout's Laura Pels Theatre, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Off–Off Broadway

Butterflies and Tigers—A revival of John Glines's stories from the Chinese cultural revolution. $20. Wed.–Sun. at 8. *Orenda Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (330-7200).*

Dancing On Ice/Good Sense—This pair of one-acts is the third summer production from the Glines. In the first, a young soldier from Idaho spends an evening with a Puerto Rican transvestite hooker; in the second, a young gay man from North Carolina discusses chicken farming, home improvement, and coming out to a conservative rural family. $20. Wed.–Sun. at 8. Through 8/16. *Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (330-7200).*

Henry V—Expanded Arts' gritty-gummy summer tradition of Shakespeare in the Parking Lot continues. Free. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Opens 8/7. *Municipal parking lot at Broome and Ludlow Sts. (253-1813).*

Larry and the Werewolf—Blood! Gore! And even a few Roman centurions. Adobe Theatre presents a five-part serial about Dick Piston, crime detective. Audiences need not attend every show to understand the plot; the actors, bless them, will begin each performance with scenes from the previous week. Written by Jeff Goode. $10. Sat. at 8 and 10. *The Flea Theatre, 41 White St. (924-0077).*

A Midsummer Night's Dream/The Cherry Orchard—Performed in rotating rep by Gorilla Repertory Theatre. Free. *Midsummer:* Thurs. and Sat. at 8 through 9/26. *Orchard*: Fri. and Sun. at 8 through 9/27. *Washington Square Park. (330-8086).*

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $20–$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (307-4100).*

No Exit—Hell is other people, etc. Performed by the Cocteau Rep.; translation of Sartre's play by Paul Bowles. $24–$30. Thurs.–Sun. at 8, though showtimes may occasionally vary. Previews begin 8/7 for an 8/9 opening. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

Not Like Crocker—Chris Widney's play about three girls, a soccer ball, and a couple of dead guys. $12. Tues.–Fri. at 8. *Metropolitan Playhouse, 220A E. 4th St. (560-7166).*

peregriNasyon—Ma-Yi Theatre Ensemble presents Chris B. Millado's story of Filipino migrant workers in the shipyards of Seattle, the canneries of Alaska, and the fields of Central California. $15. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 7, Sun. at 2. Previews begin 8/8 for an 8/16 opening. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (581-8896).*

Rollin' on the T.O.B.A.—A new musical saluting the black performers of vaudeville, who often worked without compensation and found themselves in towns without hotels that would accept them. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 8/9. *Intar Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. (239-4324).*

Taxi Taxi! The Equality of Life—A touring musical comedy about a rock-and-roll angel who's sent to earth to see why New Yorkers are so distressed. (Before he died, this guy must have lived in Cleveland.) Presented by Theatre for the New City. Free. On 8/8: *E. 10th St. and First Ave. at 2.* On 8/9: *Peace Place Park, 124th St. bet. Second and Third Aves., at 2.* Call *254-1109* for future listings; shows will be traveling to various parks and playgrounds in all five boroughs.

When I Was a Girl, I Used to Scream and Shout—Sharman MacDonald's award-winning coming-of-age story set in Scotland in the fifties. Presented by the John Montgomery Theatre Company; starring Robin Morse and Roberta Maxwell. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Previews begin 8/5 for an 8/8 opening. Through 8/29. *John Montgomery Theatre, 134 W. 26th St., Suite 1202 (627-7076).*

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art

Lillian Ball...Surfing Shots...Poster Auction

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Pierre Bonnard—Drawings from the estate of the artist ranging in date from 1895 to 1945, many of which have not been previously exhibited; through 10/10. Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. (879-0500).

James Lee Byars—Four early drawings in ink on paper and a single wooden figurative sculpture; through 8/31. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Steve Wheeler—Intricately patterned color silkscreen prints that incorporate Native American iconography, Cubism, Surrealism, and Automatism, and were produced in conjunction with the artist's 1947 book *Hello Steve*; through 8/28. York, 21 E. 65th St. (772-9155).

57th Street Area

Shirley Goldfarb—A survey of paintings by the artist (1925–1980) who began as a gestural abstractionist, then switched to a controlled, minimal style characterized by small strokes of color in mosaic-like patterns; through 9/4. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

George Gardner Symons—A selection of *plein-air* paintings by the American Impressionist, who worked in New York and California; through 8/29. Whalen, 24 W. 57th St. (397-9700).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Paul Dickerson—Objects and drawings by an artist (1961–1997) who combined traditional art techniques with industrial materials; through 9/3. American Fine Arts, Co., 22 Wooster St. (941-0401).

Yayoi Kusama—Works on paper from the fifties by this artist who is currently the subject of a retrospective at MOMA; through 9/30. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Ann Lovett—A mixed-media installation that uses photographs, medical diagrams, and text to explore the symbolism of the human body; through 8/28. Dorsky, 379 W. Broadway (966-6170).

Chelsea

Mike Kelley and Tony Oursler—A collaborative work titled *The Poetics Project: 1977–1997* that incorporates painted panels, video projections, sculpture, music, and drawings in a dense, mazelike installation; through 9/12. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (206-7100).

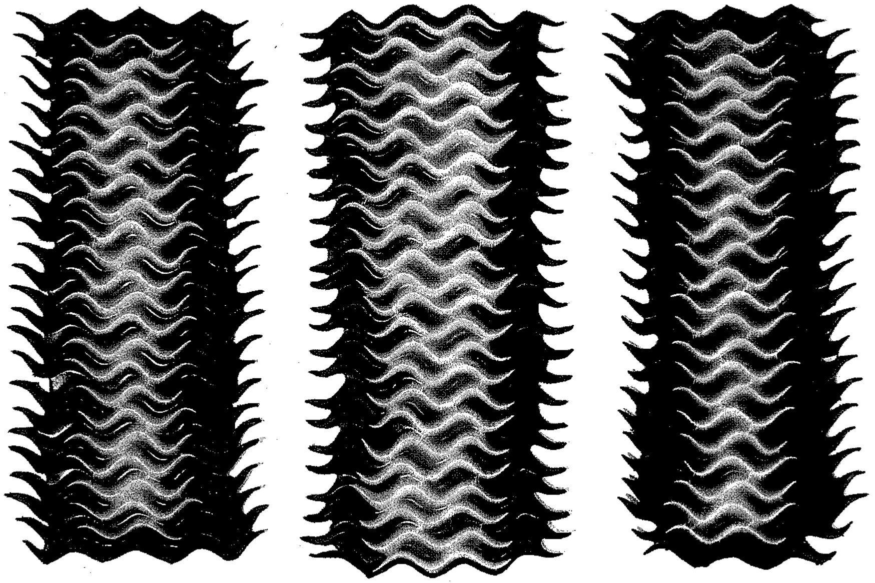
Jenny Watson—Narrative tapestries on the subject of the artist's relationship with her mother; through 8/30. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695).

Andrea Zittel—New living environments from the artist's ongoing "A-Z" series; through 8/31. Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (627-6000).

Other

Lillian Ball—*Support Systems,* A sculpture project for which the artist has molded silicone forms from the negative spaces of a wide array of objects, from plumbing fixtures to flotation devices; through 10/4. Queens Museum of Art satellite gallery at Bulova Corporate Center, 75–20 Astoria Blvd., Queens (718-899-0700), Mon.–Fri. 7–7, Sat. 10–4.

Talent **For her latest sculpture project, "Support Systems," currently on view at the Bulova Corporate Center gallery, Lillian Ball took her cues from the health-club pool adjacent to the gallery, making silicone molds of plumbing fixtures, slides, and other pool-related objects. The results, such as the raised blanket of abstract forms in *Raft of the Medusa* (below) cast from flotation cushions, are, of course, anything but ordinary. At the Queens Museum of Art satellite gallery at Bulova Corporate Center, 75-20 Astoria Boulevard, Jackson Heights, Queens; through October 4.**



Photograph courtesy of the Queens Museum of Art.

Ground Rules:

In the summer, galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Gat—1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441). "NO! art," with a wall-size mural by Lurie, a video and still photographs by Patterson, and conceptual cryptography by Kirves; through 9/30.

57th Street Area

Architectural League of New York—457 Madison Ave. (753-1722). "The Inflatable Moment: Pneumatics and Protest in '68," with sketches, models, furniture, sculpture, and architectural drawings by Aubert, Jungmann, Otto, Stinco, others; through 8/29.

Goodman—24 W. 57th St. (977-7160). Works by Artschwager, Baumgartner, Cragg, Penone, Weiner, others; through 8/28.

Marlborough—40 W. 57th St. (541-4900). Summer show of works by gallery artists Abakanowicz, Botero, Caro, Estes, Grooms, Kitaj, Marisol, others; through 9/4.

McGrath—20 W. 57th St. (956-3366). Sculpture by Amato, Graham, Karella, Twombly; paintings by Caracciolo, Fendrich, Meyer, Trujillo, others; through 9/5.

Pace Wildenstein—32 E. 57th St. (421-3292). Works by Flavin, Judd, Mangold, Martin, Oldenburg and Van Bruggen, Ryman, others; through 9/3.

PaineWebber—1285 Sixth Ave. (713-2885). "Histories (Re)membered: Selections from the Permanent Collection of the Bronx Museum of the Arts," including works by Bearden, Kim, Saar, Weems, Yamamoto; through 9/11.

SoHo and TriBeCa

DFN—560 Broadway, Suite 205. (334-3400). "Bob and Wheel," a mixed-media exhibit by Wesleyan University artists, with works by Ashton Harris, Lewis, Mysliwiec, Zlamany; through 8/29.

Gagosian—136 Wooster St. (228-2828). Works by Clemente, Rauschenberg, Ruscha, Salle, Smith, Taaffe; through 8/28.

Here—145 Sixth Ave. (647-0257). "American LIVING," with works by Acosta, Grossien, Harvey, the Lake Ivan Performance Group, Mansur, Vis, others; through 8/31.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). "1898 Is Still Standing," celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the consolidation of greater New York; through 8/29.

Kasmin—74 Grand St. (219-3219). Works that depict map-related imagery, by Baechler, Boetti, Fuller, Turrell, Warhol, others; through 8/28.

Lee—377 Broome St. (343-3950). "Elasticity," with works by Andre, Dvorkin, Hackett, Lozano, Mondejar, Sheehan, Sweeten, Van Every, Zapf; through 8/31.

P•P•O•W—476 Broome St. (941-8642). Changing group exhibition with works by Adkins, Esber, Fox, Herzog, Lê, Wong, others; through 8/21.

Chelsea

Billis—526 W. 26th St. (645-2621). Works by J. Beckley, Bellan-Gillen, Maier, Olds, Slavick, Weidner; through 9/4.

Protetch—511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999). "From Here to Eternity: Painting in 1998," with recent paintings by 28 artists, among them Currin, Dona, Fraser, Lasker, Lomberg, Nozkowski, Reed, Sillman; through 8/31.

Other

Empire–Fulton Ferry State Park—New Dock St. at the East River, Brooklyn (718-596-2507). "Between the Bridges," waterfront outdoor sculpture show with works by Beall, Brown, Burke, Carroll, Culhane, Jean-Marie, Koole, Kovel, Lipman, Martens, Merrick, Murphy, Orlinsky, Sperber, Ursachi, Yeo, others; through 9/7.

Photography

Danziger—851 Madison Ave. (734-5300). "California Dreaming," with works by James, Dassonville, others; through 8/14.

De Lellis—47 E. 68th St. (327-1482). "Ship/Shape," photographs of nautical subjects by American and European photographers, among them Margaret Bourke-White, James Doolittle, Herbert Matter, Edward Steichen, Weegee; through 8/29.

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777, ext. 100), Tues. 11–8 (6–8 voluntary contribution), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $5.50, $4 seniors and students. "Comparative Concepts: Photographs by August Sander, Karl Blossfeldt, Albert Renger-Patzsch, and Bernd and Hilla Becher"; through 9/13.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (768-4682), Tues. 11–8 (6–8 voluntary contribution), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $5.50, $4 seniors and students. "Mathew Brady's Portraits: Images as History, Photography as Art." A retrospective of more than 100 images by the American photographer (1823?–1896) known for his Civil War photographs; through 9/6. . . . "A Bronx Family Album: The Impact of AIDS by Steve Hart"; through 9/6.

Miller—Six unique mural-size prints made by Walker Evans for his 1971 Museum of Modern Art retrospective; images of diners by Higgins, Klein, Mydans, Tice, Winogrand, others; through 8/21. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Staley-Wise—560 Broadway (966-6223). Photographs by nine women, among them Leah Demchick, Marianne Engberg, Erica Lennard, and Marcia Lippman, that reflect their travels to exotic countries; through 9/5.

Witkin—415 W. Broadway (925-5510). "Sur La Tête," photographs that use the head as a central subject, by Boubat, Cravo Neto, Iturbide, Von Graffenried; through 8/28.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Objects of Our Time." Ceramics, furniture, textiles, wood, glass, book arts, and jewelry by 80 British artists and designers; through 9/6. . . . "Ties That Bind: Fiber Art by Ed Rossbach and Katherine Westphal From the Daphne Farago Collection." Fiber works by Charles Edmund Rossbach and his wife Katherine Westphal spanning the sixties through the nineties; through 9/6. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Cave of the Warrior." A selection of rare funerary objects from an approximately 6,000-year-old intact burial site in the Judean Desert; through 12/6. . . . "Rare Beauty: America's Endangered Plants." Large-format photographs of endangered plants in bloom by Maryl Levine; through 10/4. . . . "Spirits in Steel: The Art of the Kalabari Masquerade." Life-size steel sculptures by Sokari Douglas Camp that were inspired by the traditional masquerades of the Kalabari people of the Eastern Niger Delta, and masks from the collections of the American Museum of Natural History and the British Museum; through 10/12. . . . "The Nature of Diamonds." An exhibition exploring all aspects of the mineral, from its geological origins to its place in history, art, adornment, and literature, featuring significant gems from around the world; through 8/30. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Photograph by Don James, courtesy of James Danziger Gallery.

Photography

Tube City

You've got just one week left to see Don James's dazzling surfing shots, 21 platinum prints from photographs that were originally taken on Southern California beaches between 1936 and 1942 and were among the first to document the sport in the United States. At James Danziger Gallery, 851 Madison Avenue, between 70th and 71st Streets; through August 14.

Asia Society—"The Narrative Thread: Contemporary Women's Embroidery From Rural India." A selection of 30 embroidered quilts that were made by Indian women from rural Bihar through the assistance of Adithi, a nonprofit organization; through 8/8. . . . "More Than Meets the Eye: Japanese Art in the Asia Society Collection"; through 8/16. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Tomie Arai: Double Trouble"; through 8/23. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3 suggested donation; $2 students; $1 senior citizens, children under 12 free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"The Dark World of Martin Lewis in Prints and Photographs." A selection of works from the years 1916 to 1962 by the American artist (1881–1962), known for his depictions of New York in the thirties; through 10/25. . . . "Exterior/Interior—The Way I See It: Five Photographers Working in Brooklyn." Works by Peter Garfield, Anne Mandelbaum, Susan Daboll, Martin Dixon, and Michael Spano; through 8/16. . . . "Masters of Color and Light: Homer, Sargent, and the American Watercolor Movement." Approximately 150 works by the American masters drawn entirely from the museum's permanent collection; through 8/23. . . . "Mexican Prints From the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams." 126 prints by 47 Mexican artists, among them José Orozco, Diego Rivera, and Rufino Tamayo; through 8/9. . . . "Sally Victor, Mad Hatter: 1935–1965." Twenty-five hats designed by the legendary American milliner; through 8/23. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum Smithsonian Institution—"Under the Sun." An outdoor exhibition of solar and solar electric products; through 10/25. . . . "Opening Our Doors: Selections From the Design Resource Center." Works from the museum's four collecting departments, Drawings and Prints, Wallcoverings, Textiles, Applied Arts, and Industrial Design; through 8/30. . . . "Fountains: Splash and Spectacle." The first exhibition to explore the function and design of American and European fountains, featuring original drawings, prints, rare books, photographs, and postcards; through 10/11. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"Image and Text: Orientalist Works on Paper From the Permanent Collection." Nineteenth-century paintings, prints, photographs, and illustrated books depicting the Middle East and Africa, by Jean-Léon Gérôme, Wilhelm Gentz, David Roberts, and others; through 9/5. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"Beatriz Gonzalez: What an Honor to Be With You at This Historical Moment, Works 1965–1997." A retrospective of the Colombian artist's paintings, drawings, and objects; through 10/25. . . . "Ruben Torres Llorca: So Quiet in Here." An installation that explores the extremes of cultural exchange; through 10/25. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"Fuseli to Menzel: Drawings and Watercolors From the Age of Goethe." German drawings from the collection of the Munich attorney Alfred Winterstein (1895–1976), by Caspar David Friedrich, Henry Fuseli, Adolph Menzel, and others; through 8/30. . . . "Claude Monet's *Vétheuil in Summer* From the Art Gallery of Ontario, Toronto; through 10/4. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"The Art of the Motorcycle." An exhibition chronicling the evolution of motorcycle technology and design, featuring more than 100 motorcycles dating from 1894 to the present; through 9/20. . . . "Vilhelm Hammershoi (1864–1916): Danish Painter of Solitude and Light." Sixty paintings by the Danish artist known for his images of sparsely furnished interiors; through 9/7. . . . "Peggy Guggenheim: A Centennial Celebration." Paintings and sculptures from Peggy Guggenheim's collection, as well as guest books and other memorabilia from the collector's Venice house; through 9/2. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Hugo Boss Prize: 1998." Works by the award finalists Douglas Gordon, Huang Yong Ping, William Kentridge, Lee Bul, Pipilotti Rist, and Lorna Simpson; through 9/20. . . . "Fabrizio Plessi." Four large-scale video installations; through 9/20. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $8, $5 seniors and students.

Japan Society—"Shiko Munakata, the Modern Master of Woodblock Art." A retrospective of prints by Japan's greatest modern woodblock artist (1903–1975); through 9/25. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155), Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $3 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"George Segal, A Retrospective: Sculptures, Paintings, Drawings." A survey of the artist's works made between 1958 and 1996; through 10/4. . . . "An Expressionist in Paris: The Paintings of Chaim Soutine." The first museum exhibition devoted to the painter's work in nearly five decades, focusing on the period between Soutine's arrival in Paris in 1913 and his death there during World War II; through 8/16. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Louis Comfort Tiffany at the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Decorative art objects drawn from the museum's holdings, including leaded-glass windows and lamps, blown-glass vases, furniture, metalwork, enamels, and jewelry; through 1/31. . . . "Sir Edward Burne-Jones." The first comprehensive American exhibition devoted to the paintings and decorative works of the nineteenth-century British artist (1833–1898) who was among the second generation of Pre-Raphaelites; through 9/6. . . . "The Academy of the Sword: Illustrated Fencing Books, 1500–1800." More than 25 rare books accompanied by swords, daggers, shields, and gauntlets from the museum's collection; through 8/30/99. . . . "Boccioni and Women." Watercolors, drawings, and prints from 1902 to 1915 by one of the founders of Futurism, from the bequest of Lydia Winston Malbin; through 10/18. . . . "The Direct Eye: Self-Taught Artists and Their Influence in Twentieth-Century Art." An installation of works by self-taught artists represented in the museum's collection, among them Bill Traylor and Earl Cunningham; through 10/18. . . . "The Unicorn Tapestries." A short-term exhibit of the renowned tapestries while renovations are being made to their permanent display area at the Cloisters; through 9/6. . . . "Jean Dunand." Furniture and decorative objects by the French Art Deco metalworker and lacquer artist, from the museum's own collection; through 10/25. . . . "The Paintings of Judith Rothschild: An Artist's Search." Paintings by an American artist (1921–1993) who studied with Hans Hoffmann and Stanley William Hayter and is best known for her collages; through 9/6. . . . "American Ingenuity." A survey of twentieth-century American sportswear; through 8/16. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"Masterpieces From Central Africa." Central African objects on loan from the Royal Museum of Central Africa in Tervuren, Belgium; through 8/9. 593 Broadway (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. 12:30–8, Sun. 12:30–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Mary Ann Willson: Artist Maid." A survey of watercolors by the early-nineteenth-century American folk artist; through 9/27. . . . "Edge to Edge: Selections From the Studio Art Quilt Associates." Contemporary quilts by eighteen artists; through 9/27. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—"Israel at 50 Years: Diverse Views by Magnum Photographers." Images by Robert Capa, Micha Bar-Am, Leonard Freed, David Seymour and others; through 9/7. . . . Permanent exhibitions of more than 2,000 photographs and 800 historical and cultural artifacts documenting the Jewish experience from the1880s to the present, and 24 films chronicling the memories of Holocaust survivors. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (968-1800), Sun.–Wed. and Fri. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, eve of Jewish holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"Love Forever: Yayoi Kusama, 1958–1968." The first in-depth survey of the defining decade of the artist's career—1958 to 1968—when she lived and worked in New York, including paintings, sculptures, photographs, collages, two environmental installations, a film made by the artist, and slides documenting her performances; through 9/22. . . . "Tony Smith." A retrospective of the sculptor's work; through 9/22. . . . "Aleksandr Rodchenko." Photography, photocollages, and functional and graphic design work by one of the founders of Constructivism; through 10/6. . . . "Bonnard." The first retrospective of the French artist's paintings to be shown in New York since 1964, focusing on his interiors, still lifes, and figure paintings; through 10/13. . . . "New Concepts in Printmaking 2: Willie Cole"; through 10/13. . . . "Giacometti to Judd: Prints by Sculptors"; through 10/13. . . . "David Goldblatt: Photographs From South Africa." Photographs of houses, churches, public buildings, and other structures in South Africa; through 10/6. . . . "More Pieces for the Puzzle: Recent Additions to the Collection"; through 9/8. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Half Past Autumn: The Art of Gordon Parks." A retrospective of photographs by the photojournalist, filmmaker, novelist, poet, and musician; through 11/1. . . . "Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898." Photographs, costumes, manuscripts, and other memorabilia of New York's theater district of the 1890s; through 1/31. . . . "A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades." A survey of New York City's ethnic parades; through 10/17. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed., Thurs., Sat. 10–5, Fri. 10–8, Sun. 12–5 (summer hours through August 14); $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy Museum and School of Fine Arts—"The Academy and American Art: History and Highlights." Works from the National Academy's collection by Church, Durand, Eakins, La Farge, Morse, others; through 8/23. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri, 12–6 (Fri. 5–6 pay what you wish); $5, $3.50 seniors and students.

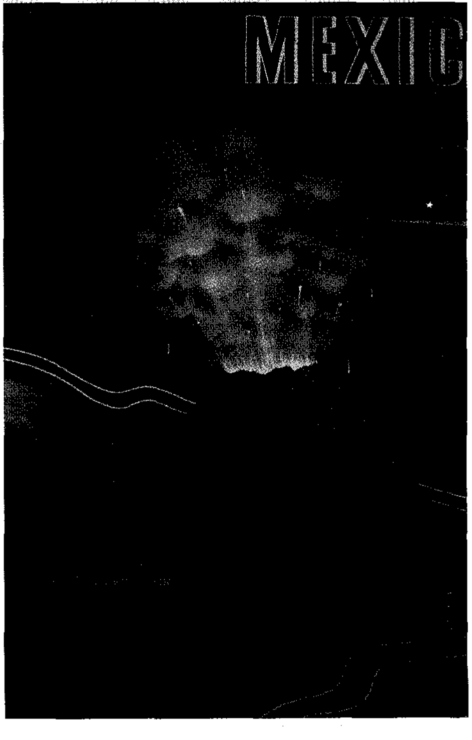
New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Urban Encounters." An exhibition tracing the political activism and artistic production of the artists' collectives ABC No Rio, Bullet Space, Godzilla, the Guerilla Girls, REPOhistory, and World War III Illustrated; through 9/20. . . . "Sweet Oblivion: The Urban Landscape of Martin Wong." A retrospective of paintings by the San Francisco–based artist who first came to attention in the eighties for his paintings depicting the graffiti and street-poetry scenes of New York's Lower East Side; through 9/13. . . . "Bill Bidjocka, Los Carpinteros, Rivane Neuenschwander." Works by five young artists, three of whom collaborate as a group, from Cameroon, Brazil, and Cuba; through 9/20. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"A War in Perspective, 1898–1998: Public Appeals, Memory, and the Spanish-American Conflict"; through 8/29. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"William Sidney Mount: Painter of American Life." The first major loan exhibition of paintings by the Long Island native (1807–1868) often credited as the founder of American genre painting; 8/11–10/25. . . . "Militant Metropolis: New York and the Spanish-American War." Documents from the Society's collections; through 8/16. . . . "Uniting Neighbors: The Role of Settlement Houses in New York City." Historical and contemporary photographs and artifacts documenting the history of the settlement house in New York; through 10/4. . . . "New York Landmarks, Present and Future Direction." Photographs of New York City landmarks from the new book *Landmarks of New York III* (Abrams) by Barbaralee Diamonstein-Spielvogel; through 10/4. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Percutaneous Delights." An installation by the Vienna-based artist group Gelatin featuring pools, sprinklers, sunbathing platforms, saunas, and a refrigerated room; through 8/30. . . . "Gordon Matta-Clark: Reorganizing Structure by Drawing Through It." Works on paper, films showing the artist at work, and recreations of site-specific installations; through

Happening **Poster aficionados know *better than to miss the twice-yearly auctions* held by Swann Galleries (104 East 25th Street). This summer's sale, "Posters," on *Wednesday, August 5, at 2 and 6 P.M.,* promises the usual high-end works (among them lot 385, a White Star Line poster circa *1920 by Frank Newbould, estimated at* $3,000–$4,000), as well as such affordable but delectable ephemera as lot 107, *a dramatic 1945 Mexican poster by Ispert, estimated at a mere $400–$600 (shown below).***



Photograph courtesy of Swann Galleries.

8/23. . . . “John Miller.” A survey of the artist’s paintings and drawings from the past nine years; through 8/30. . . . “Deep Storage.” An exhibit on the theme of storing, archiving, and collecting contemporary art, with works by 40 artists; through 8/30. . . . “Sigmar Polke: Music of Unclarified Origin 1996.” Forty gouaches painted for the Institute for Foreign Cultural Relations in Stuttgart, Germany in 1996; through 8/30. . . . “Mario Merz: L’Horizant de lumière traverse notre vertical du jour.” A work on loan from the Vera Van Laer Gallery in Antwerp, Belgium, that comprises a large glass table on which conical glass vases filled with wine or honey have been placed; through 8/30. . . . “Projects: Gelatin, by Jean-Michel Othoniel” through 8/30. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $4 suggested donation, $2 students and seniors.

Pierpont Morgan Library—“a.k.a. Lewis Carroll.” An exhibition of books and memorabilia marking the centenary of the death of the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (1832–1898), focusing on his life as a teacher, mathematician, photographer, and author; through 8/30. . . . “Settling New Scores: Music Manuscripts From the Paul Sacher Foundation.” Music manuscripts, letters, and other documents from some 60 composers of this century; through 8/30. . . . “A Seal Upon Thine Heart: Glyptic Art of the Ancient Near East, ca. 2100–500 B.C.” A selection of seals from the Library’s collection and from the Yale Babylonian Collection, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and several private collections; through 8/16. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $6; $4 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—“Robert Colescott: Recent Paintings.” A survey of paintings from the past ten years that explore issues of racial identity, power, and gender, by the 72-year-old African-American artist; through 9/27. . . . “Dawoud Bey.” New large-scale Polaroid portraits of students from three Queens high schools; through 9/27. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—“Norman Lewis: Black Paintings, 1946–1977.” An exhibition examining the aesthetic and metaphorical use of the color black in over 60 paintings; through 9/20. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500).

Whitney Museum of American Art—“Unknown Terrain: The Landscapes of Andrew Wyeth.” The first retrospective of the artist’s work to focus solely on his landscapes, inspired by his life-long environs of Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, and Cushing, Maine; through 8/30. . . . “Charles Ray.” A survey of the Los Angeles-based sculptor’s career since 1973; through 8/30. . . . “Richard Pousette-Dart: The Studio Within.” A partial re-creation of the studio the artist worked in for more than 30 years, including 20 paintings from different periods of his career, a selection from his collection of notebooks, and poems and small artworks; through 9/13. . . . “Louise Nevelson: Structures Evolving.” A selection of sculptures and works on paper from the museum’s collection that highlights the artist’s practice of recycling components of existing works to create new ones; through 9/13. . . . “Liisa Roberts: *Blind Side*.” An installation in which a 16 mm. film operates as a sculptural element; through 10/4. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—“Hope Sandrow: *Water Life*.” An installation that consists of underwater photographs of human figures, arrangements of seashells, and the sound of running water; through 10/9. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 8/5 at 10: “Fine Furniture, Decorations, and Paintings.” On view from 8/1.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 8/5 at 2 and 6: “Posters.” On view from 7/31.

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restaurants

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Lower New York

Acappella—Food is prepared tableside at this Northern Italian downtowner. Ask for owner-host Sergio to explain the specials, or choose among veal chops, the Italian-flag combination of three styles of pasta, and lobster Acappella. Try the prix fixe lunch. Jackets required. *1 Hudson St. (240-0163). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Diva—Another hip spot at the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Paggio—After two Long Island triumphs, the owners decided to brave the restaurant battlefield that is TriBeCa. The commodious surroundings, private party room, and TV-equipped cigar room make for a comfortable place to enjoy sophisticated Italian food. Don't miss the grilled polenta with fontina cheese and porcini mushrooms sautéed with fresh herbs and truffle essence. *223 W. Broadway (334-8077). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millenium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for $45.00. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. *55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and

ASK GAEL

What do you hear about the greening of Bolo?

Bobby Flay's been back in the kitchen rethinking the somewhat Spanish menu at Bolo. Quite literally verdant is the roasted rabbit on toasted-coriander risotto that's tinted bright green by mint and spring peas and studded with caramelized cippolini onions. His stunningly pungent gazpacho with tarragon and grilled sea scallops offers instant cool on a scorching summer night. The Iberian affection for rice plays out here in a marvelous paella as well as in squid-ink risotto with grilled prawns, spiked with crab-and-green-onion vinaigrette. The room feels cozier too with new photographs and a livelier crowd of regulars from the neighborhood. A friend at the next table insists we taste her herb-garlic potato purée. That heavenly mash could become an addiction for me too. Entrées $22.50 to $28. (23 East 22nd Street; 228-2200.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose here among 50—and small snacks called *cichetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, frittatas, and crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish, or beef. Perfect for pre- or post-Film Forum noshing. *220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Robiola—Everyone comes for the focaccia robiola, but you wouldn't go wrong with roasted baby chicken, pasta, or anything from the wood-burning oven. This is the second venture by the folks behind midtown's popular Da Ciro. *535 Hudson St. (620-3838). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Opening
Space Oddity

Mars 2112—midtown's latest entrant in restaurant themedom—targets the Trekkie market with a crater-covered, lava-strewn fantasy of the red planet 114 years from now, where, apparently, dishes like chicken satay and applewood-smoked pork chops will still be on the menu. A spaceship, on-site brewery, video arcade, and souvenir shop will keep the earthlings occupied while they wait. (1633 Broadway, at 51st Street; 582-2112.)

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Medusa—A lot of thought went into the décor at this new restaurant: The floors and bar are red travertine marble, and decorative ironwork details the sconces and door frames. The au courant Mediterranean menu includes such specialties as poppy-seed-encrusted tuna with lime sauce and rack of lamb with Chianti and grilled golden apples. *239 Park Avenue South, nr. 19th St. (477-1500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metronome—One of the biggest in a neighborhood known for cavernous dining. The Deco theme and American kitchen are pleasing. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ribollita—This cozy little Italian restaurant is a refreshing change of pace from the new wave of posh Flatiron food halls. Open every day from noon until closing for its namesake soup, unusual pastas, and roasted meat and fish. *260 Park Ave. S., nr. 20th St. (982-0975). (I–M) AE, TM.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

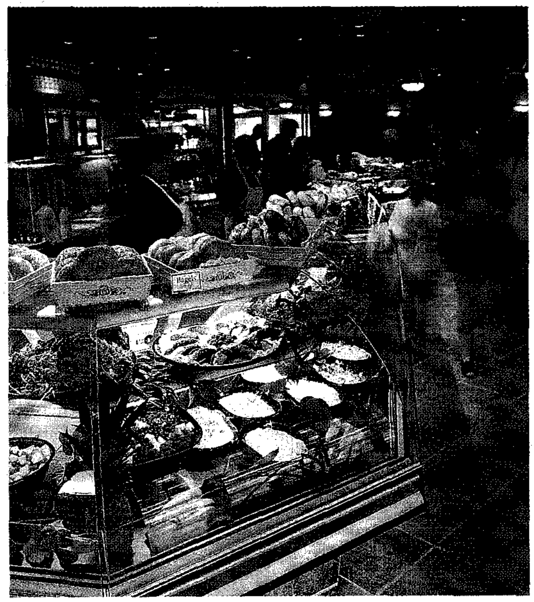
Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Trend

Shop and Stop

Conventional wisdom dictates that you never shop for food when you're hungry. Most of us, apparently, are unconventionally foolish, which makes us prone to maintaining kitchen cabinets full of the sort of impulse purchases that could never constitute an actual meal. Having observed the prevalence of this character flaw, the marketing mavens at New York's fancy food stores have embarked on a full-scale mission to exploit it. Why settle for customers nibbling grapes on the checkout line when they can be enticed, by sheer proximity to aisles of fresh-baked bread and seductive antipasto displays, to stay for lunch? Agata & Valentina is converting its espresso bar into a more substantial café, and both Gourmet Garage and the uptown Fairway are seriously considering adding dining areas. Lower overhead and a double-duty work force make for plenty of financial incentive: The no-frills coffee-and-bagel café annex at Zabar's generates more than a million dollars a year. Eli Zabar, whose café at the Vinegar Factory serves between 1,200 and 1,500 meals a weekend, is only one of the Manhattan gourmet grocers who've realized that shopping and eating can happily co-exist under the same roof. Or across the street. The new sixteen-stool Café Balducci, catercorner from Balducci's proper, is modeled after a European-style espresso bar, serving freshly prepared breakfast and lunch panini, salads, pastries, and, eventually, take-home dinner entrées like veal stew and grilled fish kabobs (445/447 Sixth Avenue, at 10th Street; no phone yet). According to vice-president Alan Butzbach, the café, with its open kitchen and display cases, is "a natural extension of the market's *tavola calda,*" Balducci's mouthwatering prepared-food department. But don't expect waiter service or tablecloths. "Restaurants aren't our forte," says Butzbach. For that, you'll need to venture north to Grace's Trattoria, the Italian restaurant opened last year by the owners of the adjacent Grace's Marketplace. "With the rent and the payroll," says partner Joe Doria Jr., "we wouldn't make it with just panini." Or, it goes without saying, by catering to the weary shopper nursing a cappuccino for six hours. Don't these people have kitchens?

ROBIN RAISFELD



Photograph by Steven Freeman.

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mr. K's—After years of wining and dining Washington's politicians and their retinues, Mr. K has spun off an elegant New York branch in the soaring Art Deco environs of the old RCA building. The menu trumpets fresh, seasonal vegetables—a rarity in most Chinese restaurants—and other house specials like the Peking duck, firecracker lobster, and basil-ginger prawns. Jackets preferred. *570 Lexington Ave., at 51st St. (583-1668). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Park Restaurant—The plush surroundings in this new hotel-lobby restaurant are much fussier, but no more elegant, than the French-American fare concocted by ex–Lespinasse chef Fabrizzio Salerni. Sample dishes include porcini risotto, yellowfin-tuna tartare in wheat crust, steak-frites, and pan-roasted halibut in crispy rice paper. Piano music performed nightly, and cigar smokers have their own private lounge in which to indulge. *109 E. 56th St. (750-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented new chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—After nearly a quarter of a century, this elegant Japanese restaurant is still an oasis in the frenzy of midtown. Owner Fumiko Hosoda offers a traditional menu of tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, plus an array of chef's specialties. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, cherubs, jazz onstage, and New American cuisine. Executive chef Neal Myers has a flair with meats and creatively prepared seafood, like pepper-crusted tuna with black bean-and-mango sauce, and crab cakes accompanied by cole slaw rolls. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place where you kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. *987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district landmark is still owned, incredibly, by its founding family. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piedmontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. A $55 spring tasting menu features new fish dishes. The garden is a summertime oasis. *321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe's Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

C2 at the China Club—The restaurant at the newly relocated China Club is conspicuously upscale for its Eighth Avenue address and surprisingly calm for its affiliation with the dance club upstairs. Chef Eban Ross has created an eclectic menu of Asian-influenced dishes like tuna-and-salmon tartare with daikon-hijiki slaw and braised lamb shank with maple-roasted acorn squash. *268 W. 47th St. (398-3800). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Coco Pazzo Teatro—Tucked away alongside the Royalton Hotel, this popular theater-district hangout is equally suited for a drink before the curtain or a leisurely meal after the show. The colorful dining room is a comfortable, informal spot for hearty dishes like Florentine steak with crispy herbed fries, and lobster with saffron pasta. *235 W. 46th St. (827-4222). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Commonwealth Grill & Brewery—This Boston brewery import in Rockefeller Center attracts a riotous after-work crowd for its craft beers. The lunch and dinner menus feature American fare like grilled swordfish over lemon pasta, braised lamb shank, duck breast, and tuna, not to mention the obligatory burger. *35 W. 48th St. (977-2269). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the $19.98 prix fixe. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Molyvos—This interpretive Greek restaurant a stone's throw from Carnegie Hall is a large, styl-

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ishly rustic showcase for chef Jim Botsacos's serious Mediterranean menu. Sit at one of the tables up front for drinks and meze, or indulge larger appetites with dishes like grilled octopus, rabbit stifado, and vegetable dolmades. *871 Seventh Ave., nr. 55th St. (582-7500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

No. 18—During the day, this sleekly decorated midtown nook caters to the office crowd with an express lunch for an unusually-good-for-the-neighborhood price of $13. At night, it morphs into an atmospheric martini bar and dining room where an eclectic variety of flavorful, well-seasoned American fare is served. The risotto is highly acclaimed, and the $25 pretheater dinner is a bargain. *18 W. 56th St. (489-1888). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like spinach-and-ricotta gnocchi with a vegetable ragout, and artichoke-and-marjoram ravioli in fresh tomato sauce. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rio de Janeiro—Meat is back in a big way at this churrascaria rodizio, where eighteen different cuts of beef are barbecued over a charcoal pit and served nonstop, until you say uncle. Live piano music Wednesday through Saturday; prix fixe menus available ($18.95 at lunch; $29.95 at dinner). *127 W. 43rd St. (575-0808). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak—and, for iconoclasts, the inevitable chops, chicken, and lobster—served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. Serious wines, too. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

SeaGrill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, lobster salad with couscous in spicy lobster oil, and pepper-seared tuna steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual Indian restaurant in the heart of midtown is a convenient spot for onion bhajia, chicken tikka masala, dal bukhara, and other subcontinental standards. *58 W. 56th St. (581-1155). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu. Tchotchkes can be had at the "general store" souvenir stand, and cigar smokers have their own room in which to exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Tuscan Square—Pino Luongo's most ambitious project yet, this Rockefeller Center paean to all things Tuscan combines a rustic dining room; a downstairs marketplace complex of salad, sandwich, and pasta bars; and a retail department selling kitchenware, clothing, leather goods, and stationery. Chef Patrick Nuti's Tuscan menu offers such enticing entrées as chicken-and-ricotta meatballs and garganelli with pancetta, puréed leeks, fava beans, and baby peas. *16 W. 51st St. (977-7777). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kids' menu. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Deniz à la Turk—The focus in this casual East Side Turkish restaurant is on superlatively fresh fish. Nibble on appetizers like red beans in lemon and olive oil; mashed eggplant salad; and mussels stuffed with rice, pine nuts, and currants. The seafood and meat—like lamb chops, Turkish meatballs, and ribeye steak—are char-grilled and succulent. *400 E. 57th St. (486-2255). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pondicherry—Although the entrance is situated directly next to the Paris Theatre, this new restaurant is somewhat sequestered down a flight of stairs. But the serene, comfortable environs are anything but cramped. Filmmaker Ismail Merchant is credited with contributing several recipes to chef Jean-Luc Kieffer's French-Indian menu. Some representative dishes include bouillabaisse, chicken biryani, French-Indian lamb stew, and ginger salmon. *8 W. 58th St. (750-7474). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

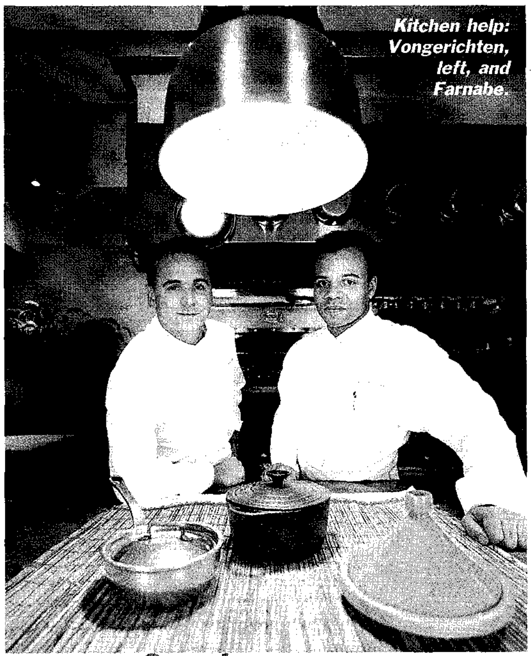
Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, be-



Kitchen help: Vongerichten, left, and Farnabe.

Opening

Can't Stand the Heat

Speed-dialers, on your marks: The much-anticipated Mercer Kitchen begins dinner service today. By now, you're probably the last of your preview-privy circle to belly up to the communal tables for a taste of Jean-Georges Vongerichten's newfangled Provençal-American menu. His chef de cuisine Richard Farnabe is in charge of the open kitchen and all its scattered stations: salad bar, raw bar, rotisserie, and woodburning oven, from which comes such diverse concoctions as a green pizza (tofu, leeks, olives, and baby greens) and the tarte Alsatian flambé. (99 Prince Street; 966-5454.)

Photograph by Bernd Auers.

sides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Coco Pazzo—Pino Luongo's Upper East Side temple of Tuscan is a neighborhood spot for a particularly demanding neighborhood. For everyone else, dishes like potato ravioli with sautéed leeks and truffle oil, and breaded pork chop with mizuna salad and red onion—not to mention an award-winning wine list, definitely merit a special trip. Try the jazz brunch. *23 E. 74th St. (794-0205). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

540 Park @ The Regency Hotel—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a clubby, comfortable atmosphere. The regional, eclectic menu ranges from seared-tuna spring roll and chicken-fried lobster to barbecued duck and black-bean quesadilla. If the term "power breakfast" didn't originate here, it should have. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4050). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

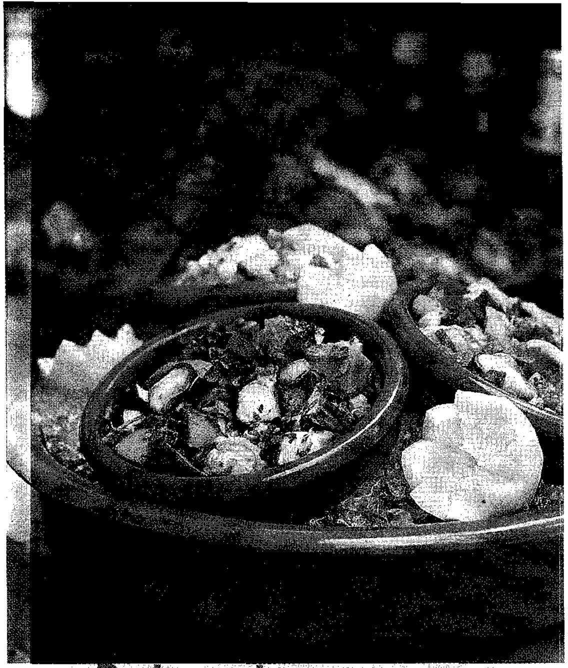
Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from new chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like jumbo lump-crab gyoza and coriander-spiced tuna loin. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canaï, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*



Restaurant

Fishful Thinking

At his new restaurant, Sonora, chef Rafael Palomino has redefined the ubiquitous raw bar by substituting creative Latin-American seviches, the citrus-cured-raw-fish appetizers. The daily selection, dispensed from a marble counter on the outdoor patio café, incorporates ingredients and recipes from Chile, Peru, Ecuador, and Colombia. [222 East 39th Street; 297-0280.]

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. *853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Vermicelli—The décor of this restaurant is meant to evoke a much milder version of the Vietnamese jungle, with birdcage fixtures and a bamboo bar. Try the crispy shrimp rolls, cracked lobster with a ginger-scallion-and-honey sauce, or the grilled pork chop. *1492 Second Ave., nr. 77th St. (288-8868). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Coco Opera—This West Side branch of Pino Luongo's national chain of Tuscan restaurants is perfectly situated for a meal before or after a Lincoln Center performance. House specials include sautéed veal chop with chickpeas and fried sage, and rigatoni with sun-dried tomatoes, capers, black olives, and chili peppers. *58 W. 65th St. (873-3700). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The $42.50 dinner prix fixe, available Sunday through Thursday, is a great deal. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Long Island

Seafood Barge—Every seat has a view of the water at this North Fork restaurant, and as you'd expect, the menu reflects the location. Calamari, crab cakes, oven-poached bass, lobster, and mussels are just a sampling of the house specialties. And the wine list, commendably, is heavy on Long Island vineyards. *62980 Main Rd., at Port of Egypt Marina, Southold (516-765-3010). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Photograph by Dasha Wright Ewing.

nightlife

Seinfeld on Broadway...Mouskouri on TV

Concerts

"Blues Cruise"—A weekly spin through the muddy waters of, uh, New York Harbor. 8/4: Lonnie Brooks. 8/11: Terrance Simien. Boat departs at 7 and 9:30 P.M., rain or shine. *Pier 16, South Street Seaport (630-8888). $25.*

Andrea Bocelli—Backed by the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, the Italian superstar belts 'em out and knocks 'em dead. 8/6 at 8 P.M. *Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (307-7171). $45–$100.* 8/8 at 8:30 P.M. *Continental Air Arena. East Rutherford, N.J. (307-7171). $45–$100.*

Jimmy Buffett & the Coral Reefer Band—One of those American institutions that inexplicably refuse to die (and, along with the Grateful Dead, one of the original models for hippie moguls like Ben and Jerry), Buffett, with his visions of beachside decadence and drunkenness, gets more weirdly charming with each passing year. 8/6 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $15–$28.*

Don Byron & Existential Dred—On his new album, *Nu Blaxploitation*, the wildly talented clarinetist turned his ever-shifting attention to urban-film soundtracks, after flirting with klezmer and cartoon themes in recent years. The new disc is potentially intriguing, though couldn't we all use a break from Last Poets–derived performance-poetry, Don? 8/5 at 6 P.M. *Bryant Park Fountain Stage, 42nd St. at Sixth Ave. Free.*

Talent So Bad They're Good

World-weary Aussie romantics Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds hit the Beacon Theatre August 8 to serve up the perfect summer cocktail: two parts Eros, two parts Thanatos, and a dash of Elvis obsession. See "Concerts."

"Celebrate Brooklyn"—8/7 at 7:30 P.M.: The Black Rock Coalition Orchestra. 8/8 from 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.: Boricua Festival! with salsa legend Ray Barretto & his Orchestra and others. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. at Prospect Park West (718-855-7882, ext. 52). $3 suggested contribution.*

Central Park SummerStage—From family programs to acid-eating garage rock, the most eclectic music in the city is also the best deal around. It's all free (unless otherwise noted), so go ahead and explore. 8/5: New York Grand Opera. 8/6: Linton Kwesi Johnson; Tracie Morris with Vernon Reid. 8/8: Dar Williams; Toshi Reagon & Big Lovely. 8/9: Abida Parveen; Junoon; Badar Ali Khan. Weekday shows at 7 P.M.; weekends at 3 P.M. *Rumsey Playfield, near 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (360-1399). Free.*

Ray Charles—What can you say about Ray Charles? Simply the greatest rhythm-and-blues performer in history, he packs as much piano-pounding wallop now as he ever has (and he's still got the lovely Raylettes backing him up). This date may not be quite as intimate as the weeklong run he did at Tramps a few years back, but the high-class setting should more than compensate. 8/6 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, 50th St. at Sixth Ave. (307-7171). $32–$52.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

"Concerts in the Parks"—Blues, soul, and salsa weekly—all free. See? The Parks Department does know about some artists beside Garth. 8/4: Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown. 8/11: The Dramatics. All shows at 7 P.M. *Sunset Park, Brooklyn (212-360-8290). Free.*

The Craig Crawford Players & Ray Santos and his Caribbean Music Experience—With Alfredo "Chocolate" Armenteros. 8/4 at 6 P.M. *Wagner Park, Battery Park City (945-0505). Free.*

Deep Purple—This seaside gig lends fresh meaning to "Smoke on the Water." With ELP and Dream Theater. 8/9 at 7:30 P.M. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $15–$40.*

"H.O.R.D.E. Festival"—John Popper's roving jam-a-thon reinvents itself annually even more dramatically than the late Lollapalooza. This year's model features Blues Traveler (the one constant), plus Ben Harper & the Innocent Criminals, Paula Cole, Barenaked Ladies, Alana Davis, Robert Bradley's Backwater Surprise, Gov't Mule, Catatonia, Renee Lopez, and Conehead Buddha. 8/5 at 4:30 P.M. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $15–$30.*

"Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors"—8/7 at 6:30 P.M.: Claude "Fiddler" Williams. *North Plaza.* 8/8 at 2 P.M.: Reginald Yates Bantana African Drumming. *North Plaza.* 8/9 at 8 P.M.: "¡Celebración Dominicana!" with Grupo Batey; La Banda Loca; Bachata. *Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center (721-6500). Free.*

Matchbox 20—With Soul Asylum and Semisonic. 8/8 at 7:30 P.M. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $15–$28.*

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds—Singing about romance and murder, spewing punk rock, and publishing novels, Australia's Cave is a literary rocker *par excellence.* He's just released a greatest-hits compilation, so get ready to ride the rock-and-roll time machine. 8/8 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (307-7171). $25–$35.*

Jerry Seinfeld—In his Broadway debut, "I'm Telling You for the Last Time." (See page 80.) 8/5–8/8 at 7 and 10 P.M.; 8/9 at 5 and 9 P.M. *Brodhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200). Sold out.*

Sonny Rollins—See page 32. 8/9 at 4 P.M. *Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center (496-7070). Free.*

"Smooth Jazz Cruise"—A weekly troll leaving from the Seaport. 8/6: Vinx. Boat departs at 7 and 9:30 P.M., rain or shine. *Pier 16, South Street Seaport (630-8888). $30.*

Soulfly—With Snot and Incubus. 8/6 at 7:15 P.M. *Roseland Ballroom, 239 W. 52nd St. (245-5761). $17.50–$20.*

"A Tribute to Harlem"—8/7 at 6:30 P.M. Sarah McLawler plays Wild Blue Davis, Bill Doggett, and others. *Museum of the City of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (543-1672). $5 suggested contribution.*

The Verve—The visionary's answer to Oasis, this London quintet tempers its over-the-top sonic bombast with enough tasty hooks and disarmingly flaky mysticism to help one overlook any self-involvement or grandstanding. The kids are dying for the follow-up to last year's *Urban Hymns*, but in the meantime, this two-night stand should satisfy them. 8/5–8/6 at 8 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). Sold out.*

"Warm Up" Performance Series—Imagine the greatest white-trash beach party in history—with excellent music (think bluegrass, electronica, and everything in between), beer a-plenty, and an above-ground pool. Now imagine it populated with hipster twentysomethings and set among a bunch of smart, engaging installations in the front yard of the best contemporary-art museum in the city. That, in a nutshell, is the "Warm Up" performance series. Shows start at 4 P.M. 8/8: In Hi-Fi; Sven Love; D.J. Adam Scott; Q-Burns. *P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center, 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th St., Long Island City (718-784-2084). $5 suggested contribution.*

Clubland

Acme Underground—Once a skanky afterthought beneath a Cajun eatery, this intimate club has been overhauled, been cleaned up, and become the unlikely venue of choice for big-name rockers and legitimate up-and-comers alike. 8/8–8/9: David Grubbs; Tony Conrad; Solex. 8/12: Mono Puff. *9 Great Jones St., downstairs (420-1934). $.*

Arlene's Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hippish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 8/4: Modern English. 8/6: The Normans. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 8/7–8/8: Vernon Reid, Will Calhoun, and Doug Wimbish; Niacin featuring Dennis Chambers, Billy Sheehan, and John Novello. 8/11: Marc Ribot y Los Cubanos Postizos (see page 54). *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—The Mercury Lounge's roomy new Lower East Side outpost, where up-and-comers can hone their big-room chops. 8/4: Greg Garing's Full Circle. 8/5: Knockout Drops; Hunter Erotic; Booga Suga. 8/6: Seven Mary Three. 8/7: Fastball; Spoon; Feeder. 8/8: Combustible Edison. *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

Photograph by Steve Gullick.

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 8/7: Lullaby for the Working Class; Josh Rouse. 8/8: Poem Rocket. 8/9: Chamberlain. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's Stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flyer-strewn pit—in a good way. Dig the new, unscuzzy basement lounge. 8/8: Shirley Temple of Doom. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. Every Sunday in August at 9 P.M.: Open Blues Jam. 8/4: Cadillac Moon. 8/5: Anthony Kane. 8/6: Hiram Bullock. 8/7: Dana Fuchs. 8/8: Bobby Radcliff. 8/10: Robert Charles. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 8/5: Brian Jonestown Massacre. 8/6: The Hissyfits; The Kowalskis. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. 8/5: Dirty & Cheeky; the Novellas. 8/7: Lianne Smith; Peter Salette; Travis Pickle. 8/8: Dave's True Story; Everlounge; Voodoo Martini. 8/9: Jackie Beat. 8/10: Lina Koutrakos. 8/11: Cocktail Angst; Very Very; the Human Laird Dog. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 8/11: Grant Lee Buffalo. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The ever-expanding Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, four stages, four microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. Chill out in the subbasement Old Office lounge. 8/5: Elliott Sharp's Terraplane. 8/6–8/7: Jonathan Richman. 8/8: The Skatalites. 8/9: Terry Riley; Krishna Bhatt; George Brooks. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Life—At the only hip place on Bleecker Street, Wednesday night's "Lust For Life" gets you in touch with your inner rock-and-roll rump-shaker. Every Sunday night, "Flick6ix," whose hosts show campy films and stage appropriately themed live entertainment, takes over. 8/5: John Cale and Siouxsie Sioux with the Creatures. *158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues. 8/5: Eddie King. 8/6–8/7: Walter "Wolfman" Washington. 8/10: Rhett Tyler. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUES).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 8/4: Matt Wilson; Brown Mary. 8/5: Cravin' Melon; Yolk; Paul Rudderman. 8/6: Mach Five. 8/7: The Pinetops; Nancy Heyman. 8/9: Garlands; Uncle. 8/10: The Prissteens; Hot Water. 8/11: Varnaline; Willie Nile. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music, reggae, and soul-jazz venue, presenting acts that could fill stadia back home and local talent that might one day do the same here. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 8/4: Yellowman. 8/5: King Chango. 8/6: "Basement Bhangra." 8/7: BooZoo Chavis and the Magic Sounds; Andy Palacio. 8/8 Juliana Aquino. 8/10: Juan Pablo Torres. 8/11: Jr. Jazz. 8/12: "Urban Tap." *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Shine—Open only since December, Shine's already attracting crowds, and the usual celebrity suspects, like John-John, Wesley Snipes, megacool oldtimers like Jimmy Plant and Robert Page, and Leo, Leo, Leo! *285 West Broadway, at Canal St. (941-0900).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 8/4: Badar Aukhan. 8/6: Vision of Disorder; Earth Crisis; Fury of Five. 8/8: Belizbeha; Primordial Source. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

On Air
Greek Key

Nana Mouskouri is the biggest-selling female singer in the world—releasing 450 albums, collaborating with Quincy Jones, and singing in no fewer than ten languages during her three-decade career. Strange, then, that most of the bespectacled Greek superstar's recent U.S. exposure has been courtesy of late-night infomercials. And while the Beastie Boys recently gave the genre a major cred boost, long-form advertising still isn't exactly the hipster's media outlet of choice. So, in conjunction with her new live album, *Concert for Peace*—on which she gives her trademark adult-pop treatment to spirituals from around the world, including Mahalia Jackson's "In the Upper Room"—Mouskouri will take a leaf from the John Tesh school of stardom and broadcast said concert (repeatedly) on public TV. So is this the breakthrough she's been looking for? Speaking poolside from her home in Geneva, Mouskouri is circumspect. "I've never spent enough time in the U.S. to establish myself there the way I have in Europe," she says. On the other hand, she has one long-term American fan who counts for at least a million album sales. Bob Dylan, she notes, wrote a song, "Every Grain of Sand," especially for her after the two met in the late sixties. Take that, Tesh! *Concert for Peace*, the TV show, first airs in New York, August 8, on WLIW (Channel 21) at 8 P.M.

Photograph by Uwe Ommer.

Twilo—The former Sound Factory keeps the ravers raving all night (and well into the morning) with first-class techno, house, and drum-and-bass. *530 W. 27th St. (268-1600).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Monday is the long-running drum-and-bass extravaganza "Konkrete Jungle." Through 8/8: "Jerry Week: A celebration of the music & memory of Jerry Garcia & the Grateful Dread." 8/4: The Cannabis Cup Band. 8/5: 2 Skinnee J's; the Getaway People. 8/6–8/7: Jorma Kaukonen with Mike Falzarano and Pete Sears. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244)* $.

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays in August, Charli Persip & Supersound. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $10–$30 cover; $10 minimum. 8/10, 8/17, 8/24, 8/31: Toshiko Akitoshi Jazz Orchestra featuring Lew Tabackin. 8/5–8/8: Stanley Turrentine Quintet. 8/9: Jack Wilkins Trio. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 8/4–8/9: Sergio Mendes & Brasil '99. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Tuesdays in August feature Dave Fiuczynski. Swing nights continue on August 5 with Jet Set Six. Sets at 7 P.M. and 10 P.M. 8/7–8/8: Stripped. 8/9: Ray Vega and Trompeta Tropical Project. *174 Orchard St. (780-0313).*

Iridium—In the cozy basement across from Lincoln center, you'll find some of the finest chow in jazzland, plus formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 8/4–8/9: Monty Alexander Trio. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hardboppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. The crowds are still thin on weeknights, which is a good thing for audiences: You can't keep a scene like this secret for long. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7 P.M., Irish guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. 8/4–8/8: The Frank Morgan Quartet. Sets Sun. and Tues.–Thurs. at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight; $10–$15 cover on weekdays, $15–$20 cover on Fri. and Sat. $10 minimum all nights. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—*An intimate downtown restaurant with* good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble.

8/4–8/9: Jane Ira Bloom Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. Through 8/9: Skip Wilkins and Jill Allen. $5 cover; no minimum. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, this alcohol-free sub-Delancey hole-in-the-wall's got its sights set on the Knitting Factory demographic. (So far, indications are good: A recent night was so packed, even local luminary John Lurie got turned away at the door.) All summer, John Zorn brings in assorted players to make the scene. 8/5: Eyvind Kang. 8/6: Tim Berne. 8/7: Cyro Baptista's Beat the Donkey. 8/8: "Liminal Lounge." 8/9: Mark Feldman. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 8/4–8/9: Wycliffe Gordon and his Quintet, with Eric Reed. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Zinno—Recently renovated, this pretty Italian restaurant has moved its stage into the large dining room—affording good sight lines from most of the tables (though largely obscuring the view from the bar), and shifting the place's feel from restaurant-with-jazz to jazz-club-with-dining. 8/5 and 8/8: Eric Alexander Trio. Shows Mon.–Sat. at 8 P.M. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50; two-drink minimum.*

Catch a Rising Star—Chelsea's high-class variety showplace offer's sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and music—all in a theater vaguely reminiscent of the old *Late Night With David Letterman* set. Friday's "The Big Bad Music Show" explores that riskiest of all entertainment territory, humor rock. Shows Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. *253 W. 28th St. (244-3005).*

Chicago City Limits—The long-running and much-ballyhooed troupe, performing its latest, "@ChicagoCityLimits.comedy." Wed.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M., Fri.–Sat. at 8 and 10:30 P.M. $20 cover. *Chicago City Limits Theatre, 1105 First Ave., at 61st St. (888-LAFF).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Through 8/9: Tom Rhodes; Mitch Hedberg; Jim Norton; Kevin Brennan; Robert Kelly; Tom Papa. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 8:30 P.M., 10:15 P.M., and midnight; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 8/9: Rich Ramirez, Nancy Redman, Jim Norton, Justin McKinney, Richie Byrne, John Rizzo. 8/10–8/16: Carrie Karavas, Greg Rogel, Joe Mulligan, John Rizzo, Nancy Redman. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 8/7–8/8: Tom Pappa; Keith Robinson; Jim David. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Luna Lounge—At Monday night's "Eating It," graduates of *The State* and *Saturday Night Live* turn up regularly, as does Janeane Garofalo. Expect lots of personal monologues, of a post-Spalding Gray variety, plus the odd freak in dime-store costumes and glitter-encrusted wings performing numbers from the Krofft Superstars show. Some of it is successful, some is not, but none of it is Jay Leno warmed over. $5 cover. *171 Ludlow St. (260-2323).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 8/7–8/8: Tom Cotter; Gregg Rogell; Mike Estime; Gregg Fitzsimmons. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

"We Rule the Planet"—A collection of comedy routines by Eric Slovin and Leo Allen. Every Thursday through 9/3 at 10:30 P.M. *Here, 145 Sixth Ave., at Spring St. (647-0202). $10.*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. 8/4–8/22: Lainie Kazan. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—$10 music charge; no minimum. Through 9/10: Peter Mintun. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Joining the ever-growing list of performers to offer such "tributes," singer-pianist Kathleen Landis performs the work of George Gershwin in "Things Are Looking Up." $12 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (940-8195).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? Every Tuesday and Thursday in August: Bevin Kaye in "Bitch Buffet." $10–$15 cover, two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788). $.*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. $40 cover. Closed for August. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—Mondays, John Malino's combo plays jazz standards (no cover). $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Bars

Chez Es Saada—A subterranean orientalist fantasia, replete with fountains, Egyptian pop on the sound system, and exotic drinks with unpronounceable names. Don't be misled by the lack of street-level signage, though: Chez Es Saada is no trendoid-free oasis, and on weekends the bouncers give entry preference to Euro-partyers. *42 E. 1st St. (777-5617).*

Windows on the World—At Tuesday night's "Sway," D.J.'s Angola and Conrad gets the party people jumping to hip-hop sounds from yesterday, today, and tomorrow. Every Wednesday, "Strato-Lounge" turns the "Greatest Bar on Earth" into a full-on cocktail-nation freakfest. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000).*

XVI—Ignore the tour buses parked outside (they're bringing suburbanites to Lucky Cheng's) and belly up to the bar here, along with the smart set. Every night of the week, XVI offers funky drum-and-bass sounds, bubble-jacketed youth, and East Village aristocracy. *16 First Ave., bet. 1st and 2nd Sts. (no phone).*

Talent

Feels Like the Last Time

Jerry Seinfeld is clearly a man who knows when to say when. Only a paragon of restraint could first kill the most successful sitcom in history *after being offered $10 million an episode,* then turn around and retire his entire stand-up *oeuvre* as it currently exists. The latter renunciation (admittedly less dramatic—he is, after all, cashiering jokes that he hasn't told in as long as a decade, though he's also donating the proceeds to charity) takes the form of "I'm Telling You for the Last Time," at the Broadhurst Theatre, August 5 through 9. Though the star made stops in such disparate and urbane locales as Omaha, Des Moines, and San Antonio before hitting New York, the final Broadway performance will be broadcast live on HBO, just in case anybody in the heartland missed the tour. His recent megabucks success notwithstanding, Seinfeld's never truly gone Hollywood, eschewing schlocky studio films in favor of the comparatively pure stream of gags his sitcom afforded him and remaining one of America's last great comics. The last time Seinfeld was working a New York stage, in 1992, he was at Carnegie Hall, charging $20 to $35 a head for a one-night stand; before their near-instant sellout, tickets to the ten performances of "I'm Telling You" went for $75 a pop—an especially significant markup from the price (free) of watching the star on his weekly show. But you can rest assured there are plenty of fans out there whose only exposure to Seinfeld's stage shtick is the 30-second clips that opened and closed some episodes. Thus, to borrow a phrase NBC's been using to flog this summer's reruns: It's new to you. ETHAN SMITH

Photograph by Aaron Rapoport.

in concert

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors

Classical Music

Tuesday, August 4

Emperor String Quartet—Performs Haydn String Quartets, part of a series of twilight concerts. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 6; $20.*

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—Performs works by Haydn and Mozart, with violinist Joshua Bell and pianist Leif Ove Andsnes. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $18–$38.*

Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment—Soprano Emma Kirkby, flutist Lisa Beznosiuk, and leader Margaret Faultless perform works by Boyce, Vivaldi, J. S. Bach, and Handel on period instruments. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $35.*

Wednesday, August 5

Emperor String Quartet—See 8/4.

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—See 8/4.

Thursday, August 6

Bargemusic—Performances of Milhaud, Brahms, and Mendelssohn. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $20–$30.*

Vellinger Quartet—Continues the Haydn String Quartet series. See 8/4 for info.

Kremerata Baltica—Perform Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons,* as well as works by Arvo Pärt, Nino Rota, and Astor Piazzolla. With violinist Gidon Kremer. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $22–$42.*

Friday, August 7

Bargemusic—Performances of Beethoven, Debussy, and Brahms. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $20–$30.*

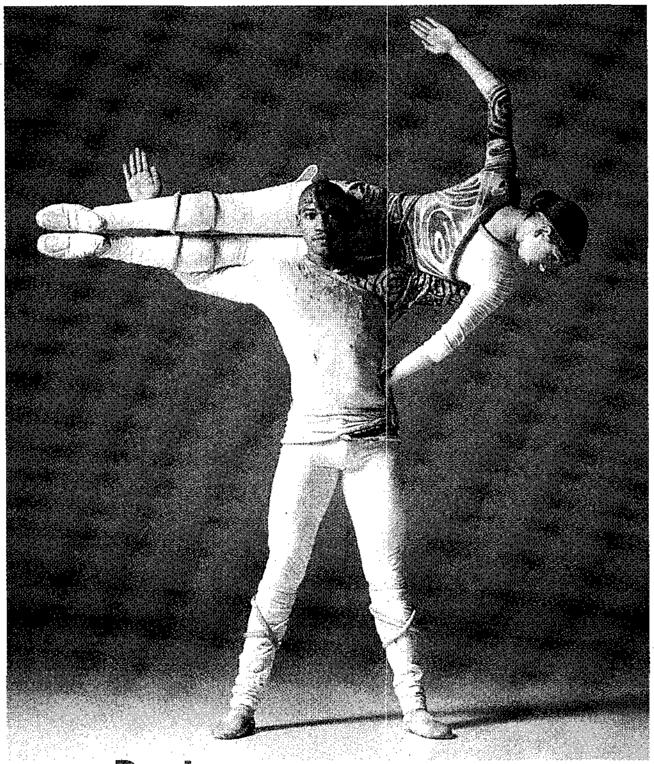
Vellinger Quartet—Continues the Haydn String Quartet series. See 8/4 for info.

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—Performs works by Mozart and Strauss, with conductor and violinist Vladimir Spivakov, violist Paul Neubauer, and soprano Inva Mula. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $18–$38.*

Summergarden—A recital of songs by Leonard Bernstein, Richard Rodgers, John Cage, and others. *Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 54th St. (708-9400), at 8:30; free.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."



Photograph by Lois Greenfield.

Previews
Tech Convention

Tradition-flouting choreographer Eliot Feld brings Ballet Tech, his dance company's latest incarnation, to the Joyce Theater for a two-week run, beginning this Monday. The company will perform two programs of Feld originals, including 'Skara Brae' (with Jason Jordan and Margaux Zadikian, pictured above) and 'A Footstep of Air,' a typically eclectic Feld piece set to Beethoven versions of Irish and Scottish folk songs.

Saturday, August 8

St. Lawrence String Quartet—Continues the Haydn String Quartet series. See 8/4 for info.

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—See 8/7.

Summergarden—See 8/7.

Sunday, August 9

Bargemusic—See 8/6, at 4.

Concerto Köln—Performs works by Rosetti, Mozart, and Vivaldi, with fortepianist Malcolm Bilson and contralto Nathalie Stutzmann. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 3; $30.*

St. Bartholomew's Choir—Continues St. Bartholomew's Summer Festival of Sacred Music with a performance of Palestrina's Missa Brevis in F; Daniel Moriarty, conductor. *St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. and 51st St. (378-0200), at 11 A.M.; free.*

Latica Honda-Rosenberg, Violin, and Avner Arad, Piano—Perform Mozart's sonata in F Major, Beethoven's "Spring" sonata, and a Franck sonata. *Hotel Wales, 1295 Madison Ave. (876-6000), at 6 and 8; free.*

Bronx Arts Ensemble—Arrangements for brass quintet of Duke Ellington, W. C. Handy, Irving Berlin, George Gershwin, and others, led by trombonist Jack Cale. *Rockwood Drive Circle, Van Cortlandt Park, Bronx (718-601-7339), at 2, and McGinley Center, Fordham University, Bronx Rose Hill Campus at Southern Blvd., at 4. Free.*

Monday, August 10

Tokyo String Quartet—Performs Beethoven's String Quartet in E minor and Serenade for Flute, Violin, and Viola; and Weber's Clarinet Quintet in B-Flat Major. With clarinetist Sharon Kam and flutist Marina Piccinini. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$30.*

Latica Honda-Rosenberg, Violin, and Avner Arad, Piano—Perform Beethoven and Franck sonatas. *The Mansfield Hotel, 12 W. 44th St. (944-6050), at 8; free.*

Jazz

Friday, August 7

Claude "Fiddler" Williams—The 90-year-old jazzman opens the Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors Festival with a concert celebrating a lifetime of music. *North Plaza, Lincoln Center (875-5108), at 6:30; free.*

Saturday, August 8

Sonny Rollins, Saxophone—Premieres a work commissioned by Lincoln Center, as part of the Out-of-Doors Festival. *Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center (875-5108), at 8; free.*

Opera

Central Park Summerstage—The New York Grand Opera performs Verdi's *Il Trovatore,* 8/5 at 7:30. *Rumsey Playfield, Central Park, 72nd Street at Fifth Ave. (360-2777); free.*

Dance

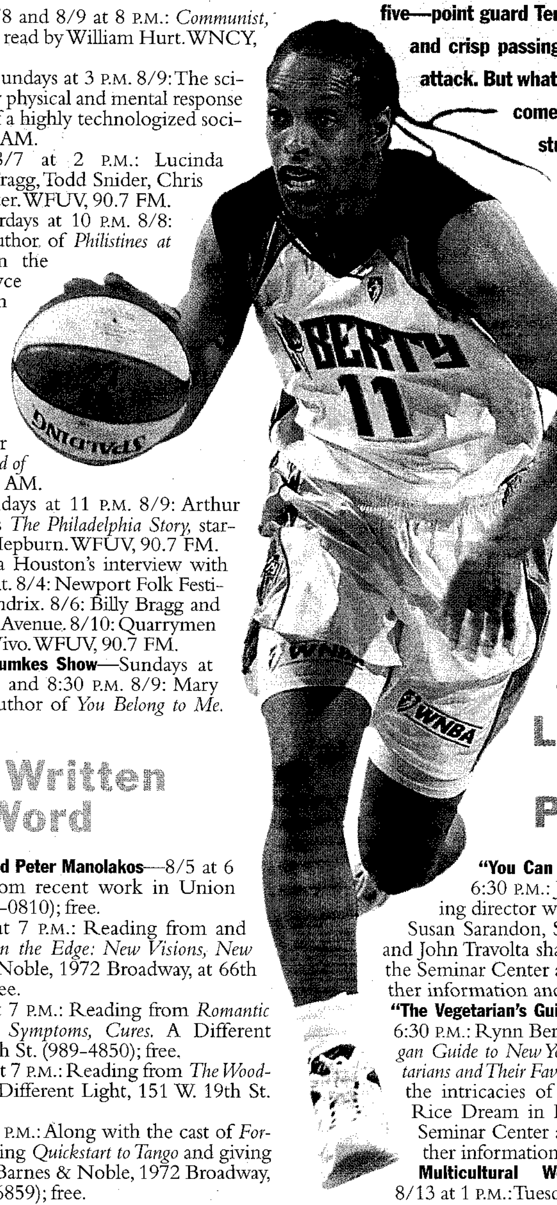
Ballet Tech—Eliot Feld's company opens its summer preview season, performing two programs of classic Feld ballets, including *A Footstep of Air, Skara Brae,* and *Re: X,* 8/3–8/8 and 8/10–8/15 at 8. *The Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $35.*

Merce Cunningham Dance Company—Performs *Event,* a site-specific work created for the Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors Festival, with guest artists Takehisa Kosugi, Jim O'Rourke, and Christian Marclay, 8/7 at 8. *Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center (875-5108); free.*

the mix

Yoga in Tompkins Square Park...GEN ART Summer Festival

Talent 'Spoon Fed



After barely losing the first WNBA championship to the Houston Comets last year, the New York Liberty were expected to make another hard run for the title this season. But they've only recently started to play that way. There's nothing wrong with the Liberty's starting five—point guard Teresa Weatherspoon (pictured) sets the tone with her defensive tenacity and crisp passing, while shooting guard Sophia Witherspoon leads a balanced scoring attack. But what the club lacks is a John Starks–like figure—a fearless chucker who can come off the bench and ignite the team. This week, the Liberty enter the stretch with a tough road game against their conference rival, the Charlotte Sting, then return to Madison Square Garden for a nationally televised match-up against the Los Angeles Sparks on Saturday, August 8. A raucous, packed Garden ought to give the Sparks and their marquee player, Lisa Leslie, some incentive to snap out of their own season-long funk. The Liberty, too, will have plenty to play for: While they're only a few games over .500, the Western Conference–leading Comets have been blowing away the entire league. If there's any hope of bringing the Comets down to earth in this year's finals, the Liberty need to start showing their own explosiveness right now. HUGO LINDGREN

Radio Highlights

Diary of a Retirement Home—8/10 at 4:30 P.M.: Created by giving tape recorders to several residents of Presbyterian Home in Evanstown, Illinois, this documentary explores issues of independence, memory, and aging. WNCY, 93.9 FM and 820 AM.

Selected Shorts—8/8 and 8/9 at 8 P.M.: *Communist,* by Richard Ford, read by William Hurt. WNCY, 93.9 FM.

The Infinite Mind—Sundays at 3 P.M. 8/9: The science behind your physical and mental response to the urgency of a highly technologized society. WNYC, 820 AM.

Mountain Stage—8/7 at 2 P.M.: Lucinda Williams, Billy Bragg, Todd Snider, Chris Knight, Freakwater. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Casper Citron—Saturdays at 10 P.M. 8/8: Steven Gaines, author of *Philistines at the Hedgerow,* on the Hamptons; Joyce Wadler and Karen Brown on the prevalence of ovarian cancer among Jewish women; Sara Zelle and Natalie Hall on their work in *The Sound of Music.* WOR, 710 AM.

Classic Radio—Sundays at 11 P.M. 8/9: Arthur Hopkins presents *The Philadelphia Story,* starring Katherine Hepburn. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

City Folk—8/3: Rita Houston's interview with Rufus Wainwright. 8/4: Newport Folk Festival. 8/5: Jimi Hendrix. 8/6: Billy Bragg and Wilco's Mermaid Avenue. 8/10: Quarrymen with Darren DeVivo. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—Sundays at 9:30 A.M., 8 P.M, and 8:30 P.M. 8/9: Mary Higgins Clark, author of *You Belong to Me.* WPAT, 930 AM.

The Written Word

Peter Constantine and Peter Manolakos—8/5 at 6 P.M.: Reading from recent work in Union Square Park (253-0810); free.

Mel Gussow—8/6 at 7 P.M.: Reading from and signing *Theatre on the Edge: New Visions, New Voices.* Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Ayala Pines—8/3 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Romantic Jealousy: Causes, Symptoms, Cures.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Jon Froscher—8/6 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *The Woodstock Murders.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Jeff Allen—8/8 at 5 P.M.: Along with the cast of *Forever Tango,* discussing *Quickstart to Tango* and giving demonstrations. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Stephen Schiff—8/3 at 7 P.M.: The screenwriter of the latest *Lolita* discusses *Lolita: The Book on Film.* Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Patricia Bosworth—8/4 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Anything Your Little Heart Desires.* Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Lectures and Panels

"You Can Be a Star"—8/3 at 6:30 P.M.: Jane Brinker, a casting director who has worked with Susan Sarandon, Sarah Jessica Parker, and John Travolta shares her secrets. Call the Seminar Center at 655-0077 for further information and location; $38.

"The Vegetarian's Guide to NYC"—8/4 at 6:30 P.M.: Rynn Berry, author of *The Vegan Guide to New York* and *Famous Vegetarians and Their Favorite Recipes,* explores the intricacies of living on tofu and Rice Dream in New York. Call the Seminar Center at 655-0077 for further information and location; $38.

Multicultural Workshops—Through 8/13 at 1 P.M.: Tuesdays: paper quilts and *chirieri,* Japanese ripped paper, workshops with Roya Tsuchiya; *matroshka* dolls and *wycinanki,* Polish paper cutouts, with Amy Kuzniar. Wednesdays: Tibetan monks lead workshops in traditional mandala sand painting, calligraphy, butter sculpture, and Than-ka painting. Thursdays: A workshop in creating turn-of-the-century toys. American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); $5.

Dinner With Arnold Schalks—8/6 at 6:15 P.M.: A potluck dinner with the Dutch artist featured in the exhibition "Ahab's Wife." Newhouse Center for Contemporary Art, Snug Harbor Cultural Center, 1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-448-2500); free with dish, $5 without.

Events

Caribbean Festival—8/9 from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.: The New York Botanical Garden hosts this extravaganza of flowers, music, costumes, dancing, puppet theater, and, of course, jerk chicken. 200th St. and Kazimiroff Blvd., Bronx (718-817-8700); $1–$3.

Day of Yoga and Meditation in Tompkins Square Park—8/8 from 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.: Find balance in the heart of Alphabet City as the slackers around you troll for vintage clothes, at the Freedom Now Project's daylong celebration of all things peaceful. With Sufi dancing, insight, walking, Zen and laughing meditation, Kundalini and Hatha Yoga, yoga for kids, and yoga in Spanish. Participants include N.Y. Insight, Jivamukti Yoga Center, and the Zen Meditation Center. Call 340-1057 for more information; free.

GEN ART Summer Arts Festival—8/5–8/9 from noon to midnight: A showcase of the work of five young visual artists alongside the art of stars of the eighties like William Wegman and Jenny Holzer, and a screening of top independent films from Sundance, South by Southwest, Toronto, the Hamptons, and the Gen Art film festivals. Perhaps most

Photograph by Nathaniel S. Butler/WNBA.

amazing is the event's promise to seat "over 200 people on sofas and large, comfortable chairs." Exit Art, 548 Broadway (290-0312); free from noon to 7, $10 requested afterward includes an open beer bar.

Hudson River Festival—Through 9/1: A celebration with dance, music, theater, film screenings, and art in Battery Park. Performers include the Paul Taylor Dance Company, Elliot Feld's Ballet Tech, the Morgan Scott Ballet Company, and the Tommy Dorsey and Duke Ellington orchestras. Call 945-0505 for additional information; free.

Benefits

A Day of Pants—8/12: Sexperts Candace Bushnell, Bradley Gerstman, and Christopher Pizzo offer advice to the lovelorn at this inspired clothing drive: Women are asked to bring old articles of men's clothing left behind by boyfriends past in exchange for a spanking-new pair of X-Pants by Structure to give to their newest fish-in-the-sea. All clothing collected will be donated to H.E.L.P.—the nation's largest developer of transitional housing and provider of living programs for homeless families. Structure, 34th St. between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (685-4300x151); free.

Tours

The Chelsea Hotel—8/9 at 1 P.M.: More than 100 years old, this Victorian Gothic building has hosted everyone from Mark Twain to Sid Vicious; investigate the rooms and their histories. Call 996-1100 for further information and meeting place; $25.

Sail the Seas—8/9 at 3 P.M.: Sail through the waters of New York Harbor, past Governor's Island, the Statue of Liberty, and the tip of Manhattan aboard the vintage schooner the *Pioneer,* built in 1885 but still afloat. Call 996-1100 for more information and meeting place; $40.

Brooklyn Bridge and Promenade at Twilight—8/6 at 5 P.M.: A walk across the bridge and through the city's first suburb, focusing on the history, architecture, and people of this unique area. Stops include Plymouth Church and the Brooklyn Historical Society. Meet at the front steps of City Hall. (439-1090); $10.

Greenwich Village—8/9 at 1 P.M.: Explore the architectural and literary history of an area that is associated with everyone from George Washington to Bob Dylan and is still as fashionable as ever. Meet at the Washington Square Arch (439-1090); $10.

Celebrities of New York—Saturdays and Sundays at 10:30 A.M. on the West Side, and 2 P.M. on the East Side: Discover the homes of the stars and the countless cinematic sites of the city. Call 683-4133 for more information and meeting places; $15.

Manhattan Treasure Hunt—8/9 at 2 P.M.: Teams of players search for "treasure" hidden around the city. The winning team members are given a $110 certificate from the Sun Spa, and everyone gets free Heinekens at a party after the hunt. Meet at Amici Miei at 475 W. Broadway, at Houston St. (613-6313); $15.

Behind the Scenes at the Waldorf-Astoria—Every Wednesday and Sunday at 9 A.M.: Discover the history and architecture of New York's Art Deco landmark hotel, where Guy Lombardo celebrated New Year's in style and Cole Porter wrote his tunes. Call 872-4790 for further information; $25.

Exhibitions

"Between the Bridges"—Through 9/7: The sixteenth annual outdoor sculpture show at the Empire-Fulton Ferry State Park. New Dock St. at the East River (718-858-4708); free.

"The Making of a First Lady"—8/7–8/23: A 30-piece collection of images featuring Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis and John Kennedy that chronicles their lives from anonymity to superstardom. The Atrium at Citicorp Center, 153 E. 53rd St. (559-6758); free.

Happening In addition to the countless daylilies, hostas, and towering sunflowers blooming in the summer gardens, steel drums, puppet theater, island cuisine, and Moko Jumbie—otherwise known as stilt dancing—are what you'll get at the New York Botanical Garden's Caribbean Festival on August 9. (See "Events.")

"Murray Cukier: By Land and Sea"—Through 12/31: An exhibition of model ships and airplanes at the South Street Seaport Museum's Port Life Gallery, 209 Water St. (748-8600); museum admission is $3–$6.

"Anne Frank—Anguish and Hope"—Through 8/14: Oil paintings and works on paper by Shaoul Smira, inspired by her famous diary. Syracuse University's Lubin House, 11 E. 61 St. (826-0320); free.

"a.k.a. Lewis Carroll"—Through 8/30: The Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, who wrote his *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* under the nom de plume Lewis Carroll, was also a photographer. His works, along with early illustrations by Max Ernst, Harry Furniss, Sir John Tenniel, and E. Gertrude Thompson and an assortment of objects inspired by Carroll's images, are on display in this exhibit. The Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); $4–$6.

"The Year in Pictures"—Through 8/15: Photos of the news of 1997, with a special emphasis on New York City. The Forbes Magazine Galleries, 60 Fifth Ave., between 12th and 13th Sts. (620-2200); free.

"True Sew: Songs of the Sweatshop"—Through 9/20: A collection of sculptures by Linda Lee addressing the abuses in the "sweating" and needle trades from their origins in tenement apartments. Lower East Side Tenement Museum, 90 Orchard St. (431-0233); $3.

"Here & There"—Through 8/15: Documentary photography from New York and the rest of the world. The Access Theater, 380 Broadway, fourth floor (966-1047); free.

Rodin at Rockefeller Center—Through 8/31: A public exhibit of eight masterpieces, including *The Thinker.* Channel Gardens, between Fifth Ave. and Rockefeller Plaza at 50th St. (632-3975); free.

"The Narrative Thread: Contemporary Women's Embroidery From Rural India"—Through 8/8: Thirty embroidered quilts from Bihar, representing the tradition of transforming old rags into elaborate and symbolic artworks that has flourished in the region since the eighteenth century. Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA); $4.

"Landmarks of New York"—Through 8/23: An exhibition of photographs by Barbaralee Diamonstein coinciding with the release of *Landmarks of New York III,* which documents more than 1,000 historic sites. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); $5.

"Proudly We Served"—Through 9/5: Photographs, artifacts, and models commemorating 200 years of service by African-American veterans. Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum, Pier 86, W. 46th St. (957-7055); $10.

Chinese Calligraphy—Through 8/30: An exhibit of calligraphy from the Seal script to the Hsin style, with works by Li Chen Hing. St. John's University, 800 Utopia Parkway, Jamaica, Queens (718-990-1526); free.

"A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades"—Through 1/10/99: Mini-floats, paraphernalia, and photographs celebrating cultural identity in New York. City Partners Gallery at the Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. Call 534-1672 for more information; $5 suggested contribution.

"The New Metropolis: New York, 1898–1998"—Through 12/1: A yearlong exhibition commemorating the consolidation of the five boroughs to form New York City. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5.

Hall of Biodiversity—Ongoing: Devoted to the variety and interdependence of Earth's living things and their critical importance to human survival, the

GAME WEEK

HOME ▨ AWAY ▨

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
METROSTARS							SJ UNI 3PM
LIBERTY			CHA MSG 7:30PM			LA NBC 4PM	
YANKEES	OAK MSG 10PM	OAK MSG 10PM	OAK MSG 3PM		KC WPIX 7:30PM	KC WPIX 4PM	KC WPIX 1:30PM
METS	LA NESNY 7:30PM	SF FSNY 7:30PM	SF FSNY 7:30PM	SF WOR 12PM	COL FSNY 9PM	COL FOX 4PM	COL WOR 3PM
	8/3	8/4	8/5	8/6	8/7	8/8	8/9

Photograph by Sara Cedar Miller.

Surowiecki *continued from page 23*

the long run, and as the U.S. economy slows (Greenspan suggested a 2 to 2.5 percent increase in GDP in 1999), so, too, will corporate revenues.

8. The good news? The economy can remain strong even while corporate profits shrink. When you look at the relationship between U.S. corporations and the American economy, it's worth keeping in mind that competition exerts downward pressure on everyone's profits. Now, the 30 companies in the Dow and many of the companies in the S&P 500 are not, by any stretch of the imagination, in truly competitive markets. But in the past couple of years, a number of dominant companies—Intel, Compaq, and Motorola, to name but a few—have seen their profits eroded by the loss of market share and the impact of price wars.

9. Remember, even a correction would still leave us far ahead. The best thing for everyone involved would probably be if the market just went sideways for a couple of years. But even if a bear market does hit and drive the Dow back to, say, 7,000, that would still leave the market where it was in April 1997. Can anyone really make the argument that the fundamental outlook for corporate America is 30 percent better today than it was then?

10. All of this doesn't mean you should sell. It is, of course, a market of stocks and not a stock market, which means that even today there are companies that investors are underpricing, that are worth a lot more than the market believes them to be worth. (And you can't figure out which companies they are just by looking at P/E ratios, because even high-priced companies can be undervalued.) More to the point, even if the stock market is terrifically overvalued, there's no point in getting out unless you believe that you can get in again at exactly the right time. Since 1982, 91 percent of all mutual-fund managers have failed to beat the S&P 500. That means one thing (and you've heard this before): In the long run, the market is right.

In an ideal world, every investor would be as prescient (and calm) as Warren Buffett. In 1969, at the height of go-go market frenzy and coming off a year in which he had recorded a 59 percent return, Buffett folded his investment partnership and gave his investors their money back because the market had gotten to a place where he could not understand it. Four years later, as the market was giving back more than 30 percent of its value, Buffett started buying. But we don't live in an ideal world. Sometimes you see it coming, and it still doesn't make sense to get out of the way. ■

Gross *continued from page 61*

client confidentiality."

Ten days after Misan was served, she told the *Post* that Lattanzio's suit was like an attempt to take candy from a baby. The next day, December 16, Lattanzio settled, getting back his engagement ring but letting her keep the rest of the baubles. The *Post* also revealed that Misan had taken shelter in Wildenstein's room, and that may have been when he decided to get her, and Jarikova, out of town.

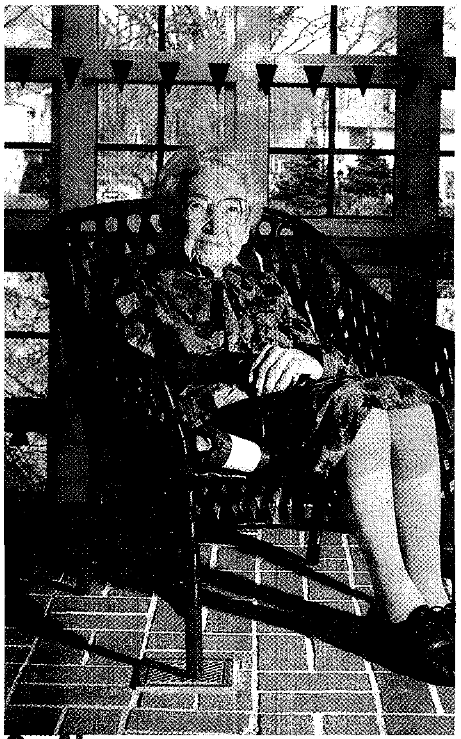
On December 21, Misan told the *Post* that she was leaving for California to see Justin Lazard, "the love of my life." But instead, says Inna de Silva, "Inës took Wildenstein's advice and went to Moscow with Yelena," and from there to Kenya, where the two were guests at Ol Jogi, the Wildenstein family's 66,000-acre ranch. Also present were Wildenstein; his son Alec Jr.; Alec's girlfriend, a model named Rubria; and photographer Wayne Maser (Misan would later have a fling with Maser before hooking up with her present beau, restaurateur Cameron Alborzian).

The Kenya sojourn was anything but sweet. A witness says Jarikova was constantly complaining, about the food (Wildenstein flew in a chef from Nobu to placate her) and about Wildenstein's Gulfstream, which she declared shabby and old. Then Wildenstein and his son had a fight. ("Inës was flirting with Junior," says the witness, and Rubria got angry.) The two Wildensteins had words and some sort of physical altercation. Later that night, Junior didn't come to dinner. Strange as it sounds, Alec Sr. seemed to be trying to protect his son from the Ultra-Natasha. Wildenstein, finally, had lost patience with Misan. At first, "he was too afraid to break the relation," says Cardini. "Then I think he regretted it." He left for Paris, where he remains, while Misan and Jarikova returned to New York.

NOBODY KNOWS WHETHER ORHAN SADIK-Khan regrets his relationship with Inga Banasewycz. After she filed her lawsuit against him, and it made the New York *Post*'s front page, Sadik-Khan didn't even bother answering the claim. Instead, he settled instantly and paid her off.

But there are regrets to go around. "Orhan didn't get off easy," says a close friend of them all. "And Inës was furious." It seems Inga's score was even bigger than hers, and it annoys her that Inga profited by her example. The friend, an ex-lover of Misan's, smiles wryly. Then he delivers an ironic verdict. "Inës is a major fuckup," he says. "They all are." ■

Additional reporting by Phoebe Eaton and Braden Keil.



On Air

Walker This Way

Reporter-producer Joe Richman, who has brought you the award-winning "Teenage Diaries" series on NPR for the past two years, points his microphone at a slightly older crowd in "Diary of a Retirement Home." Airs on "All Things Considered" August 10. (See "Radio Highlights.")

hall includes a dramatic global tour of nine biomes and a diorama of the Central African Republic's rain forest. At the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); $8 suggested contribution.

"America's Concentration Camps: Remembering the Japanese-American Experience"—Through 1/5/99: An exhibition that tells the story of this shameful chapter in American history through the eyes of the incarcerated. Photographs, mementos, and home videos contributed by some of the 120,313 people who were held in the camps—two thirds of whom were American citizens—will be on display, along with maps and statistics from each camp. Ellis Island Immigration Museum, New York Harbor. Call 363-3200 for directions to the museum and more information; $5.

Sports

Golf Outing—8/4: This tournament at the Meadow Brook Club in Jericho, N.Y., benefits the Stepping Stone Day School, which integrates children with and without disabilities in the same classroom. For only $450, participants get a package that includes greens fees, caddies and tips, carts, a buffet luncheon, on-course refreshments, and an evening cocktail party. Call 718-591-9093 for information and to register.

Roosevelt Island Road Race—8/9 at 9 A.M.: A good way to see the island you never have an excuse to visit, this 10K race should be a breeze. Call the NYRRC at 860-4455 for information.

Photograph by Karen Hoyt.

kids

cue

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Patricia Falvo
Movies

Brian Farnham
Sports

Vanessa Grigoriadis
In Concert

Ariel Levy
Books
Events
Radio

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants

Stephanie Saulmon
Online

Jennifer Senior
Theater

Ethan Smith
Nightlife

Chill Out...Camp Out

Children's Events

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Playday—Subway musicians aboveground, multicultural dance performances, and an impresario of junk all make merry from 2 P.M. to 5 P.M. on 8/8 at the **LINCOLN CENTER OUT-OF-DOORS FESTIVAL**'s afternoon for the younger set. The last performers of the day—the Boston Puppeteers Cooperative—have gone local for inspiration, collaborating with Upper West Side residents on a never-before-seen piece. Lincoln Center Plaza, Broadway at 66th St. (875-5108). ●

Tenth Birthday—Blow out the candles on the **CENTRAL PARK ZOO**'s birthday cake on 8/8 and 8/9, with two days of free ice cream (Ben & Jerry's, 1 P.M.), polar-bear-puppet-making, penguin-nest building (1 P.M.), and sing-along lion feedings (11:30 A.M., 2 and 4 P.M.). 64th St. and Fifth Ave. (861-6030). $3.50 adults, $1.25 seniors, 50 cents for children 3 to 12. ●

Camp Out!—Discover the wilderness next door with this opportunity for the whole family to sleep under the stars at the **STATEN ISLAND CHILDREN'S MUSEUM.** Show up with your sleeping bag at 7 P.M. on 8/7 for grilled hot dogs, tent-pitching practice, and fireside tales; $40 per parent and child, $15 each extra person. Also, on 8/9 and 8/9 at 1, 2, and 3, children of all ages can make their own pop-up books of the five boroughs, in celebration of the city's one-hundredth birthday; $2 plus admission. Snug Harbor Cultural Center, 1000 Richmond Terrace (718-273-2060). Tickets are $4, free to children under 2. ●

"School Uniforms: A Hot Topic!"—With 670 New York public schools set to require uniforms next year, students at **THE FASHION INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY** have tackled the subject in this exhibition, running through 8/15. Twenty-five fledgling designers have reached beyond the traditional plaids and pleats to create garments that the average kid might actually want to wear to school, including colorful fleece tops and fake-fur coats. At the Shirley Goodman Resource Center, Seventh Ave. and 27th St. (217-5800). ●

Arts in the Parks—There's more to park performers than three-card monte and the shell game. The City Parks Foundation's Arts in the Parks series features children's performers from across the tri-state area, offering puppet shows, magic, storytelling, and even a little vaudeville. What's more—they'll practically come to you. Acts will appear at eighteen different playgrounds in the five boroughs at approximately 10:30 A.M. throughout the summer. For a schedule of events, call 360-1399. ●

A Spielberg Summer—As part of its summerlong tribute to Steven Spielberg, the **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE** screens *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade* and *Back to the Future, Part III* on 8/9. For the true devotee of Indy and Marty only. 35th Ave. and 36th St. in Astoria, Queens. Call 718-784-0077 for film schedules and show times. Movies are free with museum admission: $8.50, $5.50 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

"Kid City"—The centerpiece of Kid City—an exhibit that now has a permanent home at **THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**—is a street corner at 82nd St. and Broadway. The former row of two-story buildings has been re-created as it was in 1901. Kids can open doors, peer into mailboxes, handle items in the stores and apartments—and learn about the differences between the lives of children who live there today (where there is now a Gymboree, a McDonald's, and a Barnes & Noble) and those who lived there at the beginning of the century. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400). Regular admission is $5 adults, $3 students and seniors.

Land of the Long White Cloud—That's what the Maori call New Zealand, their homeland. Learn more about the art and culture of this native people through the **BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART**'s Oceania collection, as Anne Butler Rice tells myths and legends about Maori bravery, treachery, and mischief. 8/8 at 4 P.M. 200 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn (718-638-5000). Regular admission is $4 for adults, free to children under 12. ●

"Under the Sun"—Not all sun worship involves SPF 15. Learn how ancient rituals celebrated the dawn of summer at the **COOPER HEWITT NATIONAL DESIGN MUSEUM.** The "Outdoor Exhibition of Light" features various unique structures that harness solar energy, many of which can be seen glowing through the museum's gates at night. The museum's "Under the Sun" concert series showcases different tribal solstice celebrations, including now-extinct cultural rituals, throughout the summer. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300). Regular museum admission is $5, $3 students and seniors, free to children under 12.

Kermit Croons—Watch Miss Piggy try to make it here in *The Muppets Take Manhattan,* next up in the summerlong cinematic celebration of New York's one-hundredth birthday at the **WALTER READE THEATER.** Broadway has rarely seen so many stars on one stage. Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St. (875-5610). $2, available at the box office two weeks before the show from 1:30 to 8 P.M. Can be ordered from 777-FILM, #954, with a $1.50 service charge per ticket.

Fun With the Fishes—It's only natural that the performing dolphins, seals, and other frisky fish life at the Coney Island **AQUARIUM FOR WILDLIFE CONSERVATION** would choose somewhat unusual summer partners. Every weekend in August from 11 to 4, the aquarium will compete with the freaks with its own set of Elvis impersonators, hula-hoop dancers, live music, and aquatic-themed trivia contests. Through 8/30. W. 8th St. and the Boardwalk, Brooklyn (718-265-FISH); $8.75, $4.50 kids and seniors, free to children under 2.

"Kayagal of Africa"—Every Friday at 6:30 P.M. the **BROOKLYN CHILDREN'S MUSEUM** presents a free family performance. This week, it's a survey of dance traditions from across the African continent. 145 Brooklyn Ave., at St. Mark's Ave., Brooklyn (718-735-4402); $3 suggested admission. ●

Theater Thursdays—Chat with Chip, *Beauty and the Beast*'s singing-and-dancing shard at one of the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN** weekly twenty-minute performances by Broadway stars. Starting at 2 P.M., the show is followed by a workshop that lets kids try out some of their own theatrical fantasies. Upcoming visitors include some very fabulous felines. 1212 W. 83rd St. (721-1234).

Safe Skate—Safety comes first at **NEW YORK SKATEOUT**'s free sessions on Saturdays at 3. Designed to let kids who are members of the Rollerblade-sponsored "Scouts on Skates" program skate with other experienced in-line skaters under 14, the sessions are social as well as instructional. Skateout also offers morning lessons on Saturdays and Sundays for kids who aren't ready to be let loose in the park. All protective gear required. Meets at the 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. entrance to Central Park, weather permitting (486-1919). Reservations required. Lessons cost $25 for a one-hour session.

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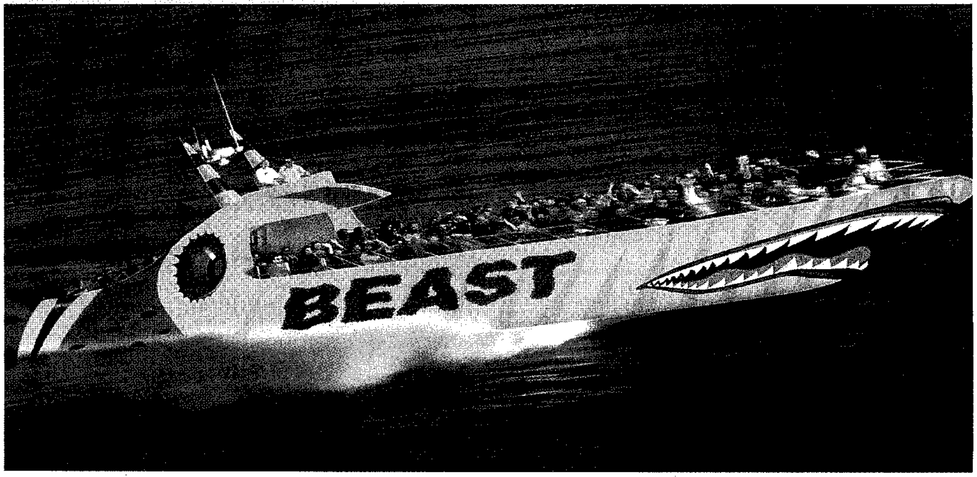

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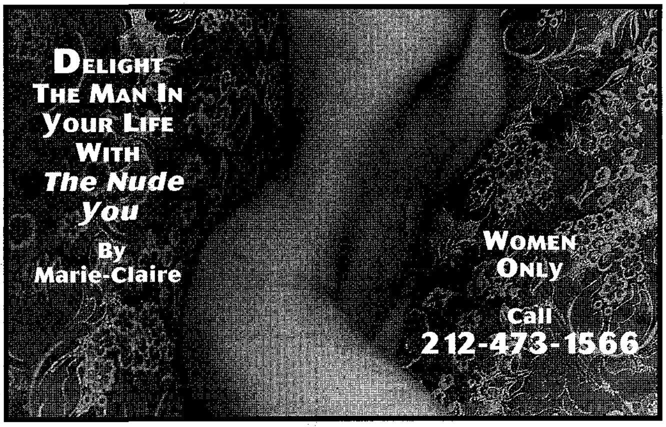

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A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
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New York, New York 10163-4600

Easy For You To Say—That I can find a one-in-a-million, successful, sophisticated, smart, caring, fun-loving and sane guy, 50s. If you'd like to meet a pretty, sexy, slim, divorced, successful woman, smart and funny, who needs a best friend and lover, please call or write. 4619 ✉ ☎

I'm Not Sure—The girl I'm looking for exists. She's a city girl with a country heart, happiest in jeans and a sweatshirt. She is sensitive and in-shape, with all-American good looks (20s-30s and seldom uses makeup). She was probably considered a tomboy at some time, and still enjoys sports (both watching and playing). Of more importance, she has an irreverent sense of humor and is looking for a guy to match her class and intelligence. If you know her and think she might enjoy meeting a romantic, very handsome, successful attorney, 40, with similar qualities, who dreams of settling down with a house, children eventually and maybe a puppy or two, please have her contact me. Nonsmoker. Letter/phone/photo. 4651 ✉

Jewish Doctor—Mid 40s, with heart of gold, seeks sensitive soul mate for lasting relationship. Interest in theater, opera and long walks in Central Park a plus. Please include photo with short letter. 4625 ✉

Zorro, Where Are You?—Single, 35 year old, Spanish background with strawberry blond hair/green eyes, fashion designer, well-traveled, seeking warm, successful, emotionally stable man, ready for commitment. Must send photo. 4685 ✉ ☎

Lovely, Lively Asian Lady—32, 5'6", passionate, pretty, sincere, loves music and travel, seeks professional gentleman, 35-45, 5'10" plus, for loving, committed relationship. Note/photo. 4610 ✉

Tiny Waist, Gorgeous Smile—And great big heart. Highly successful yet incredibly feminine and sexy. Pretty, articulate, green-eyed blond, 50, with wonderful sense of humor, integrity, elegance, knockout figure and, most importantly, compassionate heart. Seeking sophisticated, high-powered, kindhearted man who has a great smile and loves to laugh. Recent photo appreciated. 4667 ✉

AAA Rated—Tall (6'2"), 190 lbs, 50 (youthful), slim, handsome, athletic, divorced, successful, degreed professional who is sensitive, thoughtful, humorous, with integrity and strong character, and who enjoys photography, museums, travel, motorcycling and cooking, seeks tall, slim, very intelligent and well-educated, professional woman, 35 plus, who is beautiful, honest and witty. Photo preferred. 4672 ✉

Slim, Stunning Woman—Fire and feeling, beautiful face, body, has immeasurable love to give to 60s-70s, educated, fit, sensuous upper-strata male needing nurturing. Imperfect, scars okay. 4670 ✉ ☎

Successful, Attractive Businessman—36, 5'11", 175 lbs, brown hair, blue eyes, seeks attractive, slim professional woman, 26-36. I love to travel, work out, dine out and laugh. You must be independent, sexy, smart and possess a great sense of humor. Note/photo/phone. 4611 ✉ ☎

A Great Catch—Handsome and fit, divorced, white Jewish male, 42, plastic surgeon, in search of pretty and fit, single/divorced white female, 28-39, career-oriented, nonsmoker, for long-term relationship. 4617 ✉ ☎

Veterinarian—Attractive male, 40, 5'10", nonsmoker, nondrinker, Catholic, seeks sexy, attractive woman - not allergic to cats. Manhattan. 4649 ✉ ☎

Very Lonely—Because I'm missing you to share my unlimited potential. This very handsome, physically very fit, very wealthy executive seeks slim, pretty female, mid 20s-early 30s, for any relationship that fits your personality - because I'm ready for any challenge to find love, happiness, friendship or anything else that is going to cure the pain of loneliness. 4626 ✉

Let's Find Each Other—Beautiful woman, inside and out, seeks same in a caring man, 55-65. Photo/bio. 4664 ✉

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Extremely Successful—Handsome executive, very generous and physically very fit, seeking an attractive white female, 18 plus, to have mutually satisfying relationship, because you deserve the best. 4627 ✉

Adorable, Sweet-Faced MD—50, seeks calm, upbeat, affectionate woman for events, stuff, and non-stop fun. Photo/letter. 4620 ✉

Tall, 59, Attractive Female—Seeks younger, unique soul mate. 4609 ✉

Handsome Male—5'10", mid 50s, wants to meet slim, attractive woman, 45-50, NYC or Westchester. Note/photo. 4644 ✉

Tall, Handsome, Athletic—Catholic white guy, mid 30s, loves good food and wine, cooking, dogs and the outdoors. Seeks to share hopes, dreams and passions with special lady, late 20s-late 30s. Photo/note. 4612 ✉ ☎

Smart Man Seeks—Lady soul mate, 38-52, for life. POB 1941, Syracuse, NY 13088

Handsome PhD—Trim, slim, athletic, successful, romantic male, looking to share cozy dinners, walks, the country, theater and more with pretty, 5'4"-5'5" female, about 45. Note/photo. 4622 ✉

Down-To-Earth Romantic—Fit, good-looking, 37, 5'7" male with fun and serious side seeks connection with female possessing alluring eyes and an easy smile, 21-41. Note/photo. 4598 ✉

Very Pretty, Blue-Eyed Artist—44, who is smart, playful and compassionate, seeks warm, handsome, communicative soul. 4632 ✉

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Gay White Male—Tall, in-shape, seeks quality man, 25-35 years old, with interest in travel, music, NYC and the finer things. Please be educated, fun, sincere. Thin build, preppy a plus. Note/photo. 4684 ✉

Tall, Blond And Very Attractive—Successful professionally, with a wide range of interests. Seeking a man, 47-57, who is also accomplished, intellectual and, like me, is passionate about hiking, biking, the arts, music, travel, great restaurants and Italian cooking. Note/photo appreciated - but will also respond to phone messages. 4641 ✉ ☎

Handsome Jewish Executive—48, 5'11", smart, funny, wealthy, seeks too-cute, skinny, sexy blond, to mid 30s, for love and marriage. Photo a must. 4613 ✉

Can You Fill The Void?—Renaissance man, recently widowed, 64 years young, retired CEO, 6'2", 195, fit, handsome, sense of humor and style. Golf, gym, arts, biking, city and beach. Needs an equally sensitive, sophisticated, sensual mid-50s woman to share love, laughs and life. If you are over 5'5", willowy, long-legged and blond, beautiful inside and out... let's talk. Photo/note. 4642 ✉

Don't Tell Mom!!—Handsome, kind, wonderful, caring, respectful Jewish physician, 39, 5'10", with many interests, seeking alluring, beautiful, bright, honest, mature woman, 25-35, to explore life together. Note/photo, please. 4623 ✉ ☎

Introspective Jewish Male—44, easy on the eyes, seeks compassionate, spiritual, playful Jewish female, 30-46, who likes the written word, nature, culture, learning, thinking and laughing. 4646 ✉ ☎

Exotic Beauty—Fun-loving ex-dancer with big heart seeks Italian professional, early 40s, compassionate, honest and health-conscious nonsmoker. Please send photo. 4648 ✉

Looking To Share—Attractive, 47-year-old professional woman in north New Jersey, with two beautiful 6 and 8-year-old children. I am stable, warm, compassionate and loving. I am looking for the same in a professional man. Enjoy culture, fine dining, beaches in the Hamptons and, most of all, cultivating a rich relationship. Nonsmoker. Note/phone. 4671 ✉ ☎

Looking For Teacher's Pet—A LI single Jewish female looking for committed and caring male, 35-45. Note please. 4661 ✉

Supremely Marriageable Jewish Man—35 and solvent, a redhead with blue eyes, 5'5" and very, very cute, with a wicked sense of humor, seeks equally *marriageable, pretty, Jewish, intelligent* and fit woman who wants the American Dream. Photo/note. 4650 ✉

Men—Mid-life crisis over? Trophy wife on the shelf? Over 50? Hip and happy? Me: wonderful, warm, wacky, striking, funky and creative. Looking for a loving friend. 4634 ✉

Wealthy Widow—Attractive, slim, college grad, seeks retired or semi-retired man, 60ish, to share great lifestyle in FL and LI. Photo a must. 4633 ✉

Rara Avis Seeking Same—Pretty, creative, intellectually curious, high-energy, loving, emotionally generous, empathic - and yours if you're a blue-circle single white male in your late 40s or 50s (nonsmoker). I'm an actress, poet, writer, educational administrator and a very blue-circle female (unencumbered). Curious? Let's meet. Photo please. 4675✉

Dark Eyes, Long Legs—Quick wit, warm heart, very pretty Jewish female, 37, 5'7", spirited and sophisticated, well-toned and well-traveled, seeks dynamic, athletic, culturally literate male counterpart who is ready to start a joint venture. 4645 ✉ ☎

Indian-American Male—32, 6'1", 160, very successful businessman, varied interests, physically fit - seeks culturally aware (914) woman, with heart of gold, for caring and passionate relationship. Note/phone/photo appreciated. 4640 ✉

Attractive Divorced Male, 56—Bright, sense of humor, sensual. Seeks pretty lady with warm heart, for fun, romance and future. Photo a must. 4660 ✉

Bright-Eyed Brunette—Slim, energetic LI resident, 43, with an outgoing personality and a warm heart. Enjoys dining out, theater, music and spending time with good friends. Seeks intelligent man with similar interests to share love, laughter and a happy life. Nonsmoker. 4680 ✉☎

Opportunity Knocks—You: trim, pretty professional woman, 42-52, who enjoys fine dining and the theater. Me: 5'10", slim, college grad, divorced, financially secure, 60, Christian. Note/recent photo/phone. 4615 ✉

Titled English Lady—In her own right, of substance and charm, Christian, seeks her perfect match to share title and life ever-after with. An eligible gentleman of affluence and charisma, marriage-minded, 50ish best for me but late 40s-early 60s okay. Are you like me? Well-traveled, educated, CEO, entrepreneur, with town and country residences and interests. Lover of good food, wine and music, someone who would appreciate a loving, romantic, supportive partner, happy personality and fun-to-be-with. I'm said to be very attractive, elegant and sophisticated, medium build and height, excellent cook and homemaker, very fond of children and lover of USA, living both in UK and US. No baggage, can relocate. Confidentiality given and expected. Please write enclosing full-length photograph. 4637✉

Handsome, Tall (6'5")—Trim, 195 lbs, successful professional with athletic interests, seeking pretty, slim, caring woman, 30-40 years old, for a long-term relationship. Photo a must. 4643 ✉ ☎

Articulate, Boyish, Complex Doctor—Energetic, 50, generous, handsome, intense, seeks smart, pretty woman, 34-43. Sanity a plus. Photo. 4673 ✉

Closet Kid—Brown-eyed blond - loves tennis and emerging markets. Seeks smart, funny guy, 45-60, for laughter and good conversation. 4628 ✉ ☎

Brown-Eyed Girl—33, Jewish, down-to-earth, fun, cute and sophisticated professional who has a passion for world travel. Seeking single Jewish male, 32-41, nonsmoking, grounded professional with good sense of humor, who enjoys the finer things in life. Note/photo. 4652✉☎

Woman In Transition—What about a close friendship while having a decent relationship? Classy, stunning Jewish ex-model, 40s, seeks classy Jewish man who's upbeat and upscale. Photo/note. 4657 ✉

Rose In Bloom—Slim, attractive 50-year-old female professional, 5'5", blond hair, blue eyes, enjoys antiquing, theater, quiet evenings, dining out and dancing. Seeks secure gentleman who shares the same interests and is not intimidated by a successful flower. Note/phone/photo. 4624 ✉

Successful But Humble!—Handsome, accomplished, fit, Jewish, 43, sports/clinical psychologist with charm, integrity, seeks pretty, slender lady, 30-44, with compassion, passion, for best friend, lover for life. Note/photo/phone. 4659✉☎

Editor—31, slender, attractive female. Enjoys running, tennis, baseball, movies, art, travel. Seeks male with similar interests for friendship or more. Photo. 4636 ✉

Real Man Wanted!—Independent, 38, 5'7", pretty executive in sports, seeking tall, 36-44, handsome, mature, romantic, creative, intelligent man who's executive by day, wears jeans at night and down-to-earth. Share fitness, health, travel, music and passion for life. Note/photo. 4665 ✉

Professional, Adorable, Athletic—Tall blond, 37, Jewish. Enjoys travel, working out, NYC's culture. Looking for male counterpart. 4683 ✉ ☎

It's About Time—I'm a classy, very pretty, 40-year-old Jewish blond female, professional, 5'3", who enjoys laughing, loving, tennis, skiing, dining, working out, family, friends and all life has to offer; great personality and good-natured, excellent education. I'm looking to meet a man, 35-50, with similar background, who will care for and appreciate me as I do him. Photo and phone. 4681 ✉ ☎

Winners Only—Handsome, romantic sports doc, 48, with passion for life and the arts, seeks classy, sensual, successful, beautiful, fit woman who is a little rebellious - but no tattoos. Photo. 4655✉

HIV-Positive—White male, good-looking, in good health, financially secure, affectionate, with great sense of humor. You be HIV-positive female, white (same as me). Send note and recent photo. All photos will be returned. 4629 ✉

Too Many Boys, Not Enough Men?—This single, mid-30s, handsome professional male is looking to dispel that myth. I live one day at a time, enjoy running, hockey, movies, dancing. "It's a town full of losers - I'm pulling out of here to win." Meet me at the Garden. Note/photo. 4666✉

Successful Entrepreneur, 36—Tall and lean, cyber-intellectual, seeks beautiful, buff and brainy Jewish woman, 25-?, for long bike rides in the Hamptons, sushi, fine wine and Colorado skiing. Seeking my all-in-one best friend, muse, lover and playmate to share all of life's challenges and pleasures. Note/photo. 4654 ✉

The World's Only Honest Personal—Single white male, 33, slightly damaged by years of rejection and harsh words. I have now achieved average looks through years of exercise and the normal male maturation process. Very sensitive, blond hair, blue eyes, 5'9", 175 lbs - muscular. Insecurity has stopped me from approaching women. I have been alone for years and have grown tired of it. I am not looking for anyone better, like 99-percent of the population - but equal would be great. You should be athletic, slim, nonsmoker, intelligent, animal lover (very important). Love to travel, restaurants, movies, good conversation with no delusion or pretense. Let's talk on the phone and exchange photos. 4678 ✉ ☎

Attractive LI Male—Widower, 61, Jewish (nonreligious), stockbroker... secure financially, fit physically and emotionally, wide range of interests, well-built, 5'8", athletic - seeks attractive woman for a long-term, caring relationship. Photo appreciated. 4679 ✉☎

Accomplished Bachelor—Loving father, part-time Santa Fe, two sons, very young good-looking 50s, loves nature, music, thinking, real talk, simple cooking. Has wild side. Wants very attractive, tall, artistically and psychologically challenging lady to appreciate and contribute to above. Photo a must. 4653 ✉

Laugh With Me—Supermom seeks rare man: honest, diverse, funny, intelligent, 40 plus, with kids, who can understand my mishigas! Sparkling redhead, 45, 5'5", warm heart, great laugh - lots of fun and chutzpah!! Photo/phone a plus. 4631✉☎

Manhattan MD—47, 5'10" 185. Interests are travel, the arts, restaurants. Seeks very attractive lady nonsmoker. Great legs a plus. Note/photo/phone. 4639 ✉

NYMessage

Wanted: Partner For Parenthood—Sincere, attractive, fit, financially secure older gentleman seeks bright, healthy, sincere woman, 30-40, interested in single motherhood, to have, keep and nurture a child with his assistance. Physical relations optional. Arrangements negotiable. Please include photo, age, relevant information. POB 3733, Grand Central, NY 10163

Active, Creative, Handsome—Jewish male, 30, attorney, seeks female: warm, natural, inquisitive. 4676 ✉ ☎

NJ Businessman—40s, good looks, athletic, generous, seeks pretty lady - 30s, slim, 5'4"-5'9", voluptuous, blond/blue, for fun times and travel. Full recent photo/note, please. 4607 ✉

My Therapist—Thinks I deserve a better life. I'm coming out of an abusive marriage after 30 years. I'm in my 60s, 5'8", slim, nice-looking, nonreligious Jewish male, in excellent health and successful. My therapist says I am warm, funny, charming and loving and deserve a warm, attractive, vital and upbeat woman, to live in marriage 'til death do us part. Preferably, I'd like to meet someone in her 40s-early 50s, who is slim, attractive and a nonsmoker. Note/recent photo/phone, please. POB 478, NY, NY 10163

Lovely Chinese Lady—Educated, with good values, 34, slender, 5'9", seeks sincere, marriage-minded male. 4662 ✉

Asian Beauty, Full Of Life...—Warmth/love to give; sophisticated, with an artistic eye; passionate dancer; world traveler; cerebral MD; close family. Loves laughter, romance, depth. Seeks similar happy, athletic, generous, boyishly handsome, highly educated, successful, kind gent (36-47) for marriage and family. 4674✉☎

I've Seen You—Walking in Manhattan: charming, confident, fit, beautiful, with a great smile...and I imagined that you're also accomplished and intelligent. I am 36, 6'3", handsome physician with unique sense of humor. If you are between 25-33, we should talk. 4658 ✉ ☎

Mature Man—Ivy type, urbane wit - dry but not desiccated, financially comfortable, seeks exceptional Manhattan woman (42-62) for enduring relationship with occasional splurges in travel and entertainment. Note/recent photo. 4647 ✉

Handsome, Blue-Eyed, White—Jewish male (religion not important), 52, cultured, many interests - would like to meet good-looking woman, 40s, who is warm, loving, affectionate, devoted, for possible lasting relationship. Include phone number. 4621 ✉

Gay Male—30s, trim, personable, altruistic, serious, fun-loving, great sense of humor, seeks male, 19-39, for loving friendship. 4616 ✉

Handsome Business Owner—Single Manhattanite, Persian, 38 years old, financially/emotionally secure, seeks educated, attractive lady under 35 for meaningful relationship. 4614 ✉ ☎

Sexy, Intelligent, Sweet Female—32, 5'8", blond/blue, seeks nice, affectionate, marriage-minded male, 35-45. 4668 ✉

Lover Boy—Energetic, romantic, handsome, fun Jewish male, 49, kind, communicative, successful, seeking the love of my life. Please write a note today with photo. Maybe we will meet soon! 4682 ✉

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STABAT MATER—House mother in *Scream III.*

POST MORTEM—Cereal killer.

Above, foreign phrases misinterpreted. Competitors are invited to provide the haphazard definition for one familiar non-English word or phrase.

Results of Competition 916, in which you were asked for Fortunoff Cookies—a message found in a mall.

Report: Like a visit to the great mall of China. Complete with Towed Cars. Confucius. Latte, Pizza. Elvis. Gap. Pidgin Chinese. Peking English. And these duplicated messages: Help, I'm being held captive in Kinney Shoes. You've been subpoenaed by Kenneth Starr. Sale Continued in Next Cookie. Settling out of Food Court. Not to mention perennial mallsters Disney and Victoria's Secret. Separate stores.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

YOUR EVERY* WISH WILL COME TRUE.
*EXCLUDES: DESIGNER COLLECTIONS,
WOMEN'S SHOES, AND BRIDAL.
Jim Weis, Atlanta, Ga.

I WAS TALKING TO THE DUCK.
Bill Dwyer, Rochester, N.Y.

Runner-up Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

B. DALTON TONIGHT 7–10 P.M.
PITCH YOUR BOOK IDEA TO
LUCIANNE GOLDBERG.
Allyn Freeman, N.Y.C.

YOU ARE EXPERIENCING A FALSE SENSE OF
WELL-BEING.
Kathy Wirth, Coto De Caza, Calif.

And Honorable Mention to:

YOU ARE HERE.
Cairyn Kollbrenner, N.Y.C.

THIS FORTUNE MAY BE MONITORED FOR
QUALITY-ASSURANCE PURPOSES.
Roy L. Stern, M.D., N.Y.C.

YOUR DAUGHTER WILL BE CROWNED MISS
MALL RAT.
Bob Kopac, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

THE ITEM YOU'RE SHOPPING FOR IS NOT ON
SALE.
L. Mark Nelson, N.Y.C.

YOUR LIGHTS ARE ON.
Nancy Stewart, N.Y.C.;
Thomas D. Warren, Hollywood Hills, Calif.

VISIT THE GREAT MALL OF CHINA.
William Mairnoff, Athens, Ga.

IF YOU GET LOST, NEVER FEAR.
A MAP WILL SHOW "YOU ARE HERE."
John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

VISIT OUR BARGAIN BASEMENT.
NOW ON SECOND FLOOR.
Keith Spero, Richland, Wash.

SHOP TILL YOU EGG DROP.
Robert W. Guy, Miami, Fla.

FEET HURT? STOP AND HAVE A LATTE
OR PERHAPS SORNE LIVER PÂTÉ.
Patricia O. Simmons, Ann Arbor, Mich.

YOU BREAK IT,
YOU BOUGHT IT.
Rick Brody, Astoria, N.Y.

IF YOU SHOULD FALL WHILE IN THE MALL
SEE JACOBY & MEYERS, END OF THE HALL.
Maria Holzer, South Bellmore, N.Y.

LESS IS MORE
AT DOLLAR STORE.
Ellen Burr, Truro, Mass.

LOVE IN BLOOM
-INGDALE'S.
Michael Porte, Cincinnati, Ohio

DRAG YOUR CARCASS
TO NEIMAN MARCUS.
Jay Williams, Rockville, Md.

PRACTICE SAFE SAKS.
James A. Tate, M.D., Kokomo, Ind.

PENNEY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS.
June Vanucci, Green Tree, Pa.

MANY A CHEAPO
SHOPS AT HOME DEPOT.
Jennie Levine, Woodside, N.Y.

WE ARE STARBUCKS.
RESISTANCE IS FUTILE.
Sheldon Leader, Narbeth, Pa.

MADE IN CHINA.
Dr. Ann K. Warren, Chagrin Falls, Ohio
also: J. M. Tribelli, N.Y.C.;
Felicia Scarangello, N.Y.C.

IT'S TEN O'CLOCK.
DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR CAR IS?
Barbara Babich, Orangeburg, N.Y.

THINK: WHERE DID YOU PARK THE CAR?
Bill Strider, Gaithersburg, Md.

YOUR CAR IS PARKED ON LEVEL 6 BLUE.
Tony Kane, N.Y.C.
similarly: Fran Cross, Conshohocken, Pa.;
Wendy Glickstein, N.Y.C.;
Phyllis Charnet, N.Y.C.

EVEN CONFUCIUS DOES NOT REMEMBER WHERE
YOU PARKED YOUR CAR.
Neal J. Blangiardo, Fleetwood, N.Y.
similarly: Eric Hyman, Fayetteville, N.C.;
Bart D'Ambra, Waldwick, N.J.;
Kevin Cuddihy, Fairfax, Va.

YOU ARE HERE.
Weda M. Mosellie, Phillipsburg, N.J.

AVOID LONG LINES—
BUY FROM HOME SHOPPING NETWORK.
Ellen Harris, N.Y.C.

HONI SOIT QUI MALL Y PENSE.
Albert Komishane, Elizabeth, N.J.

WE VALIDATE PARKING WITH PURCHASE OF SIX
OR MORE COOKIES.
Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.

SHOPPING IS EASY.
COMEDY IS HARD.
Bruce Karp, Hackensack, N.J.

A JOURNEY OF A THOUSAND MILES STARTS WITH
A VISIT TO FOOT LOCKER.
Mark S. Greenberg, Bronx, N.Y.
similarly: Richard Fried, Brooklyn;
David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.

TODAY YOU WILL MEET
YOUR FANTASY DATE.
GO TO THE SHARPER IMAGE,
LOWER LEVEL, NEAR THE GATE.
Sheila Pite, Orange, Conn.

SOMETHING THERE IS THAT DOESN'T LOVE A
MALL.
Thomas Moloney, West Milford, N.J.

VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT
WWW.FORTCOOK.COM.
John Falxa, N.Y.C.
sp. ment.: John O'Byrne, Dublin, Ireland;
Jay A. Smith, Deal, N.J.;
Mimi Watstein, Lexington, Mass.

THAT LAST BITE WAS NOT A CHOCOLATE CHIP.
GREANLEA THE PAINLESS DENTIST: LEVEL 2.
Bob Dean, Raleigh, N.C.

REMEMBER: YOUR TELEPHONE BOOK IS
RECYCLABLE.
Bobby J. Ward, Raleigh, N.C.

YOU WILL ASSUME A LEADERSHIP POSITION AT
THE ATM.
Martha Herzog, Pacific Grove, Calif.

GET YOUR OFFICIALLY AUTOGRAPHED CHARLTON HESTON STARTER'S PISTOL.
David Joel Kaplan, Teaneck, N.J.

YOU ARE HERE.
Michele Davis, New Canaan, Conn.

NEITHER THE PAST NOR THE FUTURE IS AS IN-

TERESTING AS . . . A PRESENT!
Jeanne Hillson, Somerville, Mass.

$100 FINE FOR LITTERING.
SWALLOW THIS FORTUNE.
J. Bickart, N.Y.C.
sp. ment.: Jo Hardy, Boca Raton, Fla.

THIS FORTUNE COOKIE HAS BEEN CARBON-DATED FOR FRESHNESS.
Chuck Smith, Woodbridge, Va.

TOMORROW—ONE DAY STALE.
Pamela Mandell, Washington, D.C.

INSPECTED BY 8.
Bill Sharfman, N.Y.C.

IT WON'T BE LONELY AT THE TOP
OR ANY LEVEL WHERE YOU SHOP.
Louis B. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.

LIFE IS A CABARET—AVAILABLE AT BLOCKBUSTER, MEZZANINE LEVEL.
Jeff Brawer, Brookline, Mass.

A LANCÔME SALESWOMAN BELIEVES SHE IS INFERIOR TO YOU.
Lori Philipson, N.Y.C.

YOU ARE HERE.
Michael Souveroff, N.Y.C.

FREE GIFT WITH PURCHASE:
YOU WILL BUY THAT WHICH YOU DON'T NEED
TO RECEIVE THAT WHICH YOU WON'T USE.
Linda Wolters, Chicago, Ill.

BE SURE THE CLERK WHO FILLED YOUR BAGS
REMOVED THE SENSORMATIC TAGS.
Charles Lubetkin, Springfield, N.J.

THE 51ST WAY TO LEAVE YOUR LOVER:
LOSE HER AT THE MALL, PAUL.
Harry Rosenbaum, Englewood, N.J.

DOES YOUR HUSBAND KNOW YOU'RE HERE?
Stacey Agin, Forest Hills, N.Y.

YOU MAY ALREADY BE A WINNER.
THEN AGAIN, MAYBE NOT.
David Cassidy, Newport News, Va.

YOU ARE HERE.
Mark Roberts, St. Louis, Mo.

INDIVIDUAL RESULTS MAY VARY.
Burt Mondale, Roxbury, Conn.

SOON, I PROMISE.
David Leonard, Lincoln, Neb.

ONLY FIVE MORE SHOPPING MONTHS TILL CHRISTMAS.
Stephen Dudzik, Silver Spring, Md.

THANK YOU FOR SHOPPING AT ~~DE PINNA~~
~~B. ALTMAN~~
~~GIMBEL'S~~
~~ALEXANDER'S~~
~~E.J. KORVETTE'S~~
WAL-MART
Philip Hathaway, Indianapolis, Ind.

YOU ARE HERE.
Mark Rosen, N.Y.C.

Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 919, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by August 14. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the September 14 issue.

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Solutions to last week's puzzles

■	P	■	M	■	S	■	P	■	T	■	F	■	M	■
R	E	P	O	R	T	E	R	■	H	E	R	M	A	N
■	N	■	L	■	R	■	O	■	I	■	E	■	N	■
C	E	D	E	■	E	G	D	O	N	H	E	A	T	H
■	L	■	■	■	A	■	U	■	K	■	M	■	U	■
B	O	T	T	O	M	■	C	H	I	N	A	M	A	N
■	P	■	H	■	■	■	E	■	N	■	R	■	■	■
R	E	L	E	A	S	E	■	A	G	I	T	A	T	E
■	■	■	B	■	P	■	R	■	■	■	I	■	R	■
M	A	C	E	R	A	T	E	■	P	E	N	N	O	N
■	V	■	A	■	N	■	S	■	E	■	■	■	P	■
C	O	N	T	E	N	D	E	R	S	■	M	A	I	N
■	W	■	L	■	E	■	R	■	T	■	A	■	C	■
C	A	R	E	E	R	■	V	A	L	E	R	I	A	N
■	L	■	S	■	S	■	E	■	E	■	K	■	L	■

■	N	A	R	C	S	■	■	A	W	A	R	D	S	■	T	H	E	D	A	■
S	E	R	I	A	L	■	P	R	O	D	U	C	E	■	M	A	X	E	N	E
W	H	A	T	D	I	D	I	C	O	M	E	I	N	H	E	R	E	F	O	R
A	R	I	■	■	P	O	T	■	D	I	D	■	■	U	N	D	R	E	S	S
Y	U	L	E	L	O	G	■	A	R	T	■	B	A	R	■	■	T	R	E	E
■	■	■	C	E	N	T	I	M	O	■	A	L	M	O	S	T	■	■	■	■
■	T	H	A	T	S	A	N	E	W	W	R	I	N	K	L	E	■	J	E	T
S	H	I	R	T	■	G	E	R	■	E	S	M	E	■	Y	E	H	U	D	I
H	A	L	T	E	R	■	Z	I	P	S	■	P	S	I	■	M	E	D	I	C
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■	■	■	■	■	D	E	C	A	F	P	L	E	A	S	E	■	■	■	■	■
S	L	A	P	D	A	S	H	■	F	O	A	M	■	O	R	B	I	T	E	R
T	Y	L	E	R	■	K	A	I	■	I	B	I	S	■	R	E	R	A	T	E
A	R	A	R	A	T	■	I	C	O	N	■	N	A	B	■	R	E	C	A	P
Y	E	N	■	W	H	E	R	E	S	T	H	E	T	Y	L	E	N	O	L	■
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A	E	R	O	S	O	L	■	■	A	S	K	■	A	W	E	■	■	O	S	A
P	R	I	N	T	I	S	G	E	T	T	I	N	G	S	M	A	L	L	E	R
P	O	S	T	A	L	■	N	O	M	I	N	E	E	■	A	B	O	A	R	D
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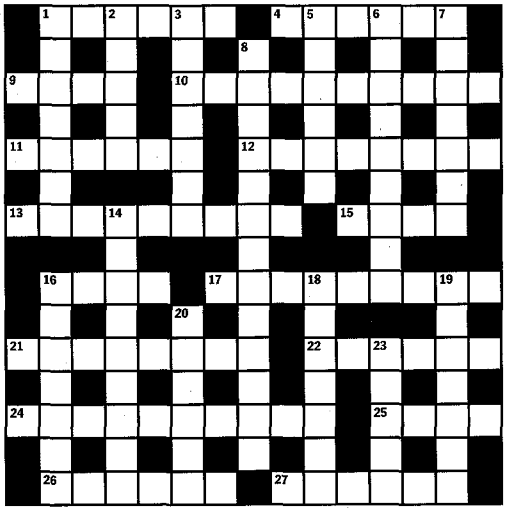
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Vegetable causes a girl to come out with a rash. (6)
4 Personal property includes unusual tea set. (6)
9 Not a pointed rebuff. (4)
10 Red Admiral flutters around on the football field. (4,6)
11 Disciplined for making wrong sound. (6)
12 They don't work for money. (4,4)
13 It simply outlines the position. (6-3)
15 Slough farm building perhaps. (4)
16 Bearing of an ex-president? (4)
17 Digs for a convalescent? (3-6)
21 Paper thrown at the match. (8)
22 One may take it as a safe place. (6)
24 Little may be seen through it. (10)
25 Strikers attempt to return. (4)
26 Agrees to change gun ammunition. (6)
27 High spirits? (6)



DOWN

1 Conducted a bag search. (7)
2 Clear a computer program? (5)
3 Cancel score. (7)
5 Lots follow second test. (6)
6 Hold rates collection in garrison town. (9)
7 Showed how even CID can be manipulated. (7)
8 One in charge of a WWII flying-bomb. (8,5)
14 Service men who have a job to do. (4,5)
16 Some reservation about giving a player a yellow card? (7)
18 Wave on a doctor. (7)
19 Highest form of fractions. (7)
20 Assist in stoppage. (6)
23 It isn't true it comes to a moral conclusion. (5)

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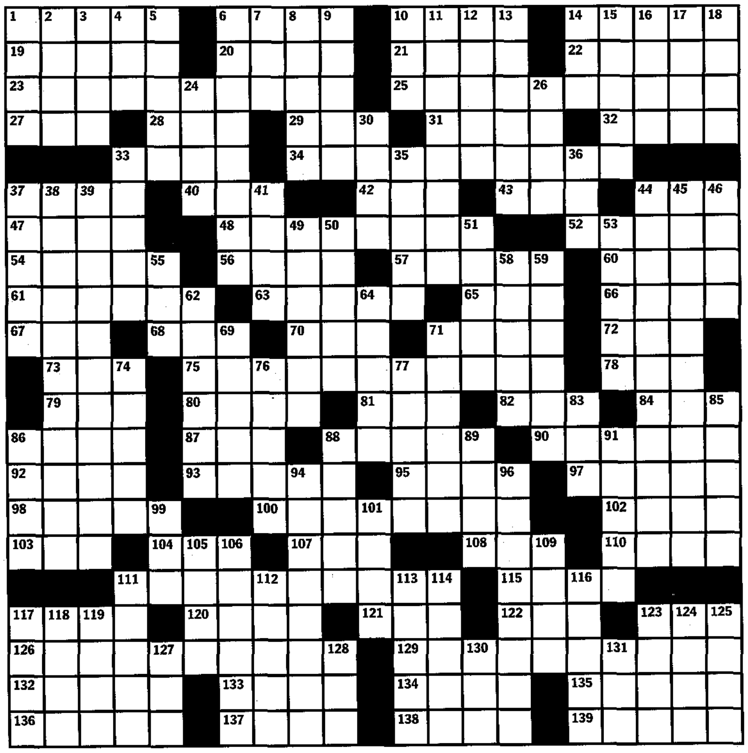
'Leo People': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

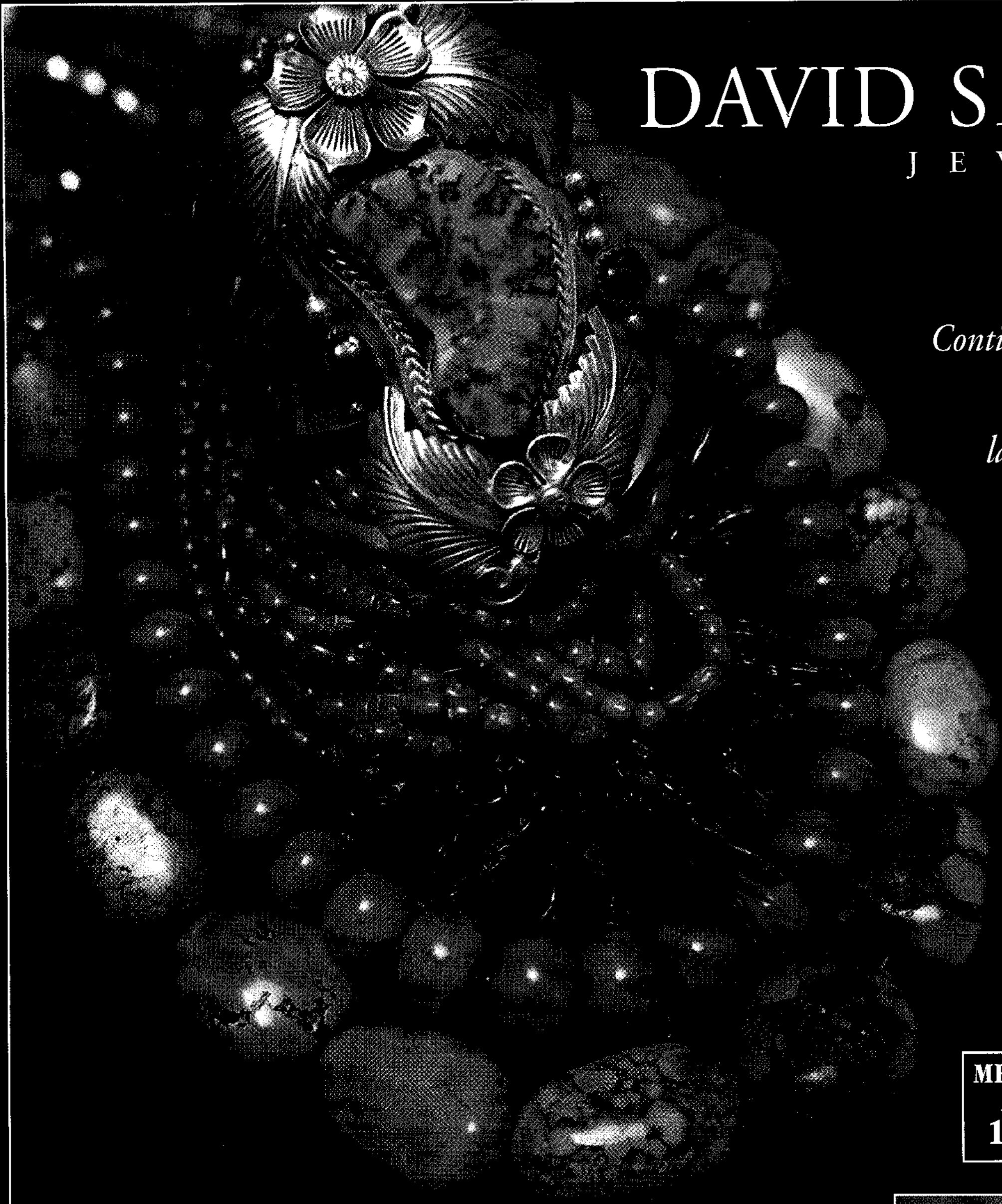
1 Campus digs
6 Cummerbund
10 Engine need
14 In reserve
19 Turn inside out
20 Former name of 7-Down
21 Millay or Best
22 "Unsafe at Any Speed" author
23 8/15
25 7/27
27 Youngest of the "Little Women"
28 Guck
29 "We —— the World"
31 Othello's countryman
32 Moving-day rentals
33 More than a snack
34 8/1
37 Drama beginning
40 Price ticket
42 Bon —— (witty saying)
43 Gordon Mac——
44 Channel 13 in New York
47 In a little while
48 8/9
52 "Old MacDonald" refrain
54 Word with ear or tube
56 Delhi wraparound
57 Rub out
60 Assist
61 No matter who
63 Hits the tarmac
65 Fort Worth coll.
66 Leather punches
67 Pen point
68 Lizzie Borden's weapon
70 Before choo or chief
71 Worse than a fibber
72 Gumshoe
73 Mouse-sighting outcry
75 8/2
78 Scaleless fish
79 TV news channel
80 Greek cupid
81 Gold: Sp.
82 Alias, for short
84 Crater edge
86 Utterance of disbelief
87 Kind of wit or picker
88 Grade of mail
90 Dahl, 8/11
92 Piano piece for two
93 Wild card, often
95 Rachel's sister
97 Yeats, Keats, etc.
98 Slangily impatient
100 7/30
102 U.K. medals
103 Three-chevron G.I.
104 Part of i.e.
107 Train stop: abbr.
108 Sign off
110 Companion of meeny, miney, and mo
111 8/20
115 Rhett's last word
117 Robert Alda's son
120 Pacific island naval base
121 Mineral spring
122 Use a crowbar
123 Wok
126 7/26
129 8/16
132 Actor Milo
133 Super-sandwich
134 Grammy-winner Clapton
135 Texas shrine
136 Not lenient
137 Nesting place
138 Go questing
139 Bad buy

DOWN

1 —— vu
2 Egg
3 Bank (on)
4 Med. diagnostic procedure
5 Audience's view
6 Serious students
7 Ring great
8 Vegetarian's order
9 Water: prefix
10 Bog
11 Rain gauge
12 Sign on
13 Toujours this
14 Raggedy doll
15 Ointment
16 Mental flash
17 Faculty head
18 Makes a gaffe
24 Outerwear
26 Song for Sills
30 Austen novel
33 Sal of films
35 Hawks' opposites
36 Meet the bet
37 Type of flu
38 8/20
39 8/3
41 Score for Orr
44 7/23
45 8/19
46 Is dripping wet
49 Ducklings' dads
50 Floating hotel
51 Mathematical relationship
53 "—— war": F.D.R.
55 Genetic initials
58 Milan's La —— Opera House
59 Archimedes' cry of discovery
62 Consume, as energy
64 Slobber
69 Macabre
71 Give some slack
74 Macramé details
76 Do tallying
77 "The flowers that bloom in the spring, ——"
83 Dadaism pioneer
85 At sixes and sevens
86 Rooms in a harem
88 Spanish enclave in Morocco
89 Japanese rice wine
91 Tyrolean green fabric
94 Fine goats'-wool
96 Select personality
99 Aye
101 Potato-chip brand
105 It's a long story
106 Imparted knowledge
109 Defy danger
111 Print-shop employee
112 Basketballer
113 Fencing swords
114 Zelda —— Fitzgerald, F. Scott's wife
116 "For Me and ——"
117 He's "famous" for cookies
118 Santa's paperwork
119 Have a migraine
123 Nanny's push
124 Bullets, familiarly
125 Modern gaslight
127 Memorable tenor Peerce
128 Caviar, essentially
130 Do's alternative
131 Hurray, to José



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 95.



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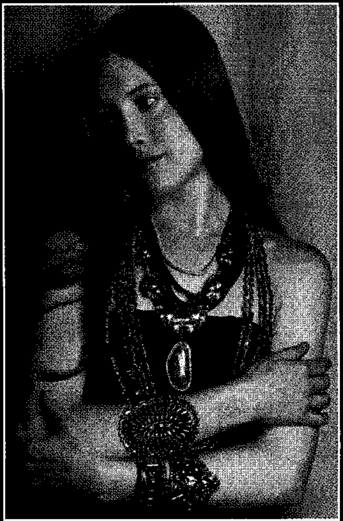

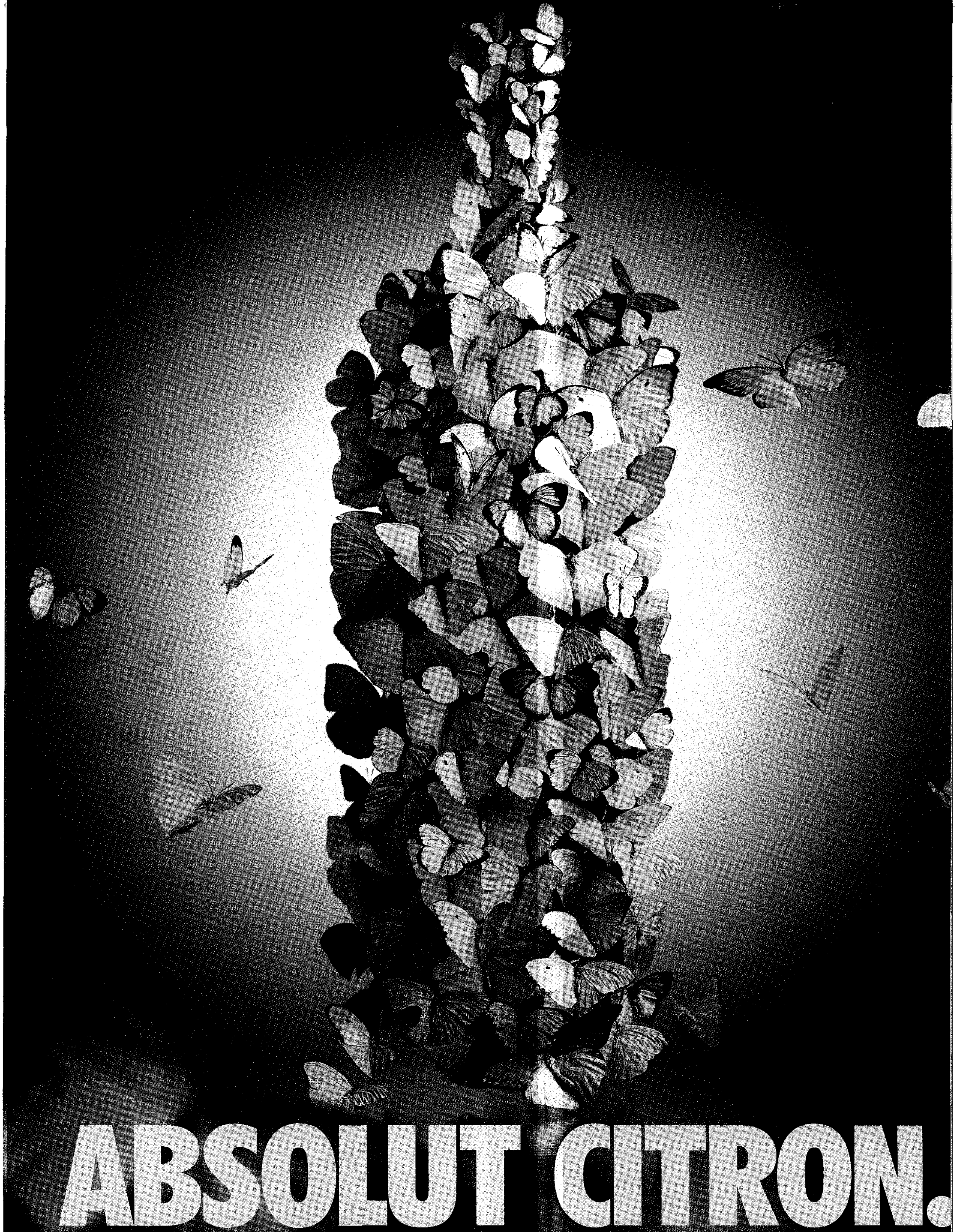

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